Mrs. Hardy
(Personal Copy)

T. H.

Vol I.

1840 to 1891.

Birth to Middle-age.

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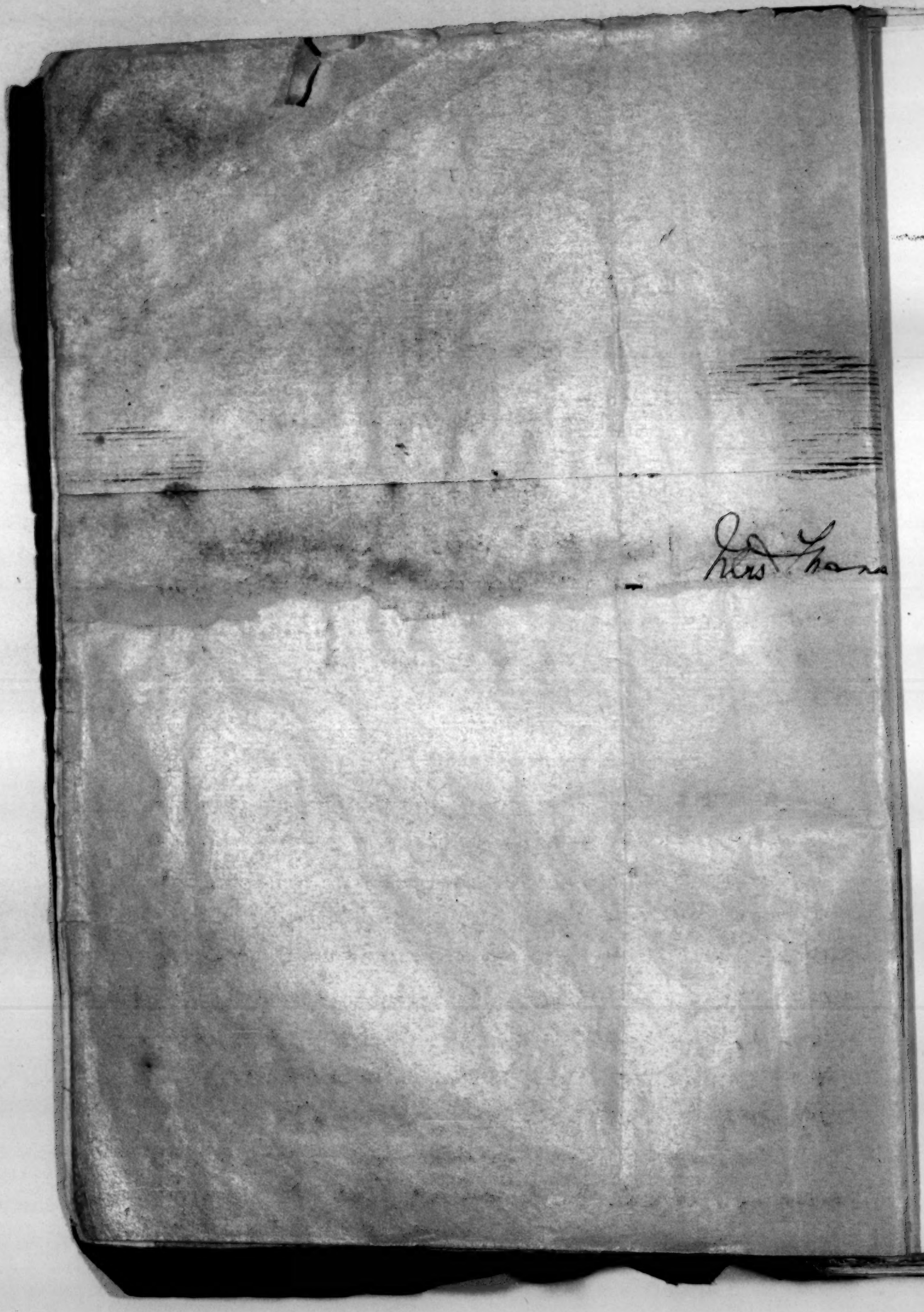


(TITLE PAGE.)

THE LIFE AND WORK

of

Thomas Hardy.

By Florence Emily Hardy.

Compiled largely from temporary notes, books of memoranda, letters, miscellaneous writings and diaries of a biographical nature written for his private use, together with oral information in conversations extending over many years.

Prefatory Note.

Mr Hardy's feeling for a long time was that he would not care to have his life written at all. And though often asked to record his recollections he would say that he "had not sufficient admiration for himself" to do so. But later, having observed many erroneous and grotesque statements advanced as his experiences, and a so-called "Life" published as authoratative, his hand was forced, and he agreed to my strong request that the facts of his career should be set down for use in the event of it proving necessary to print them.

To this end he put on paper headings of chapters, etc., and, in especial, memories of his early days whenever they came into

his mind, also communicating many particulars by word of mouth from time to time. In addition a great help has been given by the dated observations which he made in pocket books, etc., during the years of his novel-writing, apparently with the idea that if one followed the trade of fiction one must take notes, rather than from natural tendency, for when he ceased fiction and resumed the writing of verses he left off note-taking, except to a very limited extent.

The opinions quoted from these pocket-books and fugitive papers are often to be understood as his passing thoughts only, temporarily jotted there for consideration, and not as permanent conclusions - a fact of which we are reminded by his frequent remarks on the tentative character of his theories.

As such memoranda were not written with any view to their being printed, at least as they stood, and hence are often abrupt, a few words of explanation ~~would~~ have been given occasionally.

It may be added that in the book generally Mr Hardy's own reminiscent phrases have been used or approximated to whenever they could be remembered or were written down at the time of their expression vivâ voce. On this point great trouble has been taken to secure exactness.

Some incidents of his country experiences herein recorded may be considered as trivial, or as not strictly appertaining to a personal biography, but they have been included from a sense that they embody customs and manners of old West-of-England life that have now entirely passed away.

F.E.H.

PART I.

Early Life and Architecture.

Chapter First.

Birth and Boyhood. 1840 -- 1855: Aet. 1 - 15.

June 2nd. 1840. It was in a lonely and silent spot between wood land and heathland that Thomas Hardy was born, about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning the 2nd. of June, 1840. The place of his birth was being the seven-roomed rambling house that stands easternost of the few scattered dwellings called Higher Bockhampton, in the parish of Stinsford, Dorset. The domiciles were quaint, brass-knockered, and green-shuttered then, some with green garden-doors and white balls on the posts, and mainly occupied by lifeholders of substantial footing like the Hardys themselves. In the years of his infancy, or shortly preceding it, the personages tenanting these few houses included two retired military officers, one old navy lieutenant, a small farmer and tranter, a relieving officer and registrar, and an old militiaman whose wife was the monthly nurse that assisted Thomas Hardy into the world. These being mostly elderly people the place

PART I.

Early Life and Architecture.

Chapter First.

Birth and Boyhood. 1640 -- 1660: Aet. 1 - 18.

1840-55 | Act 1-15

was at one time nicknamed "Veterans' Valley". It was also dubbed "Cherry Alley", the land or street leading through it being planted with an avenue of cherry-trees. But the life-holds fell into hand, and the ~~quant~~ quaint residences with their trees, clipped hedges, orchards, white gatepost-balls, the naval officer's masts and weather-cocks, have now perished every one, and have been replaced by labourers' brick cottages and other new farm buildings, a convenient pump occupying the site of the mossy well and bucket. The Hardy homestead, too, is much ~~changed~~ demeaned and reduced, having comprised, in addition to the house, two gardens (one of them part orchard) a horse-paddock, and sand-and-gravel pits, afterwards exhausted and overgrown: also stabling and like buildings since removed; while the leaves and mould washed down by rains from the plantation have risen high against the back wall of the house that was formerly covered ~~by ivy~~ with ivy. The wide, brilliantly white chimney-corner, in his child-time such a feature of the sitting-room, is also gone.

Some Wordsworthian lines - the earliest discoverable of young Hardy's attempts in verse - give ~~the~~ with obvious and naive fidelity the appearance of the paternal homestead at a date nearly half a century before the birth of their writer, when his grandparents settled there, after his great-grandfather had built for their residence the first house in the valley.

(Footnote) The poem runs as follows:-

DOMICILIUM.

It faces west, and round the back and sides
High beeches, bending, hang a veil of boughs,
~~Climb on the walls~~
And sweep against the roof. Wild honeysucks
Climb on the walls, and seem to sprout a wish
(If we may fancy wish of trees and plants)
To overtop the apple-trees hard by.

Red roses, lilacs, variegated box
Are there in plenty, and such hardy flowers
As flourish best untrained. Adjoining these
are herbs and esculents; and farther still
A field; then cottages with trees, and last
The distant hills and sky.

Behind, the scene is wilder. Heath and furze
Are everything that seems to grow and thrive
Upon the uneven ground. A stunted thorn
Stands here and there, indeed; and from a pit
An oak uprises, springing from a seed
Dropped by some bird a hundred years ago.

In days bygone ——
Long done --- my father's mother, who is now
Blest with the blest, would take me out to walk.
At such a time I once inquired of her
How looked the spot when first she settled here.
The answer I remember. "Fifty years
Have passed since then, my child, and change has marked
The face of all things. Yonder garden-plots
And orchards were uncultivated slopes
O'ergrown with bramble bushes, furze and thorn:
That road a narrow path shut in by ferns,
Which, almost trees, obscured the passer-by.

Our house stood quite alone, and those tall firs
And beeches were not planted. Snakes and efts
Swarmed in the summer days, and nightly bats
Would fly about our bedrooms. Heathcroppers
Lived on the hills, and were our only friends;
So wild it was when first we settled here."

(footnote) The poem runs as follows:-

DEDICATION.

It faces west, and round the back and sides
High peonies, bending, hang a veil of bowery,
~~gives-on-the-waste~~
And sweep against the roof. Wild honeysuckle
Climb on the walls, and seem to sprout a wing
(If we may fancy wish or trees and plants)
To overtop the apple-trees hard by.

Red roses, lilacs, variegated box
Are there in plenty, and even hardy fuchsia
As flourish best untrained. Adjoining these
Are herbs and sentries; and further still
A field; then cottages with trees, and last
The distant hills and sky.

Behind, the scene is wilder. Heath and furze
Are everything that seems to grow and thrive
Upon the unwoven ground. A stunted thorn
Stands here and there, indeed; and from a pit
An oak upraises, springing from a seed
Dropped by some bird a hundred years ago.

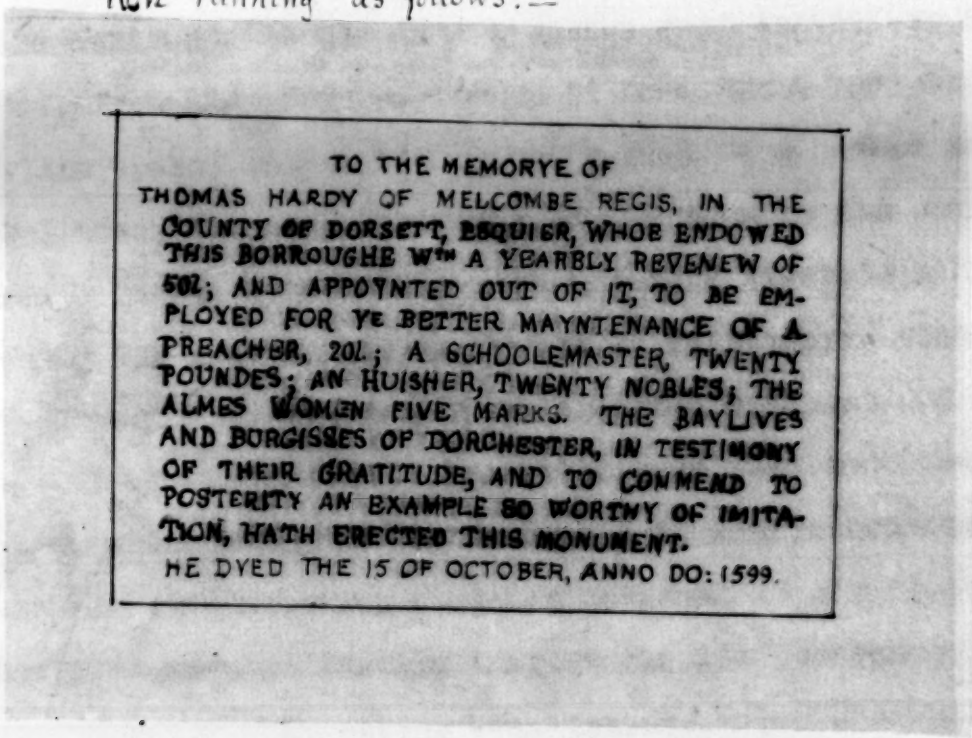
In days bygone ----
Long done --- my father's mother, who is now
Blest with the blest, would take me out to walk.
At such a time I once inquired of her
How old the spot was where first she settled here.
The answer I remember. "Fifty years
Have passed since then, my child, and changes have marked
The face of all things. Yonder garden-plots
And orchards were uncultivated slopes
Crown'd with primeval bushes, furze and thorn:
That road a narrow path ran in by ferns,
Which, almost trees, obscured the passer-by.

Our house at old quite alone, and trees tall like
And hedges were not planted. Snakes and eft
Swarmed in the summer days, and mighty bats
Would fly about our bedrooms. Nightjars
Lived on the hills, and were our only friends;
So wild it was when first we settled here."

1840-55 | Aet. 1-15

The family, on Hardy's paternal side, like all the Hardys of the South-west, derived from the Jersey le Hardys who had sailed across to Dorset for centuries - the coasts being just opposite. Hardy often thought he would like to restore the "le" to his name, and call himself "Thomas le Hardy"; but he never did so. The Dorset Hardys ~~They~~ were traditionally said to ~~be from that branch of these le Hardys who claimed to~~ descend in particular from a Clement le Hardy, Baily of Jersey, whose son John settled hereabouts in the fifteenth century, having probably landed at Wareham, then a port. They all had the characteristics of an old family of spent social energies, that were revealed even in the Thomas Hardy of this memoir (as in his father and grandfather) who never cared to take advantage of the many worldly opportunities that his popularity and esteem as an author afforded him. They had dwelt for many generations in or near the valley of the River Froom or Frome, which extends inland from Wareham, occupying various properties whose sites lay scattered about from Woolcombe, Toller-Welme, and Up-Sydling, (near the higher course of the river), down the stream to Dorsnester, Weymouth, and onward to Wareham, where the Froom flows into Poole Harbour. It was a family ~~from~~ whose diverse Dorset sections ~~had spring~~ included the Elizabethan Thomas Hardy who ~~founded~~ endowed the Dorchester Grammar School, the Thomas Hardy captain of the Victory at Trafalgar, Thomas Hardy an influential burgess of Wareham, Thomas Hardy of Chaldon, and others of

local note, the tablet commemorating the first-mentioned being still in St Peter's Church, Dorchester, though shifted from its original position in the "Hardy Chapel", the inscription running as follows:—



TO THE MEMORYE OF
THOMAS HARDY OF MELCOMBE REGIS, IN THE COUNTY OF DORSETT, ESQUIER, WHOE ENDOWED THIS BORROUGHE W^m A YEARBLY REVENEW OF 50l; AND APPOYNTED OUT OF IT, TO BE EMPLOYED FOR Ye BETTER MAYNTENANCE OF A PREACHER, 20l; A SCHOOLEMASTER, TWENTY POUNDES; AN HUISHER, TWENTY NOBLES; THE ALMES WOMEN FIVE MARKS. THE BAYLIVES AND BORGISSES OF DORCHESTER, IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR GRATITUDE, AND TO COMMEND TO POSTERITY AN EXAMPLE SO WORTHY OF IMITATION, HATH ERECTED THIS MONUMENT.
HE DYED THE 15 OF OCTOBER, ANNO DO: 1599.

But at the birth of

1840-55 | Act. 1-15. [every left hand page onward to bear date. right hand age]

But at the birth of the subject of this biography the family had declined, so far as its Dorset representatives were concerned, from whatever importance it once might have been able to claim there; and at his father's death the latter was, it is believed, the only landowner of the name in the county, his property being, besides the acre-and-half lifehold at Bockhampton, ~~his~~ a small freehold farm at Talbothays, with some houses there, and about a dozen freehold cottages and brickyard and kiln elsewhere. The Talbothays farm ~~had been sold to his father owing to its being, as it always had been,~~ was a small outlying property standing detached in a ring fence, ~~awkwardly situated for its then owner,~~ its possessors in the reign of Henry VIII having been Talbots, from a seventeenth-century daughter of whom Hardy borrowed the name of Avis or Avice in "The well-Beloved".

On the maternal side he was Anglo-Saxon, being descended from the Childs, or Childses, (Who gave their names to the villages of Child Okeford, Chil-Frome, Childhay, etc.,) Chiles, the Swetmans, and other families of north-west Dorset, who were small proprietors of lands there in the reign of Charles the First (see Hutchins' History of Dorset); and also from the Hanns or Hands of the Pidele Valley, Dorset, and earlier of the Vale of Blackmoor. (In the parish register of Affpuddle the spelling is Hann.) ~~One of~~ The Swetmans, and the Childses, seem to have been involved in the Monmouth rising

and one of the former to have been brought before Jeffreys, "for being absent from home att the tyme of the Rebellion". As his name does not appear in the lists of those executed he was probably transported, and this connection with Monmouth's adventures and misfortunes seems to have helped to becloud the family prospects of ~~this~~ the maternal line of Hardy's ancestry, if they had ever been bright.

Several traditions survived in the ~~Swetman~~ family concerning the Rebellion. An indubitably true one was that after the Battle of Sedgemoor two of the Swetman daughters - Grace and Leonarde - were beset in their house by some of the victorious soldiery, and only escaped violation by slipping from the upper rooms down the back stairs into the orchard. It is said that Hardy's great-grandmother could remember them as very old women. Part of the house, now in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester, and divided into two cottages, is still standing with its old Elizabethan windows; but the hall and open p oak staircase have disappeared, and also the Ham-Hill stone chimneys. The spot is called "Townsend".

Another tradition, of more doubtful aothenticity, is that to which the short story by Hardy called "The Duke's Reapparance" approximates. Certainly a mysterious man did come to Swetman after the battle, but it was generally understood that he was one of Monmouth's defeated officers.

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Several traditions survived in the Newtown family concerning the Rebellion. An indubitably true one was that after the battle of Sedgemoor two of the Sweetman daughters - Grace and Dorothy - were beset in their home by some of the victorious soldiery, and only escaped by slipping down the back stairs into the orchard. Hardy's great-grandmother could remember them as very old women. Part of the house, now in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester, and divided into two cottages, is still standing with its old Elizabethan windows; but the hall and open - oak staircase have disappeared, and also the Rev-Hill stone chimney. The spot is called "Townsend".

Another tradition, of more doubtful authenticity, is that to which the short story by Hardy called "The Duke's Reappearance" approximates. Certainly a mysterious man did come to Sweetman after the battle, but it was generally understood that he was one of Monmouth's defeated officers.

Thomas Hardy's maternal grandmother Elizabeth, or Betty, was the daughter of one of those Swetmans by his wife Maria Childs, sister of the Christopher Childs who married into the Cave family, became a mining engineer in Cornwall, and founded the "West Briton" newspaper, his portrait being painted when he was about eighty by Sir Charles Eastlake. The traditions about Betty, Maria's daughter, were that she was tall, handsome, had thirty gowns, was an omnivorous reader, and one who owned a stock of books of exceptional ~~interest~~ extent for a yeoman's daughter living in a remote place.*

* [Footnote.] A curious reminiscence by her daughter bears testimony to her rather striking features. She was crossing the fields with the latter as a child, a few years after Waterloo, when a gentleman shouted after her: " A relation of Wellington's? You must be! That nose!" He excitedly followed them till they were frightened, jumping over stiles till they reached home. He was found to be an officer who had fought under Wellington, and had been wounded in the head, so that he was at times deranged.

She knew the writings of Addison, Steele, and others of the Spectator group, almost by heart, was familiar with Richardson and Fielding, and, of course, with such standard works as

Paradise Lost and The Pilgrim's Progress. From the old medical books in her possession she doctored half the village, her sheet-anchor being Culpepper's "Herbal" and "Dispensary"; and if ever there was any doubt as to the position of particular graves in the churchyard, the pasron, sexton, and relatives applied to her as an unerring authority.

But alas for her fortunes! Her bright intelligence in a literary direction did not serve her in domestic life. After her mother's death she clandestinely married a young man of whom her father strongly disapproved. The sturdy yeoman, apparently a severe and unyielding parent, never forgave her, and never would see her again. His unbending temper is illustrated by the only ~~one~~ anecdote known of him. A fortune-telling gipsy had encamped on the edge of one of his fields, and on a Sunday morning he went to order her away. Finding her obdurate he said: "If you don't take yourself off I'll have you burnt as a witch!" She pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, and threw it into her fire, saying, "If that burn I burn." The flames curled up round the handkerchief, which was his best of India silk, but it did not burn, and she handed it back to him intact. The tale goes that he was so impressed by her magic that he left her alone.

Not so long after the death of this stern father of Elizabeth's ~~hers~~ - Hardy's maternal great-grandfather - her husband also died, leaving her with several children, the youngest only a few months old. Her

father, though in comfortable circumstances, had bequeathed her nothing, and she was at her wit's end to maintain herself and her family, if ever widow was.

Among Elizabeth's children there was one, a girl, of unusual ability and judgment, and an energy that might have carried her to incalcucable issues. This was the child Jemima, the mother of Thomas Hardy. By reason of her parent's bereavement and consequent poverty under the burden of a young family, Jemima saw during girlhood and young womanhood some very stressful experiences of which she could never speak in her maturer years without pain, though she appears to have mollified her troubles by reading every book she could lay hands on. Moreover she turned her manual activities to whatever came in her way; grew to be exceptionally skilled

in, among other things, "tambouring" gloves, also was good at mantua-making, and excellent in the oddly dissimilar occupation of cookery. She resolved to be a cook in a London Club-house; but her plans in this direction were ended by her meeting her future husband, and being married to him at the age of five-and-twenty.

He carried on an old-established building and master-masoning business (the designation of "builder", denoting a manager of and contracter for all trades, was then unknown in the country districts). It was occasionally extensive, demanding from twelve to fifteen men, but frequently smaller; and the partner with whom she had thrown in her lot, though in substantial circumstances and unexceptionable in every other way, did not possess the art of enriching himself by business. Moreover he was devoted to church-music, and secondarily to mundane, of the country-dance, hornpipe, and early waltz description, as had been his father, and was his brother also. It may be mentioned that an ancestral Thomas Hardy, living in Dorchester in 1724, was a subscriber to "Thirty Select Anthems in Score", by Dr.W. ~~Se~~ Croft, organist of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey, which seems to show that the family were interested in church music at an early date.

Jemima's husband's father, our subject's grandfather, the first Thomas of three in succession, when a young man living at Puddletown before the year 1800, had expressed his strong

musical bias by playing the violoncello in the church of that parish. He had somewhat improvidently married at one-and-twenty, whereupon his father John had set him up in business by purchasing a piece of land at Rockhampton in the adjoining parish of Stinsford, and building a house for him there. On removing with his wife in 1801 to this home provided by his father, John, Thomas Hardy the First (of these Stinsford Hardys) found the church-music there in a deplorable condition, it being conducted from the gallery by a solitary old man with an oboe. He immediately set himself, with the easy-going vicar's hearty concurrence, to improve it, and got together some instrumentalists, himself taking the bass-viol as before, which he played in the gallery of Stinsford Church at two services every Sunday from 1801 or 1802 till his death in 1837, being joined later by his two sons who, with other reinforcement, continued playing till about 1842, the period of performance by the three Hardys thus covering inclusively a little under forty years.

It was, and is, an interesting old church of various styles from Transition-Norman to late Perpendicular. In its vaults lie many members of the Grey and Pitt families, the latter collaterally related to the famous Prime Minister; there also lie the actor and dramatist William O'Brien with his wife Lady Susan, daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester, whose secret marriage in 1764 with the handsome Irish comedian whom

Garrick had ~~at~~ discovered and brought to Drury Lane caused such scandal in aristocratic circles. "Even a footman were preferable" wrote Walpole. "I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low."

Though in these modern days the ~~mesalliance~~ "stooping" might have been viewed inversely - for O'Brien, besides being jeune premier at Drury, was an accomplished and well-read man, whose presentations of the gay Lothario in Rowe's Fair Penitent, Brisk in The Double Dealer, Sir Harry Wildair in The Constant Couple, Archer in The Beaux' Stratagem, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the Prince in Henry the Fourth, and many other leading parts, made him highly popular, and whose own plays were of considerable merit. His marriage annihilated a promising career, for his wife's father would not hear of his remaining on the stage. The coincidence that both young Hardy's grandmothers had seen and admired O'Brien, that he was one of the Stinsford congregation for many years, that young Thomas's great-grandfather and grandfather had known him well, and that the latter as the local builder ~~constructed~~ had constructed the vault for him and his wife, (according to the builder's old Day-books still in existence his workmen drank nineteen quarts of beer over the job); ~~with instructions from her~~ had been asked by her to "make it just large enough for ~~their~~ our two selves only," I had placed them in it, and erected their monument, lent the occupants of the little vault in the chancel a romantic interest ~~early~~ in the boy's mind at an early age.

In this church (see the annexed plan, which is reproduced from a drawing made by Hardy many years ago under the supervision of his father) the Hardys became well-known as violinists, Thomas the Second, the poet and novelist's father aforesaid, after his early boyhood as chorister begin-

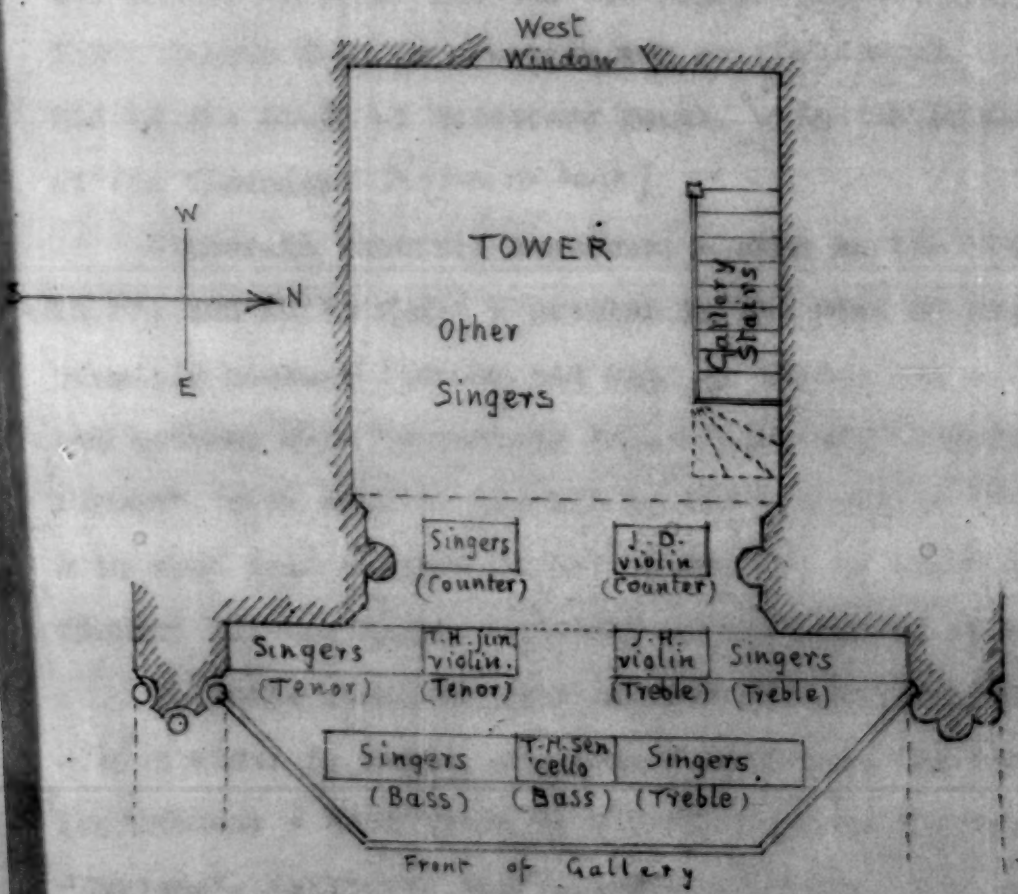
STINSFORD CHURCH.

Plan of West Gallery - circa 1835.

Shewing Positions of Choir.

Explanation

T.H. Sen.	Tho. Hardy	b. 1778. d. 1837.
T.H. jun.	Tho. Hardy	b. 1811. d. 1892
J.H.	James Hardy	b. 1805. d. 188-.
J.D.	James Dart	b. 181-. d. 187-.



[N.B. The original of this tracing is in existence]

A11

ning as a youth with the "counter" viol, and later taking on the tenor and treble.

They were considered among the best church-players in the neighbourhood, accident having helped their natural bent. This was the fact that in 1823, shortly after the death of the old vicar Mr Floyer, the Rev. Edward Murray, a connection of the Earl of Ilchester who was the patron of the living, was presented to it. Mr Murray was an ardent musician and performer on the violin himself, and the two younger Hardys and sometimes their father used to practise two or three times a week with him in his study at Stinsford House, where he lived instead of at the Vicarage. ※ [see on back]

Elaborate Canticle services, - such as the noted "Jackson in F", and in "E flat" - popular in the west of England, possibly because Jackson had been an Exeter man - Pope's Ode, and anthems with portentous repetitions and "mountainous fugues", were carried through by the performers every Sunday, with what real success is not known, but to their own great satisfaction and the hearty approval of the musical vicar.

In their psalmody they adhered strictly to Tate-and-Brady - upon whom, in truth, the modern hymn-book has been no great improvement - such tunes as the "Old Hundredth" "New Sabbath", "Devizes", "Wilton", "Lydia", & "Cambridge New", being their staple ones; while Barthélémon & Tallis were played to Ken's

⁂ ¶ Thus it was that the Hardy instrumentalists, though never more than four, maintained an easy superiority over the larger bodies in parishes near. For while Puddletown west-gallery, for instance, could boast of eight players, and Maiden Newton of nine, these included wood-wind and leather –, that is to say, clarionets and serpents – which were apt to be a little too sonorous, even strident, when zealously blown. But the few and well practised violists of Stinsford were never unduly emphatic, according to tradition.

Morning and Evening Hymns respectively every Sunday throughout the year: a practice now obsolete, but a great stimulus to congregational singing.

As if the superintendence of the Stinsford choir were not enough distraction from business for T.H. the First, he would go whenever opportunity served and assist other choirs by performing with his violincello in the galleries of their parish churches, mostly to the high contentment of the congregations. Although Thomas the Third had not come into the world soon enough to know his grandfather in person, there is no doubt that the description by Fairway in "The Return of the Native" of the bowing of Thomasin's father, when lending his services to the choir of Kingsbere, is a humorous exaggeration of the traditions concerning T.H. the First's musical triumphs as locum-tenens. ¶ In addition it may be mentioned that he had been a volunteer till the end of the war, and lay in Weymouth with his company from time to time waiting for Bonaparte who never came.

Conducting the church choir all the year round involved carol-playing and singing at Christmas, which T.H. the Second loved as much as did his father. In addition to the ordinary practise, the work of preparing and copying carols a month of evenings beforehand was not light, and incidental expenses were appreciable. The parish being a large and scattered one it was the custom of T.H. the First to assemble the rather perfunctory rank-and-file of the choir at his house; and this necessitated suppers, and suppers demanded (in those days) plenty of liquor. This was especially the case on Christmas Eve itself, when the rule was to go to the northern part of the parish and play at every house before supper; then to return

to Bockhampton and sit over the meal till twelve o'clock, during which interval a good deal was consumed at the Hardys' expense, the choir being mainly poor men and hungry. They then started for the other parts of the parish, and did not get home till all was finished at about six in the morning, the performers themselves feeling "no more than malkins ※" in church next day, as they used to declare. The practice was kept up by Thomas Hardy the Second, much as described in "Under the Greenwood Tree" or "The Mellstock Quire", though its author Thomas Hardy the Third invented the personages, incidents, manners, etc., never having seen or heard the choir as such, they ending their office when he was about a year old. He was accustomed to say that on this account he had rather burlesqued them, the story not adequately reflecting as he could have wished in later years the poetry and romance that coloured their time-honoured observances.

This preoccupation of the Hardys with the music of the parish-church and less solemn assemblies did not, to say the least, assist their building business, and it was somewhat of a relief to T.H. the Second's young wife - though musical herself to a degree - when ecclesiastical changes after the death of Thomas Hardy the First, including the cession of the living by Murray, led to her husband's abandoning in 1841 or 1842 all connection with the choir. The First Thomas's death having

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※ [footnote] malkin, a damp rag on a stem for swabbing out ovens.

been quite unexpected - inas much as he was playing in the church one Sunday, and brought in for burial on the next - there could be no such quiring over his grave as he had performed over the graves of so many, owing to the remaining players being chief mourners. And thus ended his devoted musical services to Stinsford Church, in which he had ~~ae~~ occupied the middle seat of the gallery with his bass-viol on Sundays for a period of thirty-five years - to no worldly profit, - far the reverse, indeed. ~~since his receipts from the Christmas collection for the choir were much more than expended in entertaining the other members at his house on practice-nights~~

After his death the building and masoning business also saw changes, being carried on by his widow, her sons assisting - an unsatisfactory arrangement which ultimately led to the division of the goodwill between the brothers.

The second Thomas Hardy, the author's father, was a man who in his prime could be, and was, called handsome. To the courtesy of his manners there was much testimony among the local county-ladies with whom he came in contact as a builder. All the Dorset Hardys have more or less a family likeness (of which the Admiral may be considered the middle type), and the present one was a good specimen. He was about five feet nine in height, of good figure, with dark Vandyke-brown hair, and a beard which he wore cut back all round in the custom of his date; with teeth that were white and regular to nearly the

last years of his life, and blue eyes that never faded grey; a quick step, and a habit of bearing his head a little to one side as he walked. He carried no stick or umbrella till past middle-life, and was altogether an open-air liver, and a great walker always. He was good, too, when young, at ~~country-dances~~ hornpipes and jigs, and other folk-dances, performing them with all the old movements of leg-crossing and hop, to the delight of the children, till warned by his wife that this fast perishing style might tend to teach them what it was not quite necessary they should be familiar with, the more ~~to vulgarize the children in their admiration for it.~~ genteel "country-dance" having superseded the former.

Mrs Hardy once described him to her son as he was when she first set eyes on him in the now removed west-gallery of Stinsford Church, appearing to her more travelled glance (she had lived for a time in London, Weymouth, and other towns) and somewhat satirical vision, "rather amusingly old-fashioned, in spite of being decidedly good-looking - wearing the blue swallow tailed coat with gilt embossed buttons then customary, a red and black flowered waistcoat, Wellington boots, and French-blue trousers." The sonnet which follows expresses her first view of him.

A Church Romance.

(Mellstock, circa 1836.)

She turned in the high pew, until her sight
Swept the west gallery, and caught ~~the-be-~~ its row
Of music-men with viol, book, and bow
Against the sinking, sad tower-window light.

She turned again; and in her pride's despite
One strenuous viol's inspirer seemed to throw

A message from his string to her below,
Which said: "I claim thee as my own forthright!"

Thus their hearts' bond began, in due time signed,
And long years thence, when Age had scared Romance,
At some old attitude of his or glance
That gallery-scene would break upon her mind,
With him as minstrel, ardent, young, and trim,
Bowing "New Sabbath" or "Mount Ephraim." 17

Mrs Hardy herself was rather below the middle height, with chestnut hair and grey eyes, and a trim and upright figure. Her movement also in walking being buoyant through life, strangers apt[illegible] behind imagined themselves, even when she wa[illegible] young woman. The Rc[illegible] b[illegible] h[illegible] ha[illegible]

"Why are you wandering here,
not". The children had ~~She brought herself~~ a quaint old piano over which she would sigh because she would not play it, herself.

Thomas Hardy the Third, their eldest child of a family of four (and the only one of the four who married, so that he had no blood nephew or niece) showed not the physique of his father. Of his infancy nothing has been handed down save the curious fact that on his mother returning from out-of-doors ~~to him~~ one hot afternoon, she found a large snake ~~was found~~ curled up upon his breast, comfortably asleep like himself. It had crept into the house from the heath hard by, where there were many. ¶ Though healthy he was fragile, and precocious to a degree, being able to read almost before he could walk, and to tune a violin when of quite tender years. He was of a ecstatic temperament, extraordinarily sensitive to music, and among the endless jigs, hornpipes, reels, waltzes, and country-dances that his father played of an evening in his early married years, and

i it not been for the commonsense of the estimable woman who attend
as monthly nurse T.H. might never have walked the earth. At his
n he was thrown aside as dead till rescued by her as she exclaimed
he surgeon, "Dead!" Stop a minute: he's alive enough, sure!".

Thus their hearts' bond began, in due time signed,
And long years thence, when Age had scared Romance,
At some old attitude of his or glance
That gallery-scene would break upon her mind,
With him as minstrel, ardent, young, and trim,
Bowing "New Sabbath" or "Mount Ephraim." 17

Mrs Hardy herself was rather below the middle height, with chestnut hair and grey eyes, and a trim and upright figure. Her movement also in walking being buoyant through life, strangers approaching her from behind imagined themselves, even when she was nearly seventy, about to overtake quite a young woman. The Roman nose and countenance inherited from her mother would better have suited a taller build. Like her mother too. She read omnivorously ~~like her mother,~~ She sang songs of the date, ~~like~~ such as the then popular Haynes Bayly's "Isle of Beauty", and "Gaily the Troubadour"; also "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" and "Jeannette and Jeannot". ~~She bought her~~ The children had a quaint old piano for their practice, over which she would sigh because she would not play it herself.

Thomas Hardy the Third, their eldest child of a family of four (and the only one of the four who married, so that he had no blood nephew or niece) showed ~~had~~ not the physique of his father. Of his infancy nothing has been handed down save the curious fact that on his mother returning from out-of-doors ~~to him~~ one hot afternoon, she found a large snake ~~was found~~ curled up upon his breast, comfortably asleep like himself. It had crept into the house from the heath hard by, where there were many. ¶ Though healthy he was fragile, and precocious to a degree, being able to read almost before he could walk, and to tune a violin when of quite tender years. He was of a ecstatic temperament, extraordinarily sensitive to music, and among the endless jigs, hornpipes, reels, waltzes, and country-dances that his father played of an evening in his early married years, and

to which the boy danced a pas seul in the middle of the room, there were three or four that always moved the child to tears, though he ~~sten~~- strenuously tried to hide them. Among The airs (though he did not know their names at that time) were, by the way, "Enrico" (popular in the Regency), "The Fairy Dance", "Miss Macleod of Ayr" (an old Scotch tune to which Burns may have danced), a melody named "My Fancy Lad" or "Johnny's gone to sea." This peculiarity in himself troubled the mind of "Tommy" as he was called, and set him wondering at a phenomenon to which he ventured not to confess. He used to say in later life that, like Calantha in Ford's "Broken Heart", he danced on at these times to conceal his weeping. He was not over four years of age at this date.

One or two more characteristics of his personality at this childhood-time can be recounted. The staircase at Bockhampton In those days (later removed) had its walls coloured Venetian red by his father, and was so situated that the evening sun shone into it, adding to its colour a great intensity for a quarter of an hour or more. Tommy used to wait for this chromatic effect, and, sitting alone there would recite to himself "And now another day is gone" from Dr. Watts's Hymns with great fervency, though perhaps not for any religious reason, but from a sense that the scene suited the lines.

It is not therefore to be wondered at that a boy of this sort should have a dramatic sense of the church-services, and on wet Sundays mornings should wrap himself in a tablecloth, and

read the Morning Prayer standing in a chair, his cousin playing the clerk with loud Amens, and his grandmother representing the congregation. The sermon which followed was simply a patchwork of the sentences used by the vicar. Everybody said that Tommy would have to be a parson, being obviously no good for any practical pursuit; ~~will~~ which remark caused his mother ~~much~~ many misgivings.

One event of this date or a little later, stood out, he used to say, more distinctly than any. He was lying on his back in the sun, thinking how useless he was, and covered his face with his straw hat. The sun's rays streamed through the interstices of the straw, the ~~lining~~ lining having disappeared. ~~catching butterflies~~. Reflecting on his experiences of the world so far as he had got he came to the conclusion that he did not wish to grow up. Other boys were always talking of when they would be men; he did not want at all to be a man, or to possess things, but to remain as he was, in the same spot and to know no more people than he already knew (about half a dozen). Yet this early evidence of that lack of social ambition which followed him through life, was shown when he was in perfect health and happy circumstances.

Afterwards he told his mother of his conclusions on existence, thinking she would enter into his views. But to his great surprise she was very much hurt, which was natural enough considering she had been near death's door in bringing him forth.

And she never forgot what he had said, a source of much regret to him in after years.

When but little older he was puzzled at what seemed to him a resemblance between two marches of totally opposite sentiments - "See the conquering hero comes", and "The Dear March in Saul". Some dozen years were to pass before he discovered that they were by the same composer.

It may be added here that this sensitiveness to melody which, though he was no skilled musician, remained with him through life, was remarkable as being a characteristic of one whose critics in after years were never tired of repeating of his verses that they revealed an ear deaf to music.

1848. First School.

Until his fifth or sixth year his parents hardly supposed he would survive to grow up, but at eight he was thought strong enough to go to the village school, to learn the rudiments before being sent further afield; andby a curious coincidence he was the first pupil to enter the new school-building, arriving on the day of opening, and awaiting tremulously and alone, in the empty room, the formal entry of the other scholars two-and-two with the schoolmaster and mistress from the temporary premises near. The school is still standing much in its

original condition.

Here he ~~walked at~~ worked at Walkingame's Arithmetic and at Geography, in both of which he excelled, though his handw writing was indifferent. About this time his mother gave him Dryden's Virgil, Johnson's Rasselas, and Paul and Virginia. He also found in a closet " A History of the Wars" - a periodical in loose numbers of the war with Napoleon, which his grandfather had subscribed to at the time, having been himself a volunteer. The torn pages of these contemporary numbers with their melodramatic prints of serried ranks, crossed bayonets, huge knapsacks, and dead bodies, were the first to set him on the train of ideas that led to "The Trumpet Major" and "The Dynasts."

A Journey. -

The boy Thomas's first experience of travel was when, at eight or nine years old, his mother took him with her - "for protection", as she used to say - being then an attractive and still young woman - on a visit to her sister in Hertfordshire. As the visit lasted three weeks or a month he was sent while there to a private school which appears to have been somewhat on the Squeers model. Since however he was only a day-scholar this did not affect him much, though he was mercilessly tyrannized over by the bigger boys whom he could beat hollow in arithmetic and geography.

Their return from this visit was marked by an experience which became of interest in the light of after events. The Great Northern Railway to London was then only in process of construction, and it was necessary to go thither by coach from Hertfordshire in order to take the train at Waterloo Station for Dorchester. Mrs Hardy had not been to London since she had lived there for some months twelve years earlier. The coaching-inn ~~e~~ was The Cross-Keys, St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, and here mother and boy put up for the night. It was the inn at which Shelley and Mary Godwin had been accustomed to meet on week-ends not two-score years before, and was at this time unaltered from its state during the lovers' romantic experiences there - the oval stone staircase, the skylight, and the hotel entrance being untouched. As Mrs Hardy and her little boy took a room rather high up the staircase for economy, and the poet had probably done the same from impecuniousness, there is a

journey. -

possibility that this may have been the same as that occupied by our most marvellous lyrist.

They stayed but a short time in London, but long enough for him to see and remember some of the streets, the Pantheon, then a fashionable Pantechinicon, Cumberland Gate into Hyde Park, which then could boast of no Marble Arch, and the pandemonium of Smithfield, with its mud, curses, and cries of ill-treated animals. Also, that when passing through the city on the way up, they stopped at the point now called Swiss Cottage, and looked back at the outside of London creeping towards them across green fields.

1849 – 1850
~~September 30th. 1850.~~ By ~~After~~ another year he was judged to be strong enough to walk further than to the village school, and after some postponements he was sent to a Dorchester day-school, whose head-master his mother had learnt to be an exceptionally able man, and a good teacher of Latin, which was quite enough to lead her to waive the fact that the school was Noncomformist, though she had no nonconforming tendencies whatever.

It is somewhat curious, and shows the honour with which the school was conducted, that the boy did not know till he had been there several months that it was a Noncomformist school, a large number, probably a majority, of the boys coming like himself from Church-of-England homes, having been attracted thither by the reputation of the said master; though Thomas used to wonder why the familiar but rather boring Church Catechism had vanished – or rather all of it except the Ten Commandments, in which the

pupils were made proficient once a week. However, though nominally unorthodox during the week Thomas was kept strictly at church on Sundays as usual, till he knew the Morning and Evening Services by heart including the rubrics, as well as large portions of the New Version of the Psalms. The aspect of that time to him is clearly indicated in the verses "Afternoon Service at Mellstock", included in "Moments of Vision."

The removal of the boy from Bockhampton school seriously wounded the lady of the manor who had erected it, though she must have guessed that he had only been sent there till sturdy enough to go further. To his mother this came as an unpleasant misunderstanding. While not wishing to be uncivil she had, naturally, not consulted the other at all in taking him away, considering his interests solely, the Hardys being comparitively independent of the manor, as their home house and the adjoining land were a family lifehold, and the estate-work forming only part of Mr Hardy's business. That the school to which he was removed was not a Church-of-England one was another rock of offence to this too sensitive lady, though, as has been stated, it was an accident as unwished by the boy's mother as by the squire's wife. The latter had just built a model school at her own expense and, though it was but small, had provided it with a well-trained master and mistress; had made it her hobby, till it was far superior to an ordinary village school. Moreover under her dignity lay a tender heart, and having no children of her own she had grown passionately fond of Tommy (almost from his infancy) - said to have been an attractive little fellow at this time - whom she had

been accustomed to take into her lap and kiss until he was quite a big child. He quite reciprocated her fondness.

Shortly before or after the boy's removal the estate-building work was taken out of the hands of Tommy's father, who went further afield to replace it, soon obtaining a mansion to enlarge, and other contracts, and thus not suffering much from his loss of business in the immediate vicinity of his home. He would have left the ~~parsi~~ parish altogether, the house his grandfather, John had built for his father, Thomas the First as stated, being awkwardly small and ill-arranged, (though possessing more outbuildings than now,) and the spot inconvenient for a builder. But as the ~~little~~ rambling dwelling ~~and~~ field, and sandpits attached were his for life he remained.

Thomas Hardy the younger, however, secretly mourned ~~it~~ the loss of his friend the landowner's wife, to whom he had grown more attached than he cared to own. In fact, though, he was only nine or ten, and she ~~was~~ must have been nearly forty, his feeling for her was almost that of a lover. He had been wont to make drawings of animals in water-colours for her, and to sing to her, - one of his songs being "I've journeyed over many lands, I've sailed on every sea," which was comical enough considering the extent of his travels. He so much longed to see her that he jumped at the offer of a young woman of the village to take him to a harvest-supper - as harvest-homes were called here - at which he knew she would be present, one of the farms on the estate being carried on by the landowner himself as a hobby, with the aid of a bailiff - much to his pecuniary loss as it turned out. The young woman, a small farmer's daughter, called for young Thomas on the

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It may be remarked in passing that here probably began Thomas's extensive acquaintance with soldiers of the old uniforms and long service, which was to serve him in good stead when he came to write "The Trumpet-Major" and "The Dynasts".

afternoon of the festivity. Together they went off, his mother being away from home, though they left word where he had gone. The "Supper", an early meal at that date, probably about four o'clock, was over by the time they reached the barn, and tea was going on - after which there was singing and dancing, some non-commissioned officers having been invited from the barracks by the Squire as partners for the girls. The Squire showed himself by no means strait-laced in this respect. What his wife thought is not recorded.

Presently the manor-lady, her husband, and a house-party arrived to lead off some dances. As soon as she saw little Thomas - who had no business whatever there - she came up to him and said reproachfully: "O Tommy, how is this! I thought you had deserted me!"

Tommy assured her through his tears that he had not deserted her, and never would desert her: and then the dance went on. He being wildly fond of dancing she gave him for a partner a little niece of hers about his own age staying at her house, who had come with her. The manor-house party remained for a few figures and then left, but Tommy perforce stayed on, being afraid to go home without the strapping young woman his companion, who was dancing with the soldiers. There ~~the child~~ he wearily waited for her till three in the morning, having eaten and drunk nothing since one o'clock on the previous day, through his fear of asking the merry-makers for food. What the estate owner's tender wife would have given him had she but known of his hunger and thirst! and how carefully have sent him home had she been aware of his dilemma! A reproof from both his parents when Tommy reached home ended the day's ~~episode~~ adventure. It was the only harvest-supper and dance that he ever saw, save one that he dropped into by

chance years after.

In spite of his lover-like promise of fidelity to her ladyship the two never met again till he was a young man of ~~55~~ 22, and she quite an elderly ~~old~~ woman; though it was not his fault, her husband selling the estate shortly after and occupying a house in London.

It may be worthy of note that this harvest-home was among the last at which the old traditional ballads were sung, the railway having been extended to Dorchester just then, and the ~~ditties~~ orally transmitted ditties of centuries being slain at a stroke by the London comic songs that were introduced. The particular ballad which ~~that~~ he remembered hearing that night from the lips of the farm-women was that one variously called "The Outlandish Knight", "May Colvine", "The Western Tragedy". etc. He could recall to old age the scene of the young women in their light gowns sitting on a bench against the wall in the barn, and leaning against each other as they warbled the Dorset version of the ballad, which differed a little from the Northern:-

"Lie there, lie there, thou false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
For six pretty maidens thou hast a-drowned here,
But the seventh hath drowned thee!

. . . . . .

"O tell no more, my pretty par-rot,
Lay not the blame on me;
And your cage shall be made o' the glittering gold,
Wi' a door o' the white ivo-rie!"

White Line

The question of moving from the parish, above alluded to, and taking more commodious premises nearer to or in the town, again arose with the Hardys - was, indeed, always arising. An opportunity to develop her husband's business which a more convenient centre would have afforded him had been long in Mrs Hardy's perception, and she thought he should seek it for the sake of his growing family. It must be

admitted that a lonely spot between a heath and a wood, the search for which by messengers and other people of affairs often became wearisomely tedious to them, was almost unreasonable as a place for carrying on the building trade. But Thomas Hardy the Second was in nature the farthest removed from a tradesman that could be conceived. Instead of waylaying possible needers of bricks and stone in the market-place or elsewhere, he liked going alone into the woods or on the heath, where, with a telescope inherited from some collateral ancestor who had been captain of a merchant craft, he would stay peering into the distance by the half-hour; or, in the hot weather, lying on a bank of thyme or camomile with the grasshoppers leaping over him. Futhermore the dwelling, with garden, and field attached, was the place of his birth, having, as stated, been built by his grandfather John for his father (Thomas the Second's) on the latter's marriage, as the beginning of a house which was meant to be enlarged but never was. So he remained there even through after-years, when he owned several small freeholds elsewhere. His wife, seeing what his feeling was, acquiesced at last with the cheerfulness natural to her, and made the best of it she could. Before his death he entered on negociations some to purchase also the freehold of this Bockhampton spot of which he had the lifehold; but, as has been explained, by this time he owned other freeholds, and the place though picturesque, was cramped and inconvenient. The landlord, too, (who owned the reversion) was obdurate, though it lay on the outside edge of his estate; so T.H.2 finally gave up the idea of retaining the Higher Bockhampton house in his family after his death.

To return to their son. Among his other childish memories were those of seeing men in the stocks, corn-law agitations, mail-coaches,

oad-waggons, tinder-boxes, and candle-snuffing. When still a small oy he was taken by his father to witness the burning in effigy of the ope and Cardinal Wiseman in the old Roman Amphitheatre at Dorchester uring the No-Popery Riots. The sight to young Hardy was most lurid, nd he never forgot it; and when the cowl of one of the monks in the hastly procession blew aside and revealed the features of one of his ather's workmen his bewilderment was great. X Insert slip.

It was natural that with the imitativeness of a boy he should ave at an early age attempted to perform on the violin, and under is father's instruction was soon able to tweedle from notation some undreds of jigs and country-dances that he found in his father's and randfather's old books. From tuning fiddles as a boy he went on as youth in his teens to keep his mother's old table-piano in tune henever he had the time, and was worried at "the Wolf" in a musical octave, which he thought a defect in his own ear.

One other experience of his boyhood may be mentioned which, hough comical in itself, gave him much mental distress. This was at urch when listening to the sermon. Some mischievous movement of s mind a set him imagining that the vicar was preaching mockingly, d he began trying to trace a humorous twitch in the corners of Mr ---'s mouth, as if he could hardly keep a serious countenance. Once ving imagined this the impish boy found to his consternation that could not dismiss the idea. Like Sterne in the pulpit, the vicar med to be "always tottering on the verge of laughter", and hence inst his will Thomas could scarcely control his merriment, till it came a positive discomfort to him.

By good fortune the report that the schoolmaster was an able acher turned out to be true - and finding that he had an apt pil who galloped unconcernedly over the ordinary school lessons, he

His earliest recollection was of receiving from his father the gift of a small accordion. He knew that he was but four years old at this time as his name and the date were written by his father upon the toy: Thomas Hardy. 1844.

Another memory, some two or three years later, is connected with the Corn Law Agitation. The boy had a little wooden sword, which his father had made for him, and this he dipped into the blood of a pig which had just been killed, and brandished it as he walked about the garden exclaiming: "Free Trade or blood!"

A member of his family recalled, even after an interval of sixty years, the innocent glee with which the young Thomas and his mother would set off on various expeditions.

They were excellent companions, having each a keen sense of humour and a love of adventure. Hardy would tell of one prank when he and his mother put on fantastic garb, pulling cabbage nets over their faces to disguise themselves. Thus oddly dressed they walked across the heath to visit a sister of Mrs Hardy, who lived at Puddletown, whose amazement was great when she set eyes upon these strange visitors at her door.

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ither agreed to T.H's parents' proposal, or proposed himself, that e should teach the boy Latin immediately, Latin being considered an extra.

1852.

So at twelve years of age he was started on the old Eton grammar nd readings in Eutropius and Caesar. Though extraordinarily quick n acquisition he was undoubtedly rather an idle schoolboy; and in espect of the Grammar having, like so many thousands of schoolboys efore him, been worried by the "Propria quae Maribus", he devised a lan for saving himself trouble in learning the genders by colouring he nouns in three tints respectively; but whether he profited much y his plan is not known. Once, many years after, he deplored to a riend, a classical scholar and Fellow of his College, that he had een taught from the venerable Etonian "Introduction to the Latin ongue", and not from the celebrated new Latin primer which came out ter. His friend said grimly: "The old one was just as good as the w."

But despite the classics and his general bookishness he loved ventures with the fiddle, both now and far on towards young manhood, ough it was strange that his mother, a "progressive" woman, ambit- s on his account though not on her own, did not object to these rformances. Possibly it was from a feeling that they would help teach him what life was. His father however objected to them rongly, though as he himself had not been averse to them when young ould hardly do other than wink at them. So little T.H. played times at village weddings, (at one of which the bride, all in white, kissed him in her intense pleasure at the dance;) once at a New Year's Eve party in the se of the tailor who had breeched him; also in farmers' parlours;

and on another occasion at a homestead where he was stopped by his hostess clutching his bow-arm at the end of a three-quarter-hour's unbroken footing to his notes of twelve tireless couples in the favourite country-dance of "The New-Rigged Ship". The matron had done it lest he should "burst a bloodvessel," fearing the sustained exertion to be too much for a boy of thirteen or fourteen.

Among the queer occurrences accompanying these merry minstrellings may be described one that happened when he was coming home with his father at three in the morning from a gentleman-farmer's house where he had been second violin to his senior's first for six or seven hours, his father for some reason having had a generous wish to oblige the entertainers to the full. It was bitterly cold, and the moon glistened bright upon the encrusted snow, amid which they saw motionless in the hedge what appeared to be a white human figure without a head. The boy, being very tired, (with finger-tips tingling from pressing the strings,) was for passing the ghastly sight quickly, but the elder went up to the object, which proved to be a very tall man in a long white smock-frock, leaning against the bank in a drunken stupor, his head hanging forward so low that at a distance he had seemed to have no head at all. Hardy senior, seeing the danger of leaving the man where he might be frozen to death, awoke him after much exertion, and they supported him to a cottage near, where he lived, and pushed him in through the door, their ears being greeted as they left with a stream of abuse from the man's wife, which was also vented upon her unfortunate husband, whom she promptly knocked down. Hardy's father grimly remarked that it might have been as well to leave him where he was, to take his chance of being frozen to death.

He had always been told by his mother that he must on no account take any payment for these services as fiddler, but on one occasion temptation was too strong. A hatful of pennies was collected, amounting to four or five shillings, and Thomas had that morning seen in a shop in Dorchester a copy of The Boys' Own Book which could be bought with about this sum. He accepted the money and soon owned the coveted volume. His mother shook her head over the transaction, and refused to see any merit in a book which was chiefly about games. This volume was carefully kept, and remained in his library to the end of his life.

At this age Thomas

He also loved reading Dumas père's romances, which he did in an English translation, and Shakespeare's tragedies for the plots only, not thinking much of "Hamlet" because the ghost did not play his part to the end as he ought to have done.

1853-4.

A year or two later his accomplished schoolmaster opened a more advanced school called an Academy, where boarders were taken. His abilities had in fact attracted the notice of parents and guardians, and but for an affection of the chest which compelled him later to give up teaching he would no doubt have been heard of further afield. (His son, it may be observed, became a well-known science-master at South Kensington.) Hardy followed him to the new school - the Grammar-school founded by his namesake being reported to be indifferent just then - and remained there all the rest of his school life, - thus continuing his Latin under the same teacher, and winning the prize of Beza's Latin Testament for his progress in the tongue - a little pocket edition which he often carried with him in after years. His course of instruction also included elementary drawing, advanced arithmetic, poetry, and algebra, - in which he was fairly good, ~~though he hated~~ ~~the~~ always saying however that he found a certain poetry in the rule for the extraction of the cube-root, owing to its rhythm, and in some of the "Miscellaneous Questions" of Walkingame. In applied mathematics he worked completely through Tate's Mechanics and Hewett's Mensuration.

One day at this time Hardy, then a boy of fourteen, fell madly in love with a pretty girl who passed him on horseback near the South Walk, Dorchester, as he came out of school hard by, and for some

Hardy was popular - too popular almost - with his schoolfellows, for their friendship at times became burdensome. He loved being alone, but often, to his concealed discomfort, some of the other boys would volunteer to accompany him on his homeward journey to Bockhampton. How much he disliked this he recalled long years after. He tried also to avoid being touched by his playmates. One lad with more insight then the rest, discovered the fact: "Hardy, how is it that you do not like us to touch you?" This peculiarity never left him, and to the end of his life he disliked even the most friendly hand being laid on his arm or his shoulder. Probably no-one else ever observed this.

He also loved reading Burns <u>pere's</u> romances, which he did in an
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[illegible] advanced school called an Academy, where boarders were taken.
[illegible]bilities had in fact attracted the notice of Patons and Bunt-
[illegible] and but for an allegation of the cheat which compelled him later
[illegible] to MP teaching he would no doubt have been heard of further
[illegible]. (His son, it may be observed, became a well-known botanis-
[illegible]t at South Kensington.) Nearly followed him to the new school -
[illegible]master-school founded by his masseurs being imported to be in-
[illegible]ment that them - and remained there all the rest of his school
[illegible] - thus constituting his basin under the as a teacher, and writing
[illegible]ties of Bona's basin Tests ent for his progress in the tonal
[illegible]. His courses of instruction also included elementary drawin
[illegible]ry, and algebra. - in which he was fairly good, though he h
[illegible]ntained, always saying however that he found a certain poe
[illegible] rule for the extraction of the cube-root, owing to its tur
[illegible] some of the "disagreeable questions" of Walkingame. In
[illegible] mathematics he worked completely through Tate's Recreatio
[illegible]'s Demonstration.

[illegible]e day at this time Hardy, then a boy of fourteen, fell mad
[illegible] with a pretty girl who passed him on horseback near the g
[illegible]chester, as he came out of school hard by, and for some

unaccountable reason smiled at him. She was a total stranger. Next day he saw her with an old gentleman, probably her father. He wandered about miserably, looking for her through several days, and caught sight of her once again - this time riding with a young man. Then she disappeared for ever. He told other boys in confidence, who sympathized, but could do nothing, though some boarders watched for her on his behalf. He was more than a week getting over this desperate attachment.

At fifteen he was sent to receive French lessons from a lady who was the French governess at the school attended by his sister, and began the study of German from a periodical in which he had become deeply interested, entitled The Popular Educator, published by that genius in home-education, John Cassell. T.H's mother had begun to buy the publications of that firm for her son, and he himself continued their purchase whenever he had any pocket-money.

And it was about this date that he formed one of a trio of youths who taught e in the Sunday School of the parish, the vicar's son being the other two, where as a pupil in his class he had a dairy-maid four years older than himself, who afterwards appeared in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" as Marian - one of the few portraits from life in his works. This pink and plump damsel had a marvellous power of memorizing whole chapters in the Bible, and would repeat to him by heart in class, to his boredom, the long gospels before Easter without missing a word, and with evident delight in her facility; though she was by no means a model of virtue in her love-affairs.

Somewhat later, though it may as well be mentioned here among other such trivialities, he lost his heart for a few days to a young

girl who had come from Windsor just after he had been reading ~~Ainswor~~ Ainsworth's Windsor Castle, But she disappointed him on his finding that she took no interest in Herne the Hunter or Anne Boleyn. In this kind there was another young girl. a game-keeper's pretty daughter, who won Hardy's boyish admiration because of her beautiful bay-red hair. But she despised him, as being two or three years her junior, and married early. He celebrated her later on as "Lisbie Bre Browne." Yet Another attachment, somewhat later , ~~and~~ which went deeper, was to a well-to-do farmer's daughter named Louisa. There were more probably. They all appear, however, to have been quite fugitive, except perhaps the one for Louisa, ~~which may have lasted a year or longer, since he used to get her down to his Dad or Bath, now on his visits to Exeter from London.~~

To follows.

X

He believed that his attachment to this damsel was reciprocated, for on one occasion when he was walking home from Dorchester he beheld her sauntering down the land as if to meet him. He longed to speak to her, but bashfulness overcame him, and he passed on with a murmured 'Good evening', while poor Louisa had no word to say.

Later he heard that she had gone to Weymouth to a boarding school for young ladies, and thither he went, Sunday after Sunday, until he discovered the church which the maiden of his affections attended with her fellow scholars. But, alas, all that resulted from these efforts was a shy smile from Louisa, and a wildly beating heart on his part.

That the vision remained may be gathered from a poem "Louisa in the Lane" written not many months before his death, and a nameless green mound in the corner of Mellstock Churchyard was visited more than once by one to whom a boyish dream had never lost its radiance.

1856-62 | Aet. 16-21

CHAPTER II.

Student and Architect.

1856 - 1862. Aet. 16 -- 21.

Architect's Pupil.

At sixteen, though he had just begun to be interested in French & the Latin classics, the question arose of a profession or business. His father as a builder had carried out the designs of, and so become associated with, Mr John Hicks, an architect and church-restorer originally in practise in Bristol and now in Dorchester. Having seen Thomas Hardy junior when his father conjointly with another builder was executing Mr Hicks's restoration of, it is believed, Woodsford Castle, and tested him by inviting him to assist at a survey, Hicks wished to have him as a pupil, offering to take him for somewhat less than the usual premium, payable in the middle of a term of three years. As T.H's father was a ready-money man, Mrs Hardy suggested to the architect a substantial abatement for paying down the whole premium at the beginning of the term, and to this Mr Hicks, who was not a ready-money man, agreed. Hardy was a born bookworm, that and that alone was unchanging in him; he had sometimes, too, wished to enter the church; but he cheerfully agreed to go to Mr Hicks's.

uly 1856.

The architect's office was at 39 South Street, Dorchester, (now

CHAPTER II.

Student and Architect.

1850 - 1859. Aet. 10 — 21.

part of a Temperance Hotel, though the room in which Hardy used to
draw is unchanged), a house which happened to be next door to that of
Barnes the Dorset poet and philologist. On arriving Thomas found
there a pupil of twenty-one, who was at the end of his term and was
just leaving; also a pupil in the first year of his articles, a year
or more older than himself, who had been well-educated at a good
school in or near London, and who, having a liking for the classical
tongues, regretted his recent necessity of breaking off his studies to
go take up architecture. They began later to read together, and
during the ensuing two or three years often gave ~~time~~ more time to
books than to drawing. Hicks, too, was ~~fairly~~ (exceptionally) well educated, and
~~somewhat above the level of the~~ (for an) ordinary country architect. The son
of a Gloucestershire rector, who had been a good classical scholar,
he had read some Greek, and had a smattering of Hebrew (probably taught him by his father); though,
rather oddly, he was less at home with Latin. He was a kindly-natured
man, almost jovial, and allowed the two youths some leisure for other
than architectural study, though much of Hardy's reading in the ensu-
ing years was done between ~~6~~ five and ~~8~~ eight in the morning before he left home
for the office. In the long summer days ~~&~~ he would even rise at four
and begin. In these circumstances he got through a moderately goood
number of ~~ordinary~~ the usual classical pages - several books of the Aeneid,
some Horace & Ovid; and (etc:) took up Greek - which he had not learnt at
school - getting on with some books of the Iliad. He once said that
nearly all his reading in the last named - such as it was - had been
done ~~between 4 and 8~~ in the morning, before breakfast.

Hicks was ahead of them in Greek, though they could beat him in
Latin - and he used to ridicule their construings - often when these
were more correct than ~~their~~ his own were. When cornered and proved
in fact grew so familiar with his authors that in his walks to & from the town he
often caught himself soliloquizing in Latin on his various projects. He also

ng he would take shelter behind the excuse that his school-days
longer ago than theirs.

An unusual incident occurred during his pupillage at Hicks's which, though it had nothing to do with his own life, was dramatic enough to have mention. One summer morning at Bockhampton, just before he sat down to breakfast, he remembered ~~r~~ that a man was to be hanged at eight o'clock at Dorchester. He took up the big brass telescope that had been handed on in the family, and hastened to a hill on the heath a quarter of a mile from the house, whence he ~~and~~ looked towards the town. The sun behind his back shone straight on the white stone façade of the gaol, the gallows upon it, and the form of the murderer in white fustian, the executioner and officials in dark clothing, and the crowd below, being invisible at this distance of three miles. At the moment of his placing the glass to his eye the white figure dropped downwards, and the faint note of the town clock struck eight.

The whole thing had been so sudden that the glass nearly fell from Hardy's hands; He seemed alone on the heath with the hanged man; and he crept homeward wishing he had not been so curious. It was the second and last execution he witnessed, the first having been that of a woman two or three years earlier, when he stood close to the gallows.

It had so happened that B ----, the other pupil (who, strangely enough for an architect mostly occupied with church

At this time the Dorset poet, William Barnes, was keeping school next door. Knowing him to be an authority upon grammar Hardy would often run in to ask Barnes to decide some knotty point in dispute between him and his fellow-pupil. Hardy used to assert in later years that upon almost every occasion the verdict was given in his favour.

-work, had been bred a Baptist) became very doctrinal during this time; he said he was going to be baptized, and in fact was baptized shortly after. He so impressed young Hardy with his earnestness, and the necessity of doing likewise that, though the junior pupil had been brought up in High Church principles, he almost felt that he ought to be baptised again as an adult. He went totthe vicar of his parish and stated the case. The vicar, an Oxford man, seemed bewildered, and said that the only book he possessed that might help Hardy was Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which he lent his inquirer. Finding that this learned work did not help much in the peculiar circumstances, Hardy went to the curate of another parish with whom he was acquainted. But all that the curate had was a handbook on the Sacraments of an elementary kind.

However, he got hold of as many books and notes on Paedobaptism as he could, and though he was appalled at the feebleness of the arguments for infant christening (assuming that New Testament practice must be followed) he incontinently determined to "stick to his own side" - as he considered the Church to be - at some costs of conscience. The clash of polemics between the two pupils in the office sometimes reached such a pitch of clamour that the architect's wife would send down a message from the drawing-room, which was on the first floor over, imploring them not to make so much noise. To add to the

a new text, Griesbach's, that he had seen advertised as the most correct, instead of his old one, and conceding to his serious-minded disputants as much as he thought

heat, two of the Dorchester Baptist minister's sons, (friends of B—,) hard-headed Scotch youths fresh from Aberdeen ~~Baptist~~- University, (good classics,) who could rattle off at a moment's notice the Greek original of any (passage) in the New Testament, joined in the controversy. But though Hardy thus found himself in the position of one against three, he fought on with his back ~~to~~ to the wall as it were - (working at night at the Greek Testament to confute his opponents, and in his purpose getting) ~~conceding as much as he thought~~ a Churchman fairly could concede, namely - that he would limit his Greek reading to the New Testament in future, giving up the heathen authors, and would show his broad-mindedness by attending a prayer-meeting in the chapel-vestry.

At half-part six on a hot August evening he entered the chapel for the meeting. Not a soul was in the building, and he waited in the dreary little vestry till the hour of appointment had passed by nearly half an hour, the yellow sun shining in on the drab paint through the skylight, through which also came the faint notes of a brass band. Just as he was about to leave at a quarter-past-seven, — and the minister's sons tumbled breathlessly in, apologising for their lateness. (Cooke's then popular) circus had entered the town at the moment of the prayer-meeting, and they had all dismissed the engagement for awhile, and remained for the spectacle. Hardy had known the Circus entry was going to take place; but he had kept his appointment (faithfully.) How the meeting ended Hardy had forgotten when he related the experience. ¶ His convictions on the necessity of adult baptism gradually wore out of him. Though he was younger than his companions he (seems to have) possessed a breadth of mind which they lacked; and while perceiving that there was not a shred of evidence for infant baptism in the New Testament, he saw

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of evidence for infant baptism in the New Testament, he saw

that Christianity did not hang on temporary details that expediency might modify, and that the practice of an isolated few in the early ages could not be binding on its multitudes in differing circumstances when it had grown to be the religion of continents.

Nevertheless it would be unjust to the Baptist Minister P---- and his argumentative family to omit from these gleanings out of the past Hardy's remarks on their finer qualities. They formed an austere and frugal household, and won his admiration by their thoroughness and stranuousness. He often visited them, and one of the sons about his own age, not insistent on Baptist doctrines like his two brethren, was a great friend of Hardy's till his death of consumption a year or two after. It was through these Scotch people that Thomas Hardy first became impressed with the necessity for "plain living and high thinking", which stood him in such good stead in later years. Among the few portraits of actual persons in Hardy's novels, that of the Baptist minister in "A Laodicean" is one, - being a recognisable drawing of P--- the father as he appeared to Hardy at this time, though the incidents are invented.

To return to the architect's pupils. The Greek Testament ~~was~~ had been taken up by both of them, - though it had necessitated the younger's learning a new dialect - and ~~ultimately a new Greek text was obtained instead of the old ones which contented them at first~~ Homer and Virgil were thrown aside(a misfortune to Hardy, who was just getting pleasure from these). In pursuing this study it became an occasional practice for the youths to take out their Testaments into the fields and sit on a gate reading them. The gate of the enclosure in Kings-Beaurward ~~Newlease~~, now the cricket-ground, was the scene of some

the readings. They were brought to an end by the expiry of B---'s
of four years as a pupil, and his departure for the office of a
on architect, which, it may be mentioned, he shortly afterwards
to start in practice on his own account in Tasmania.
- 61.

With the departure of B--, Hardy's duties grew more exacting,
though, in consideration of his immaturity, the term of his
llage had been lengthened by between one and two years, a time
arrived at which it became necessary that he should give more
tion to practical architecture than he had hitherto done. Church
oration' was at this time in full cry in Dorsetshire and the
bouring counties, and young Hardy found himself making many
ys, measurements, and sketches of old churches with a view to
changes. Much beautiful ancient Gothic - and particularly also
ean and Georgian work, he was passively instrumental in destroying
altering beyond identification - a matter for his deep regret
later years.

Despite the greater demands of architecture upon his attention
appears that Hardy kept up his classics for some time after the
ture of his fellow-pupil for Tasmania; since, in an old letter
, replying to Hardy from Hobart Town in May 1861, the emigrant
¶ "Really you are a plodding ~~fellow~~- chap to have got through
a lot of Homer and all the rest. I am not a bit farther than I
in Dorchester; indeed, I think I have scarcely touched a book -
I mean - since. I see you are trying all you can to cut me

The allusion to Homer seems to show that after his earnest

"Really you are a plodding fellow - chap to have got through
lot of honour and all the rest. I am not a bit farther than I
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Baptist (like St Augustine,) senior's departure and the weakening of his influence Hardy lapsed from the Greek New Testament back again to Pagan writers, though he was rather impulsive than "plodding" in his studies, his strength lying in a power of keeping going in most disheartening circumstances.

Owing to the accident of his being an architect's pupil in a county-town of assizes and aldermen, which had advanced to railways and telegraphs and daily London papers; yet not living there, but walking in every day from a world of shepherds and ploughmen in a hamlet three miles off, where modern improvements were still regarded as wonders, he saw rustic and borough doings in a juxtaposition peculiarly close. To these externals may be added the peculiarities of his inner life, which might almost have been called academic, - a triple existence unusual for a young man - what he used to call, in looking back, a life twisted of three strands - the professional life, the scholar's life, and the rustic life, combined in the 24 hours of one day, as it was with him through these years. He would be reading the Iliad, the AEnéid, or the Greek Testament from six to eight in the morning, would work at Gothic architecture all day, and then in the evening rush off with his fiddle under his arm - sometimes in the company of his father as first violin and himself as 'celloist - to play country-dances, reels, and hornpipes at a farmer's wedding, christening; or Christmas party in a remote dwelling among the fallow fields, not returning sometimes till nearly morning, the Hardys still being traditionally ~~fiddlers~~ string-bandsmen available on such occasions, and having the added recommendation of charging nothing for their services, which was a firm principle with them, the entertainers being mostly acquaintances; though the tireless zeal of young

couples in the dance often rendered the Hardy's' act of friendship anything but an enjoyment to themselves. But young Hardy's physical vigour was now much greater than it had been when he was a child, and it enabled him, like a conjurer at a fair, to keep in the air the three balls of architecture, scholarship, and dance-fiddling, without ill-effects, the fiddling being of course not daily like the other two. ~~to do these things without ill effects.~~

His immaturity - above alluded to - was greater than is common for his years, and it may be mentioned here that a clue to much of his character and action throughout his life is ~~affor~~ afforded by his lateness of development in virility, while mentally precocious. He himself said humorously in later times that he was a child till he was sixteen, a youth till he was five-and-twenty, and a young man till he was nearly fifty. Whether this was intrinsic, or owed anything to his having lived in a remote spot in early life, is an open question.

During the years of architectural pupillage Hardy had two other literary friends in Dorchester. One was Hooper Tolbort, orphan-nephew of one of the partners in a firm of mechanical engineers, who had an extraordinary facility in the acquisition of languages. He was a pupil of the Rev. W. Barnes, the Dorset poet and school-master, and was preparing for the Indian Civil Service. The other was ~~Hare~~ Horace Moule of Queen's College, Cambridge - just then beginning practice as author and reviewer. Walks in the fields with each of these by T.H. biassed him still further in the direction of books, one of ~~these~~ which among those he met with impressed him much - The newly published "The Seven against Christ." as the authors were nicknamed; and Walter Bagehot's "Estimates" afterwards called "Essays & Reviews". He began writing verses, and also a few "Literary Studies." prose articles, which do not appear to have been printed anywhere. [See on back] On his inquiring of Moule - who was a fine Greek scholar

※ The first effusion of his to see the light of print was an anonymous skit in a Dorchester paper on the disappearance of the Alms-House clock which then as now stood on a bracket in South Street, the paragraph being in the form of a plaintive letter from the ghost of the clock. (It had been taken down to be cleaned and neglected.) As the author supposed to be an alderman of influence the clock was immediately replaced. He would never have been known to be Hardy but for the confession of a post-office clerk, who watched the handwriting of letters posted till he had spotted the culprit. After this followed the descriptive "Domicilium" ^Given ante, page ....., and accounts of church-restoration carried out by which Hardy prepared for the grateful reporter of the Dorset Chronicle. It seems he had also set to work on either the ~~Prometheus~~ Agamemnon or the [illegible] but On his inquiring of Moule [return to preceding page]

and was always ready to act the Tutor in any classical difficulty –
– if he ought not to go on reading some Greek plays, Moule's reluctant opinion was that if Hardy really had (as his father had insisted, and as indeed was reasonable, Since he never as yet had earned a farthing in his life) to make an income in some way by architecture in 1862, it would be hardly worth while for him to read Aeschylus or Sophocles in 1860-61. He had secretly wished that Moule would advise him to go on with Greek plays, in spite of the serious damage it might do his architecture; but he felt bound to listen to reason and prudence. So much Greek as he had got he had to be content with, the language being almost dropped from that date; for though he did take up again one or two of the dramatists some years later, it was in a fragmentary way only. Nevertheless his substantial knowledge of them was not small.

It may be permissible to ponder whether Hardy's career might not have been altogether different if Moule's opinion had been the contrary one, and he had advised going on with the Greek plays. The younger man would hardly have resisted the suggestion, and might have risked the consequences, so strong was his bias that way. The upshot might have been his abandonment of architecture for a University career, his father never absolutely refusing to advance him money in a good cause. Having every instinct of a scholar he might have ended his life as a Don of whom it could be said that

He settled Hoti's business,
Properly based Oun.

But this was not to be, and it was possibly better so.

One other Dorchester young man, who has been cursorily mentioned – the pupil of Hicks's whose time had expired shortly

- if he ought not to go on reading some Greek plays. Monle's
reluctant opinion was that it Hardy really had (as his father
had insisted, and as indeed was reasonable) to make an income in
some way by architecture in 1865, it would be hardly worth while
for him to read Sophocles in 1865-67. He had scarcely viewed
that Monle would advise him to go on with Greek plays, in spite
of the serious damage it might do his architecture; but he felt
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One other Dorchester young man, who has been curiously
mentioned - the pupil of Hicks's whose time had expired shortly

after Hardy's arrival, and who then departed permanently from the west of England - may be again given a word for the single thing about him that had attracted the fresh-comer - his one or two trips to London during their passing acquaintance, and his return thence whistling quadrilles and other popular music, with accounts of his dancing experiences at the Argyle Rooms and Cremorne - both ~~of them~~ then in full swing. Hardy would relate that one quadrille in particular his precursor, Fippard, could whistle faultlessly, and while giving it would caper about the office to an imaginary dance-figure, embracing an imaginary Cremorne or Argyle danseuse. The fascinating quadrille remained with Hardy all his life, but he never could identify it. Being some six years the junior of this comet-like young man Hardy was treated by him with the supercilliousness such a boy usually gets from such seniority, and with the other's departure from Dorchester he passed quite out of Hardy's knowledge.

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He had for some time left Bockhampton as a permanent resident, living, except at week-ends, in Dorchester, either with Hicks or at lodgings; though he often sojourned at Bockhampton later on.

1862-67 | Aet 21-27

CHAPTER III.

London.

1862 - 1867. Aet. 21 - 27.

A new start.

On Thursday April 17, 1862, Thomas Hardy started alone for London, to pursue the art and science of architecture on more advanced lines. The Great Exhibition of that year was about to be opened, and this perhaps influenced him in the choice of a date for his migration. His only previous journey to the capital had been made with his mother in 1848 or 1849, when they passed through it on the way to and back from Hertfordshire, on a visit to a relative, as mentioned earlier.

Hardy used to relate humourously that on the afternoon of his arrival he called to inquire for lodgings at a house where was employed a bachelor some ten years older than himself, whose cousin Hardy had known. This acquaintance, looking him up and down, was sceptical about his establishing himself in London. "Wait till you have walked the streets a few weeks", he said satirically, "and your elbows begin to shine, and the hems of your trousers get frayed, as if nibbled by rats! Only practical men are wanted here." Thomas began to wish he had thought less of the Greek Testament and more of iron girders.

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However, he had at least two letters of introduction in his pocket - one from a gushing lady to Mr Benjamin Ferrey F.R.I.B.A., of Trinity Place, Charing Cross, an architect who had been a pupil of the elder Pugin's, was connected with the West of England, and had designed a Dorset mansion of which Hardy's father had been one of the builders, carrying out the work to that gentleman's complete satisfaction. But, as usually happens, this sheet-anchor was less trustworthy than had been expected. Mr Ferrey was civil to the young man, remembered his father, promised every assistance; and there the matter ended.

The other introduction was to Mr John Norton of Old Bond Street - also an architect in full practice. Mr Norton was a Bristol man, a pupil of Ferrey's, and a friend of Hicks of Dorchester, by reason, it is believed, of their joint association with Bristol. Anyhow, Norton received young Thomas Hardy with great kindness, and his friendship coming at the nick of time when it was needed, he proved himself one of the best helps Hardy ever had. The generous architect told him that he must on no account be ~~wandering alone~~ doing nothing in London ~~without acquaintance or occupation~~ (Hardy looked quite a pink-faced youth even now), and arranged that he should come daily and make drawings in his office for a merely nominal remuneration whilst looking further about ~~him.~~ town. As Mr Norton was in no ~~need~~ real need of assistance the proposal was most considerate of him.

Last week in April 1862.

~~It~~ Here was indeed as good a thing as could have happened. It was an anchorage, and Hardy never forgot it. Strangely enough,

However, he had two letters of introduction in his pocket - one from a grazing lady to Mr Benjamin Pearey F.R.I.B.A., of Trinity Place. Charing Cross, an architect who had been a pupil of the elder Pugin's, was connected with the West of England. and had designed a Dorset mansion of which Percy's father had been one of the builders, carrying out the work to that gentleman's complete satisfaction. But, as usually happens, this second-hander was less trustworthy than had been expected. If Percy was civil to the young man, remembered his father, practised every assistance; and there the matter ended.

The other introduction was to Mr Joan Norton of old Bond Street - also an architect in full practice. Mr Norton was a Bristol man, a pupil of Pearey, and a friend of Hicks of Dorchester, by reason, it is believed, of their joint association with Bristol. Anyhow, Norton received young Thomas Hardy with great kindness, and his friendship coming at the risk of time when it was needed, he proved himself one of the best helps Hardy ever had. The generous architect told him that he must on no account be wasting his time in London without remuneration or occupation (Hardy looked quite a pink-faced youth even now), and arranged that he should come daily and make drawings in his office for a merely nominal remuneration until looking further about him. As Mr Norton was in no sense real head of any office the proposal was most considerate of him.

last week in April 1862.

It was indeed as good a thing as could have happened. It was an auspicious, and Hardy never forgot it. Strangely enough,

on his arriving on the following Monday to begin, Mr Norton informed him that a friend whom he had met at the Institute of British Architects had asked him if he knew of a young ~~man~~ Gothic draughtsman who could restore and design churches and rectory-houses. He had strongly recommended Hardy, and packed him off at once to call on Mr Arthur Blomfield, the friend in question. ¶Blomfield was a son of the ~~late~~ recently deceased Dr Blomfield, Bishop of London; a Rugbeian, a graduate of Trinity College Cambridge, where he had been a great boating man; and a well-known church-designer and restorer, whose ~~pupilage~~--architectural pupilage had been under Philip C. Hardwicke. Hardy found him in, - a lithe, brisk man of 33, with whom Hardy was to keep up a friendship ~~acquaintance~~ for near on forty years. Arrangements were made, and on the following Monday, May 5th. he began work as an assistant-architect in Mr Blomfield's drawing-office - at that time at 8 St. Martin's Place, ~~second floor~~, in rooms also used by the Alpine Club. ~~There~~ This was another linking coincidence, (with aftertimes,) for Leslie Stephen, an ardent climber and a member of the Club, was a visitor to these rooms, though ten years were to elapse before Hardy got to know him, and to be mentally influenced by him so deeply. In the following autumn or winter, however, more commodious and lighter drawing-offices were taken at 8 Adelphi Terrace, first floor; which Blomfield continued to occupy during the remaining five years that Hardy worked with him. X [See on back]

In a letter written many years after to an inquirer who was interested in his association with the Terrace, Hardy states:

"I sat there drawing, inside the easternmost window of the front room on the first floor above the ground floor, occasion-

※ Shortly after his entry there Hardy had an experience which might have been serious:—

"March 10. Went into the streets in the evening to see the illuminations on the occasion of the P. of Wales's marriage. By the fortunate accident of beginning my walk at the city end of the route I had left the neighbourhood of the Mansion House before the great mass of people got there, but I had enough to do to hold my own at the bottom of Bond Street, where my waistcoat buttons were torn off and my ribs bent in before I could get into a doorway. Molsey and Paris [two pupils of Ferrey's, friends of Hardy's] were in the Mansion House crush, having started from the West End, like most of the spectators. Six people were killed close to them, and they did not expect to get out alive." [return to preceding page]

The following letters were written to his sister, Miss Mary Hardy, during the first year that Hardy was at Adelphi Terrace.

Kilburn. 18th. February.

My dear Mary:

I don't fancy that 'tis so very long since I wrote and the Saturday's have been sent regularly but I really intended to write this week.

You see that we have moved, so for the future my address will be as on the other side. [8 Adelphi Terrace] We have not recovered from the confusion yet, and our drawings and papers are nohow.

The new office is a capital place. It is on the first floor and on a terrace that overlooks the river. We can see from our window right across the Thames, and on a clear day every bridge is visible. Everybody says that we have a beautiful place.

Today has been wretched. It was almost pitch dark in the middle of the day, and everything visible appeared of the colour of brown paper or pea-soup.

There is a great deal of preparation for the approaching wedding. The Princess is to arrive on the 7th. March and the wedding will be on the 10th. On her landing at Gravesend she will be received by the Prince, the Mayor Mayoress etc. They will then go by train to the Bricklayers' Arms station, and then in procession over London Bridge, along Fleet Street, Strand, C X, Pall Mall Piccadilly, through Hyde Park and up the Edgeware Road to Paddington Station - thence to Windsor.

The following letters were written to the states, from Mary Hardy, during the first year that Hardy was stationed there.

The windows along the route are full of notices that seats to view the procession are to be let. There will be an illumination the evening of the 10th.

I went to ~~Kilburn~~- Richmond yesterday to see Lee. He is better but is going to Kent for a short time before coming back to the office.

I have not heard anything about the Essay yet. The name of the successful competitor will be known in about a fortnight. I am now very busy getting up a design for a country mansion for which a small prize is offered - £3 the best and £2 the second best. It has to be sent in by the 27th March.

I am glad you have got a drawing prize, but you don't say what. I think you have done very well altogether. Tell me about the organ and how the Sundays go off - I am uncommonly interested. How is your friend the blind man &c. School, clergyman &c. Say how you are, don't forget. I am quite well Horace Moule has been ill. So has H.A. as I daresay you know. Has she written yet? I sent a valentime to Harry and Kate (his brother and younger sister) to please them. Harry wrote me a letter, and Kate printed one and sent - rather a curiosity in its way.

I sent Mrs Rolls photographs and she sent me a paper and letter. She says that Parsons is postmaster in place of Lock who has resigned.

I tried the Underground Railway one day - Everything is excellently arranged.

Do you think to run up Easter? If so, you must not mind being left alone all day - but you know your way about.

T.S. has commenced the sketch of our house for you. He says it will soon be finished.

Is Katie coming up to live with you and when is Mother coming?

Ever your affectionate

Tom.

8 Adelphi Terrace.

19 Dec. 1863.

My dear Mary,

I was beginning to think you had given up writing altogether, when your letter came. Certainly try to get as long a time as you can Christmas.

I am glad you have been to Oxford again. It must be a jolly place. I shall try to get down there some time or other. You have no right to say you are not connected with art. Everybody is to a certain extent; the only difference between a professor and an amateur being that the former has the(often disagreeable) necessity of making it his means of earning bread and cheese - and thus often rendering what is a pleasure to other people a "bore" to himself.

About Thackeray. You must read something of his. He is considered to be the greatest novelist of the day - looking at novel writing of the highest kind as a perfect and truthful representation of actual life - which is no doubt the proper

~~view to t~~

view to take. Hence, because his novels stand as high as works of Art or Truth, they often have anything but an elevating tendency, and on that account are particularly unfitted for young people - from their very truthfulness. People say that it is beyond Mr Thackeray to paint a perfect man or woman - a great fault if novels are intended to instruct, but just the opposite if they are to be considered merely as Pictures. Vanity Fair is considered one of his best.

I expect to go home about Tuesday or Wednesday after Xmas and then shall find you there of course - We must have a "bit of a lark".

Ever affectionately

Tom.

I am able to write 40 words a minute - The average rate of a speaker is from 100, to 120 and occasionally 140; so I have much more to do yet.

ally varying the experience by idling on the balcony. I saw from there the Embankment and Charing-Cross Bridge built, and of course used to think of Garrick and Johnson. The rooms contained at that date fine Adam mantelpieces in white marble, on which we used to sketch caricatures in pencil."

It may be added that the ground-floor rooms of this 8 Adelphi Terrace ~~house~~ were occupied by the Reform League during Hardy's stay overhead, and that Swinburne in one of his letters speaks of a correspondence with the League about this date. "The Reform League", he says, "a body of extreme reformers not now extant I believe, but of some note and power for a time, solicited me to sit in Parliament- - - as representative of more advanced democratic or republican opinions than were represented there." Swinburne consulted Mazzini, who dissuaded him from consenting. The heads of the League were familiar personages to Blomfield's pupils who, as became Tory and Churchy young men, indulged in satire at the League's expense, letting down ironical bits of paper on the heads of members, and once coming nearly to loggerheads with the worthy resident secretary, Mr George Howell - to whom they had to apologize for their exasperating conduct - all this being unknown to Mr Blomfield himself. X. Insert two letters affixed.

During the first few months of Hardy's life in London he had not forgotten to pay a call on the lady of his earliest passion as a child, who had been so tender towards him in those days, and had used to take him in her arms. She and her husband were now living in Bruton Street. The butler who opened the door was, he recalled, the same one who had been with the family

at Kingston-Maurward all those years ago, and looked little altered. But the lady of his dreams - alas! To her, too, the meeting must have been no less painful than pleasant: she was plainly embarrassed at having in her presence a young man of over twenty-one, who was very much of a handful in comparison with the rosy-cheeked, innocent little boy she had almost expected "Tommy" to remain. One interview was not quite sufficent to wear off the stiffness resulting from such changed conditions, though warming up, she asked him to come again. But getting immersed in London life he did not respond to her invitation, showing that the fickleness was his alone. But they occasionally corresponded, as will be seen.

It may be hardly necessary to record - since he somewhere describes it himself - that the metropolis into which he had plunged at this date differed greatly from the London of even a short time after. It was the London of Dickens and Thackeray, and Evans's supper-rooms were still in existence in an underground hall in Covent Garden, which Hardy once at least visited. The Cider Cellars and the Coal Hole were still flourishing, with "Judge and Jury" mock trials. "Baron Nicholson" or his successor being judge. And Dr Donovan the phrenologist guaged heads in the Strand, informing Hardy that his would lead him to no good.

The ladies talked about by the architect's pupils and other young men into whose society Hardy was thrown were Cora Pearl, "Skittles", Agnes Willoughby, Ada Menken, and others successively,

of whom they professed to know many romantic and risqué details, but really knew nothing at all; Another of their romantic interests that Hardy recalled being, a little later, the moorhen dive of Lady Flora Paget into Marshall & Snelgrove's shop away from Mr Chaplin her fiancé, & her emergence at the other door into the arms of Lord Hastings, and marriage with him - a sensational piece of news with which they came in breathless the week it happened.

Hungerford Market was still in being where the Charing-Cross Station now stands, and Hardy occasionally lunched at a "coffee house" there. He also lunched or dined at Bertolini's with some pupils of Ferrey's, the architect who had known his father and been the pupil of Pugin. This restaurant in St. Martin's Street Leicester Square, called Newton House, had been the residence and observatory of Sir Isaac Newton, and later the home of the Burney's, who were visited there by Johnson, Reynolds, &c., and the stone floors were still sanded as in former days. A few years after Hardy frequented it Swinburne used to dine there as a member of the "Cannibal Club". Tennyson is also stated to have ~~frequently~~ often dined at Bertolini's. To Hardy's great regret this building, of many associations, was pulled down in later years.

On his way to Adelphi Terrace he used to take some short cut near Seven Dials, passing daily the liquor saloons of Alec Keene and Tom King (?) in West Street (now demolished), and Nat Langham at the top of St Martin's Lane, when he could sometimes

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On his way to Adelphi Terrace he used to take some short walk at the top of St Martin's Lane, when he could sometimes meet Seven Dials, passing daily the liquor saloons of Alice Lee and Tom King (?) in West Street (now demolished), and Nat

discern the forms of those famous prize-fighters behind their respective bars.

There was no Thames Embankment. Temple Bar still stood in its place, and the huge block of buildings known as the Law Courts was not erected. Holborn-Hill was still a steep and noisy thoroughfare which almost broke the legs of the slipping horses, and Skinner-Street ran close by, with presumably Godwin's house yet standing in it, at which Shelley first set eyes on Mary. No bridge across Ludgate Hill disfigured St Paul's and the whole neighbourhood. The South Kensington Museum was housed in iron sheds nicknamed the "Brompton Boilers", which Hardy used to frequent this year to obtain materials for an Essay he sent in to the Royal Institute of British Architects; which it was awarded the prize in the following spring. There was no underground Railway, and omnibus conductors leaving "Kilburn Gate", near which Hardy lived awhile, cried "Any more passengers for London!" The list ed of such changes might be infinitely extended.

Charles Kean and his wife were still performing Shakespeare at the Princess's Theatre, and Buckstone was at the Haymarket in the new play of "Our American Cousin and Lord Dundreary." X [see on back]

Balls were constantly at Willis's Rooms - earlier Almack's - and in 1862 Hardy danced at these rooms - or at Almack's as he preferred to call the place, realising its historic character. He used to recount that in those old days the pretty Lancers and Caledonians were still footed there to the original charming tunes, which brought out the beauty of the figures as no later

* At most of the theatres about nine o'clock there was a noise of tramping feet, and the audience whispered "Half-price coming in." The play paused for a few moments, and when all was quiet went on again.

tunes did, and every movement was a correct quadrille step and gesture. For those dances had not at that date degenerated to a waltzing step, to be followed by galloping romps to uproarious pieces.

Cremorne and the Argyll he also sought, remembering the jaunty senior-pupil at Hicks's who had used to haunt those gallant resorts. But he did not dance there much himself, if at all, and the fascinating quadrille-tune had vanished like a ghost, though he went one day to second-hand music-shops and also to the British Museum, and hunted over a lot of such music in a search for it. Allusions to these experiences occur in more than one of his poems, "The Reminiscences of a Dancing Man" in particular; and they were largely drawn upon, so he once remarked, in the destroyed novel "The Poor Man and the Lady" - of which later on.

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bought an old fiddle at this time, with which he practised at his lodgings, wt with another man there who performed on the piano, pieces from the romantic Italian operas of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's - the latter being then also an opera house - which places they used to frequent one two or three times a week; not, except on rare occasions, in the best parts of the houses, as will be well imagined, but in the half-crown amphitheatre.

The foreign operas in vogue were those of Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Bellini: and thus Hardy became familiar with such singers as Mario (Grisi had just departed), Titjens, Nilsson, Patti (just come), Giuglini, Pareps a, and others of the date. An English Opera Company was also in existence, and Hardy patriotically supported it by going often to operas by Balfe, Wallace, and others. Here he had the painful experience of hearing the gradual break down of William Harrison's once fine voice, who, with Miss Louisa Pyne, had established the company and endeavoured to keep such opera going. Hardy was heard to assert that, as it were in defiance of fate, Harrison would sing night after night his favourite songs - such as "Let me like a soldier fall" in Maritana, and particularly, in the Bohemian Girl, wherein his complete failure towards the last attempts would move a sensitive listener to tears: "When other lips" he thought Harrison's courage in struggling on, hoping against hope, might probably cause him to be remembered longer than the greatest success would have done.

At Blomfield's

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had obtained a faculty for making cuttings through the city churchyards, so that it should be done decently and in order. A case occursdd in which this function on the Bishop's behalf was duly carried out. But afterwards Mr Blomfield came to Hardy and informed him with a look of concern that he had just returned from visiting the site on which all the removed bodies were said by the Company to be reinterred; but there appeared to be nothing deposited, the surface of the ground lying quite level as before. Also that there were rumours of mysterious bags full of something that rattled, and cartage to bone-mills. He much feared that he had not exercised a sufficiently sharp supervision, and that the railway-company had got over him some-how. "I believe those people are all ground up!" said Blomfield grimly.

Soon there was to occur a similar proceeding on a much larger scale by another company - the carrying of a cutting by the Midland Railway through old St. Pancras Churchyard, which would necessitate the removal of many hundreds of coffins, and bones in huge quantities. In this business Mr Blomfield was to represent the Bishpp as before. The architect said that now there should be no mistake about his thoroughly carrying out the superintendence. Accordingly, he set a clerk-of-works in the churchyard, who was never to leave during working hours; and as the removals were effected by night, and the clerk-of-works might be lax or late, he deputed Hardy to go on evenings at uncertain hours, to see that the clerk-of-works was performing his duties; while Hardy's chief himself was to drop in at unexpected moments during the week, presumably to see that neither the assistant his

his

nor the clerk-of-works was a defaulter.

The plan worked excellently, and throughout the late autumn and early winter (of probably the year 1865 or thereabouts) Hardy attended at the churchyard - each evening between five and six, as well as sometimes at other hours. There after nightfall, within a high hoarding that could not be overlooked, and by the light of flare-lamps, the exhumation went on continuously of the coffins that had been uncovered during the day, new coffins being provided for those that came apart in lifting, and for loose skeletons; and those that held together being carried to the new ground on a board merely; Hardy supervising these mournful processions when present - with what thoughts may be imagined, & Blomfield sometimes meeting him there. In one coffin that fell apart was a skeleton and two skulls. He used to tell that when, after some fifteen years of separation, he met Arthur Blomfield again and their friendship was fully renewed, among the latter's first words were: "Do you remember how we found the man with two heads at St. Pancras?"

It may conceivably have been some rumour of the possibility of this lamentable upheaval in the near future of Old St. Pancras Churchyard by the railway company, which had led, Sir Percy, the son ~~the friends~~ of Mary Shelley, ~~a few years earlier~~ to remove the bodies of her parents therefrom to St. Peter's Bournemouth, where she had been buried in 1851, and where they now lie beside her. Though few people seem to know that such an illustrious group is in the churchyard.

Hardy used to tell some amusing stories of his chief, ~~Sir Arthur Blomfield~~, a genuine humourist like his father the bishop. Among other strange ways in which he and his pupils, including

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Hardy, used to get on with their architecture was by singing glees and catches at intervals during office hours. Having always been musically inclined and, as has been stated, a fiddler of countless jigs and reels in his boyhood, he could sing at sight with moderate accuracy from notation though his voice was not strong. Hence Blomfield welcomed him in the office choir, where he himself took the bass, the rest waiting till he had "got his low E". Hardy also at Blomfield's request sang in the church-choir at the opening of the organ at St Matthias' Church, Richmond, where Blomfield took a bass part, one of his pupils being organist. But in the office the alto-part was the difficulty, and Blomfield would say: "If you meet an alto anywhere in the Strand, Hardy, ask him to come in and join us."

[Reinsert-]

Among other things, the architect related that one day before he (Hardy) came, a Punch-and-Judy show performed outside the office in St. Martin's Place. Presently the housekeeper, a woman London-bred, came running upstairs exclaiming, "Why Mr Arthur, I declare there's a man inside! And I never knew it before!" On ~~another~~ an occasion when a builder had called on business, Hardy being present and some pupils, Blomfield airily said to the builder: "Well Mr T---, what can I do for you? What will you take this morning - sherry or port?" Though it was only between 10 and 11 Mr T--- reflected earnestly and said, "Port, sir, if you please." As they naturally had no wine or any other liquor at the offices, Blomfield was comically disconcerted at the worthy builder's seriousness, but was as good as his word, and the office-boy was secretly dispatched to the Strand to buy a bottle of port, and to the housekeeper to borrow a glass.

Stet

Grotesque incidents that seldom happened to other people seemed to happen to Blomfield. One day he and Hardy went together to some slum near Soho to survey the site for a new building. The inspection made their boots muddy, and on the way back Blomfield suggested they should have them cleaned, as two bootblacks had come up pointing significantly. When Hardy and he had placed themselves Blomfield asked the second why he did not proceed with his brushing, like the first. "Cause he's got no blacking nor brush", said the first. "What good is he then?" asked Blomfield. "I've cracked my blacking-bottle, and it goes dry; so I pay him a penny a day to spit forme."

However, matters were graver sometimes. Hardy remembered how one morning he arrived at the Terrace to find Blomfield standing with his back to the fireplace, and with a very anxious face. ~~As the draughtsman entered~~ The architect said slowly without any preface, "Hardy, That tower has fallen." ~~The young man followed the direction of his principal's eyes, which~~ (His eyes) were fixed on the opposite wall where was the drawing of a new church just then finished. It was a serious matter ~~for his designer~~, especially as some years earlier another well-known architect had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for manslaughter, one of his new erections having fallen and killed some people. Fortunately none (one) was killed in the present case, and the ~~architect~~ (designer) was quite exonerated by having the tower rebuilt stone by stone as it had been before, and so proving the construction to be unimpeachable, for there it has stood ever since without a crack. What had caused the fall was always a mystery.

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This used to remind Hardy of another church-tower story. Mr Hicks, with whom he served his pupillage, once told him that at the beginning of his practice he built a church-tower near Bristol, and on a night just after its erection he dreamt that on approaching it he saw a ~~hi~~ huge crack in its west wall from the parapet downwards. He was so disturbed that next morning he mounted his horse, - it was before railways, and architects often rode on horseback to the supervision of their buildings then - and trotting off to the village the tower rose into his view. There was the ~~stack~~- crack in its face exactly as he had behold it in his dream.

Having somewhat settled down ~~as a draughtsman~~ with Blomfield, and feeling that architectural drawing in which ~~heedu~~ the actual designing had no great part was monotonous and mechanical; having besides neither the inclination nor the keenness for getting into social affairs and influential sets which would help him to start a practice of his own, Hardy's tastes reverted to the literary pursuits that he had been compelled to abandon in 1861, and had not resumed except to write the Prize Architectural Essay before-mentioned. By as early as the end of 1863 he had recommenced to read a great deal - with a growing tendency towards poetry. But he was forced to consider ways and means, and it was suggested to him that he might combine literature with architecture by becoming an art-critic for the press - particularly in the province of architectural art. It is probable that he might easily have carried this out, reviewers with a speciality being then, and possibly now, ~~necessary~~ in demand. His preparations for such a course were, however, quickly abandoned, and by 1865 he had begun to write verses, and

by 1866 to send his productions to magazines. That these were rejected by editors, and that he paid such respect to their judgment as scarcely ever to send out a MS. twice, was in one feature fortunate for him, since in years long after he was able to examine those poems of which he kept copies, and by the mere change of a few words or the rewriting of a line or two, to make them quite worthy of publication. Such of them as are dated in these years were all written in his lodgings at 16 Westbourne Park Villas. He also began turning the Book of Ecclesiastes into Spenserian stanzas, but finding the original unmatchable abandoned the task.

As another outcome of the same drift of mind he used to deliver short addresses or talks ~~to~~ on poets and poetry to Blomfield's pupils & assistants on afternoons when there was not much to be done, or at all events when not much was done. There is no tradition of what Blomfield thought of this method of passing office hours instead of making architectural plans.

The only thing ~~that~~ he got published at the time was, so far as is known, a humorous trifle in Chamber's Journal in 1865, entitled "How I built myself a house" - written to amuse the pupils of Blomfield. It may have been the acceptance of this jeu d'esprit that turned his mind in the direction of prose: yet he made such notes as the following:-

"April, 1865. - The form on the canvas which immortalizes the painter is but the last of a series of tentative & rejected sketches, each of which probably contained some particular feature nearer perfection than any part ~~feature~~ of the finished product."

"Public opinion is of the nature of a woman."

"There is not that regular gradation among women that there is among men. You may meet with 999 exactly alike, and then the thousandth, not a little better, but far above them. Practically therefore it is useless for a man to seek after this thousandth to make her his."

"May.— How often we see a vital truth flung about carelessly wrapt in a commonplace subject, without the slightest conception on the speaker's part that his words contain an unsmelted treasure."

"In architecture, men who are clever in details are bunglers in generalities. So it is in everything whatsoever."

"More conducive to success in life than the desire for much knowledge is the being satisfied with ignorance on irrevelant subjects."

"The world does not despise us; it only neglects us."

[white line]

Whether or no, he did not seriously take up prose till two or three years later, when he was practically compelled to try h his hand on it by finding himself perilously near coming to the ground between the two stools of architecture and literature.

Here is another note of his relating to this time:-

"July 2 (1865) Worked at ~~Newman's~~ J.H.Newman's Apologia. which we have all been talking about lately. A great desire to be convinced by him, because H.M.M. likes him so much. Style charming, and his logic really human, being based on not on syllogisms but on converging probabilities. Only - and here comes the fatal catastrophe - there is no first link to his excellent chain of reasoning, and down you come headlong. Poor Newman! His gentle childish faith in revelation and tradition must have made him a very charming character. ..... Read some Horace; also Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh till ½ past 12."

However, as yet he did not by any means abandon verse, which he wrote constantly, but kept private, through the years 1866 and most of 1867 - resolving to send no more to magazines whose editors probably did not know good poetry from bad, and forming meanwhile the Quixotic opinion on that, as in verse was concentrated the essence of all imaginative and emotional literature, to read verse and nothing else was the shortest way to the

Subsequent historic events brought back to his mind that this year he went with Blomfield to New Windsor, to the laying of the Memorial Stone of a church there by the Crown Princess of Germany (the English Princess Royal). She was accompanied by her husband the Crown Prince, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. "Blomfield handed her the trowel, and during the ceremony she got her glove daubed with the mortar. In her distress she handed the trowel back to him with an impatient whisper of 'Take it, take it!'"

fountain-head of such for one who had not a great deal of spare time. And in fact for nearly or quite two years he did not read a word of prose except such as came under his eye in the daily newspapers and weekly reviews. Thus his reading ~~shewed~~ naturally covered a fairly large tract of English poetry, and it may be mentioned, as showing that he had some views of his own, that he preferred Scott the poet to Scott the novelist, and never ceased to regret that the author of the most Homeric poem in the English language - "Marmion" - should later have declined on prose fiction.

It is some what unusual that he was not so keenly anxious (in this indifference, as in some qualities of his verse, curiously resembling Donne.) to get into print as most young men are found to be. The Horation exhortation that he had come across in his reading - to keep his own compositions back till the ninth year - had made a deep impression on him. Nescit vox missa reverti; and by retaining his poems, and destroying those he thought irremediably bad - though he afterwards fancied he had destroyed too many - he may have been saved from the annoyance of seeing his early crude effusions crop up in later life.

At the same time there can be no doubt that some closer association with living poets and the poetry of the moment would have afforded Hardy considerable stimulus and help. But his unfortunate shyness - or rather aloofness, for he was not shy in the ordinary sense - served him badly at this period of his life. During part of his residence at Westbourne Park Villas he was

living within half a mile of Swinburne, and hardly more than a stone's throw from Browning, to whom introductions would not have been difficult through literary friends of Blomfield's. He might have obtained at least encouragement from these, and, if he had cared, possibly have floated off some of his poems in a small volume. But such a proceeding as trying to know these contemporaries seems never to have crossed his mind. ¶ About this time Hardy nourished a scheme of a highly visionary character. He perceived from the impossibility of getting his verses accepted by magazines that he could not live by poetry, and (rather strangely) thought that architecture and poetry - a particularly architecture in London - would not work well together. So he formed the idea of combining poetry and the Church - towards which he had long had a leaning - and wrote to a friend in Cambridge for particulars as to Matriculation at that University - knowing that what money he could not muster himself for keeping terms his father would lend him for a few years, his idea being that of a curate in a country village. This fell through less because of its difficulty than from a conscientious feeling, after some theological study, that he could hardly take the step with honour while holding the views that on examination he found himself to hold. And so he allowed the curious scheme to drift out of sight.

Among other incidents of his life in London during these years was also one that he used to recall with interest when writing "The Dynasts" - his hearing Palmerston speak in the House of Commons a short time before his death, Palmerston having been War Secretary during the decisive hostilities with Napoleon

* [See on back] though not till after he had begun to practise orthodoxy: for example: ¶ "July 5. Sunday. To Westminster Abbey morning service. Stayed to the Sacrament. A very odd experience amid a crowd of strangers."

which with his late Classical reading would have been easy for him, and

¶During his residence in London he had entered himself at King's College for the French classes ~~previously at King's College~~, where he studied the tongue through a ~~winter~~ term or two under Professor Stievenard, never having taken it up seriously since in his boyhood he had worked at exercises under a governess. He used to say that Stievenard was the most charming Frenchman he ever met, as well as being a fine teacher. Hardy's mind had, however, become at this date so deeply immersed in the study and practice of English poetry that he gave but a perfunctory attention to his French readings.

"March 11.—The woman at a first interview will know as much of the man as he will know of her on the wedding morning; whilst she will know as little of him then as he knew of her when they first shook hands. Her knowledge will have come upon her like a flood, and have as gradually soaked away."

"June 2.— My 25th birthday. Not very cheerful. Feel as if I had lived a long time, and done very little. Walked about by moonlight in the evening. Wondered what woman, if any, I should be thinking about in five years' time."

"July 9. The greatest and most majestic being on the face of the earth will accept pleasure from the most insignificant."

"July 19.— Patience is the union of moral courage with physical cowardice."

"End of July.—The dull period in the life of an event is when it ceases to be news & has not begun to be history."

"August.—The anguish of a defeat is most severely felt when we look upon the ones who have believed us invincible and have made preparations for our victory."

"Aug. 23. The poetry of a scene varies with the minds of the perceivers. In it does not lie in the scene at all."

embodied in the Third Part of Hardy's Epic-Drama, a personal conjunction which brought its writer face to face not only with actual participants in the great struggle - as was the case with his numerous acquaintances of rank-and-file who had fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo - but with one who had contributed to direct the affairs of that war. ⊠ [see on back of this]

His interest in painting led him to devote for many months, on every day that the National Gallery was open, twenty minutes after lunch to an inspection of the masters hung there, confining his attention to a single master on each visit, and forbidding his eyes to stray to any other. He went there from sheer liking, and not with any practical object; but he used to recommend the plan to young people, telling them that they would insensibly acquire a greater insight into schools and styles by this means than from any guide books to the painters' works and manners.

He also frequented the later readings by Charles Dickens at the Hanover Square Rooms, and oratorios at Exeter Hall.

¶ During Phelps's series of Shakespeare plays at Drury Lane Hardy followed up every one, his companion being one of Blomfield's pupils. They used to carry a good edition of the play with them, and be among the first of the pit queue, holding the book edgewise on the barrier in front during the performance - a severe enough test for the actors if they noticed the two enthusiasts. He always said that Phelps never received his due as a Shakespearean actor - particularly as Falstaff.

Summer 1867

Adelphi Terrace, as everybody knows, faces the river, and in each recurrent summer while Hardy was there the stench from the mud at low water increased, the Metropolitan main-drainage system not having been yet constructed. Whether from the effects of this smell upon a constitution that had grown up in a pure country atmosphere, as he himself supposed), or because he had been accustomed to

The only note on the fact that can be found is the following:—

"Oct 18.[1865]— Wet evening. At Regent Circus coming home saw the announcement of the death of Ld. Palmerston, whom I heard speak in the House of Commons a year or two ago.

"Oct 27.—To Westminster Abbey with Mr Heaton and Lee. Took up a position in the Triforium, from which spot I saw Ld Palmerston lowered into the grave. Purcell's service. Dead March in Saul."

Through this winter the following note continually occurs: "Read some more Horace." [return to preceding page]

shut himself up in his rooms at Westbourne Park Villas ~~of~~ every evening from 6 to 12 reading incessantly, instead of getting out for air after the day's confinement, Hardy's health had become much weakened. He used to say that on sitting down to begin drawing in the morning he had scarcely physical power left him to hold the pencil and square. When he visited his friends in Dorset they were shocked at the pallor which sheeted a countenance formerly ruddy with health. His languor increased month by month. Blomfield, who must have been inconvenienced by it, ~~through his plans and elevations not getting finished as promptly as before~~, suggested to Hardy that he should go ~~to~~ into the country for a time to regain vigour. Hardy was beginning to ~~g~~ feel that he would ~~want~~ rather go into the country altogether. He constitutionally shrank from the business of ~~life~~ social advancement, caring for life as an emotion rather than for life as a science of climbing, in which respect he was quizzed by his acquaintance for his lack of ambition. However, Blomfield thought that to ~~permanently stay~~ permanently in the country would be a mistake, advising him to return to London by the following October at ~~least~~ latest.

An opportunity of trying the experiment, at any rate, was afforded by the arrival of a communication from Mr Hicks his old instructor in architecture, asking if he could recommend him any good assistant accustomed to church-restoration, as he was hampered by frequently suffering from gout. Hardy wrote that he would go himself, and on July ~~30th~~ (1867) at the latter part of went down to ~~left Paddington for~~ Dorchester, leaving most of his books and other belongings behind him at Westbourne

himself up in his rooms at Westbourne Park Villas ~~e~~ every
ening from 8 to 12 reading industriously. Instead of getting out
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Park ~~Villas~~, which included such of his poems in manuscript as he had thought worth keeping. Of these the only ones not ultimately destroyed were consigned to darkness till between 30 and 40 years after when they were printed ~~published many years after~~ - mainly in "Wessex Poems", though several, that had been overlooked at first, in later volumes. Among the earliest were "Amabel", "Hap", "In Vision I Roamed", "At a Bridal", "Postponement", "A Confession to a Friend", "Neutral Tones", "Her Dilemma", "Revulsion", "Her Reproach", "The Ruined Maid", "Heiress and Architect", and four sonnets called "She, to Him" (part of a much larger number which perished). Some had been sent to Magazines, most had never been sent anywhere. one sonnet that he rather liked which began "Many a one has Loved as much as I" having been lost, the editor never returning it and Hardy having kept no copy. But

It should be mentioned that several months before leaving London he had formed and idea of writing plays in blank verse - and had planned to try the stage as a supernumerary for six or twelve months, to acquire technical skill in their construction - going so far as to make use of an introduction to Mark Lemon the then editor of Punch, and an ardent amateur-actor, for his opinion on this point. Nothing however came of ~~this~~ the idea beyond the call on the genial editor, and on Mr Coe the stage-manager at the Haymarket under Buckstone's lesseeship, with whom he had a conversation. In fact almost the first moment of his sight of stage realities disinclined him to push further in that direction; and his only actual contact with the stage at this time was his appearance at Covent Garden as a nondescript in the pantomime of "The Forty Thieves", and in a representation of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race - this having come about through the accident of the smith who did the ironwork for the pantomime being the man

the former rather damped the young man's ardour by reminding him that the elder Matthews had said that he would not let a dog of his go on the stage, and that he himself, much as he personally liked the art of acting, would rather see a daughter of his in her grave than on the boards of a theatre.

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he executed some of Blomfield's designs for church metal-work, and he made crucifixes and harlequin-traps with equal imperturbability. ore than forty years were to elapse before Hardy trod the same oards again - this time at rehearsals of the Italian Opera by Baron rederic d'Erlanger, founded on "Tess of the d'Urbervilles".

"End of Dec. 1865. - To insects the twelvemonth has been an poch, to leaves a life, to ~~twits~~ tweeting birds a generation, to man year."

Notes of 1866 - 67:

"A certain man: He creeps away to a meeting with his own sensa-ions."

"He feels himself shrink into nothing when contemplating other eople's means of working. When he looks upon their ends he expands ith triumph.

"There is no more painful lesson to be learnt by a man of apacious mind than that of excluding general knowledge for particu-ar."

"The defects of a class are more perceptible to the class imme-iately below it than to itself."

"June 6. Went to Hatfield. Changed since my early visit. A outh thought the altered highway had always run as it did. Pied abbits in the Park, descendants of those I knew. The once children re quite old inhabitants. I regretted that the beautiful sunset did ot occur in a place of no reminiscences, that I might have enjoyed t without their tinge."

"June 19. A widely appreciative mind mostly fails to achieve a reat work from pure far-sightedness. The very clearness with which

he discerns remote possibilities is, from its nature, scarcely ever co-existent with the microscopic vision demanded for tracing the narrow path that leads to them."

"July 13. A man's grief has a touch of the ludicrous unless it is so keen as to be awful."

"Feb. 18. Remember that Evil dies as well as Good."

"April 29. Had the teachings of experience grown cumulatively with the age of the world we should have been ere now as great as God."

1867-70 | Aet. 27-30

CHAPTER IV.

Between Architecture and Literature.

1867 - 1870. Aet. 27 - 30.

End of summer 1867.

A few weeks in the country - where he returned to his former custom of walking to the Dorchester a Architect's office from his mother's house every day - completely restored him. He easily fell into the old routes that he had followed before, though, with between five and six years superadded of experience as a young man at large in London, it was with very different ideas of things.

Among the churches for restoration or rebuilding that Hicks had in hand, or in prospect, was one which should be named here - that of the parish of St Juliot in Cornwall - for which remote spot Mr Hicks set out one day to report upon the said building, shortly after Hardy had gone back to help him. Hardy noticed the romantic name of the church and parish - but had no idea of the meaning it would have for him in aftertime.

An effect among others of his return to the country was to take him out of the fitful yet mechanical and monotonous existence that befalls many a young man in London lodgings. Almost suddenly he became more practical, and queried of himself definitely how to achieve some tangible result from his desultory yet

strenuous labours at literature during the previous four years. He considered that he knew fairly well both West-country life in its less explored recesses, and the life of an isolated student cast upon the billows of London with no protection but his brains - the young man of whom it may be said more truly than perhaps of any, that "save his own soul he hath no star." The two contrasting experiences seemed to afford him abundant materials out of which to evolve a striking socialistic novel - not that he mentally defined it as such, for the word had probably never, or scarcely ever, been heard of at that date.

So down he sat in one of the intervals of his attendances at Mr Hicks's drawing-office (which were not regular), and, abandoning verse as a waste of labour - though he had resumed it awhile on arriving in the country - he began the novel the title of which is here written as it was at first intended to be:-

The Poor Man and the Lady.

A Story with no plot;

Containing some original verses.

This however he plainly did not like, for it was ultimately abridged to

The Poor Man and the Lady;

By the Poor Man.

And the narrative was proceeded with till, in October of this year (1867) he paid a flying visit to London to fetch his books and other impedimenta.

Thus it happened that under the stress of necessity he had set about a kind of literature in which he had hitherto taken but

little interest - prose fiction; so little indeed, that at one of the brief literary lectures, or speeches, he had occasionally delivered to Blomfield's pupils in a spare half hour of an afternoon, he had expressed to their astonishment an indifference to a popular novelist's fame.

1868. January 16 And onwards.

We find from an entry in a note-book that on this date he began to make a fair copy of the projected story, so that all of it must have been written out roughly during the five preceeding months in the intervals of his architectural work for Hicks. In the February following a memorandum shows that he composed a lyric entitled & "A Departure by Train", which has disappeared. In April he was reading Browning and Thackeray; also taking down the exact sound of the song of the nightingale - the latter showing that he must have been living in sylvan shades at his parents', or at least sleeping there, at the time, where nightingales sang within a yard of the bedroom windows in those days, though they do not now.

On June 9. he enters; "Finished copying MS.", and on the 17th. is recorded at some length the outline of a narrative poem on the Battle of the Nile. It was never finished, but it shows that the war with Napoleon was even then in his mind as material for poetry of some sort.

On July 1st. he writes, ~~"Perhaps I can do a volume of poems~~ ~~during this year if I keep~~ ~~~~ down - in all likelihood after a time of mental depression over his work and prospects:—

"Cures for despair:-

" To read Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence".

" .. .. Stuart Mill's "Individuality" (in Liberty).

.. .. Carlyle's "Jean Paul Richter."

On July 17. he writes: "Perhaps I can do a volume of poems consisting of the other side of common emotions." What this means is not quite clear.

On July 25. he posted the MS. of "The Poor Man and the Lady" to Mr Alexander Macmillan, and now being free of it lent some more help to Mr Hicks in his drawings for church-restorations, reading the Seventh Book of the Aeneid between whiles.

August 12. A reply from Macmillan on the MS."

The letter was a very long and interesting one, and is printed in full in the "Letters of Alexander Macmillan". The well-known publisher begins by stating that he had read the novel "with care, and with much interest and admiration, but feeling at the same time that it has what seem to me drawbacks fatal to its success, and what I think, judging the writer from the book itself, you would feel even more strongly, to its truthfulness and justice."

He then went into particulars of criticism. "The utter heartlessness of all the conversation you give in drawing-rooms and ballrooms about the working-classes has some ground of truth, I fear, and might justly be scourged as you aim at doing; but your chastisement would fall harmless from its very excess. Will's speech to the working men is full of wisdom.....

"Much of the writing seems to me admirable. The scene in Rotten Row is full of power and insight.....You see I am writing to you as

a writer who seems to me, at least potentially, of considerable mark, of power and purpose. If this is your first book I think you ought to go on. May I ask if it is, and - you are not a lady, so perhaps you will forgive the question - are you young?

"I have shown your MS. to one friend, whose judgment coincides with my own."

The opinion of the friend - who was Mr John Morley - was enclosed. He said that the book was "A very curious and original performance: the opening pictures of the Christmas-Eve in the tranter's house are really of good quality: much of the writing is strong and fresh." but he added as to its faults that "the thing hangs too loosely together", and that some of the scenes were wildly extravagant, "so that they read like some clever lad's dream." He wound up by saying, "If the man is young he has stuff and purpose in him."

It was perhaps not usual for a first haphazard attempt at fiction to receive such close attention from so experienced a publisher as Mr Macmillan, and so real a man of letters as Mr Morley. However, Hardy seems to have done little in the matter during the autumn, beyond rewriting some of the pages; but in December he paid a flying visit to London, and saw Mr Macmillan.

The substance of the interview was that though "The Poor Man and the Lady", if printed, might create even a considerable curiosity, it was a class of book which Macmillan himself could not publish; but if Hardy were bent on issuing it he would probably have no difficulty in doing so through another firm, such as that of Chapman and Hall. The young man, it is assumed, was so bent, for Mr Macmillan gave him an

ntroduction to Mr Frederick Chapman, and Hardy called on the latter ith the MS. under his arm. He makes a note on December 8 that he had een to see Chapman, adding: "I fear the interview was an unfortunate ne." He returned to Dorchester, leaving the MS. in Mr Chapman's ands, and this brought the year to an unsatisfactory close - so far s it affected Hardy's desire to get into print as the author of a hree-volume novel, since he could not do so as a poet without paying or publication.

In the midst of these attempts at authorship, and the inter- ittent preparation of architectural drawings, Hardy found time to ead a good many books. The only reference discoverable include arious plays of Shakespeare, H Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann n six volumes, Thackeray, Macaulay, Walt Whitman, Virgil's Aenid (of hich he never wearied), and other books during his interval of eisure. ※ [See on back]

1869.

Presumably it was the uncertainty of his position between rchitecture and literature, and a vague sense of ominousness at get- ing no reply (so far as can be ascertained) from Messrs Chapman and Hall, that led Hardy to London again during the January of the new year.

Suggestions that he should try his hand at articles in reviews ere made to him by Mr Macmillan, and also by the critic of his anuscript, Mr Morley, with whom he got acquainted about this time, Morley offering him an introduction to the editor of "The Saturday Review". But Hardy was not so much in want of a means of subsistence - having always his father's house to fall back upon in addition to

(T.O.)

* The following note, amongst others, occurs in his pocket-book this autumn:-

"The village sermon. If it was very bad the parish concluded that he [the vicar] wrote it himself; if very good, that his wife wrote it: if middling, that he bought it, so that they could have a nap without offending him." What parish this refers to is unknown.

There is also another note, some days later:

"How people will laugh in the midst of a misery! Some would soon get to whistle in Hell."

architectural jobs — which were offered him readily by Blomfield and other London architects — as of a clear call to him which course in life to take - the course he loved, and which was his natural instinct, that of letters, or the course all practical wisdom dictated - that of architecture.

He stayed on in London at lodgings, studying pictures at the South Kensington Museum and other places, and reading desultorily, till at last a letter did arrive from Chapman and Hall. On his calling at their address in Piccadilly Chapman was in the back part of the shop, and on Hardy's joining him said ~~suddenly~~ with nonchalance, ignoring Hardy's business; "You see that old man talking to my clerk. He's Thomas Carlyle". Hardy turned and saw leaning on one elbow at the clerk's desk an aged figure in an inverness cape and slouched hat. "Have a good look at him," continued Chapman, "You'll be glad I pointed him out to you some day." [Hardy was rather surprised that Chapman did not think enough of Thomas Carlyle to attend to his wants in person; but said nothing.]

The publisher stated they could not purchase the MS. outright, but that they would publish it if he would guarantee a small sum against loss - say £20. The offer on the whole was fair and reasonable: Hardy agreed to the guarantee, Chapman promised to put the book in hand and send a memorandum of his undertaking to publish it; and Hardy shortly after left London, expecting proof-sheets soon to be forwarded.

As they did not come he may have written to inquire about them; anyhow Messrs Chapman suddenly asked him in a note if he would call on them and meet "the gentleman who read your manuscript" - whose opinion they would like him to have.

¶He went in March, by appointment as to the day and hour, it is believed, not knowing that the "gentleman" was Mr George Meredith. He was shown into a back room of the publishing offices ~~in Piccadilly~~ (opposite Sackville Street, and where Prince's Restaurant now stands); and before him, in the dusty and untidy ~~room~~ apartment, piled with books and papers, was a handsome man in a frock coat - "buttoned at the waist, but loose above" - no other than Meredith in person, his ample dark-brown beard, wavy locks, and somewhat dramatic manner lending him a striking appearance to the younger man's eye, who even then did not know his name.

Meredith had the manuscript on his hand, and began lecturing Hardy upon it in a sonorous voice. No record was kept by the latter of their conversation, but the gist of it he remembered very well. It was that the firm were willing to publish the ~~book~~ novel as agreed, but that he, the speaker, strongly advised its author not to "nail his colours to the mast" so definitely in a first book, if he wished to do anything practical at literature; for if he printed so pronounced a thing he would be attacked on all sides by the conventional reviewers, and his future injured. The story was, in fact, a sweeping dramatic satire of the squirearchy and nobility, London society, the vulgarity of the middle class, modern Christianity, church restoration, and political and domestic morals in general, ~~the~~ the tendency of the writing being socialistic, not to say revolutionary; yet not argumentatively so, the style having the affected simplicity of De Foe's (which had long attracted Hardy, as it did Stevenson, years later, to imitation of it;) this naive realism in circumstantial details that were pure inventions being so well assumed that both Macmillan and Morley had been perhaps a little, a little, or more than

[See back ⁂]

※ the author's views, in fact, being obviously those of a young man with "a passion for reforming the world" — those of many a young man before and after him.

deceived
~~taken in~~ by its seeming actuality; to Hardy's surprise, when he thought the matter over in later years, that his inexperienced imagination should have created figments that could win credence from such experienced heads.

The satire was obviously pushed too far - as sometimes by Swift and Defoe - and portions of the book apparently taken in earnest by Mr Morley and Mr Macmillan had no foundation either in Hardy's beliefs or his experience. One instance he could remember was a chapter in which, with every circumstantial detail, he described in the first person his introduction to the kept mistress of an architect who "took in washing" (as it was called) - that is, worked at his own office for other architects - the said mistress adding to her lover's income by designing for him the pulpits, altars, reredoses, texts, holy vessels, crucifixes, and other ecclesiastical furniture which were handed on to him by the nominal architects who employed her keeper - the lady herself being a dancer at a music-hall when not engaged in designing Christian emblems - all told so plausibly as to seem actual proof of the degeneracy of the age. There is no doubt that this scene, if printed, would have brought down upon his head the cudgels of all the orthodox reviews.

But, whatever might have been the case with the other two, Meredith was not taken in by the affected simplicity of the narrative, and that was obviously why he warned his young acquaintance that the press would be about his ears like hornets if he published his manuscript. For though the novel might have been accepted calmly enough by the reviewers and public in these days, in genteel mid-Victorian 1869 it would no doubt have incurred, as Meredith judged, severe strictures which might have handicapped a young writer for a

long time. It may be added that the most important scenes were laid in London, of which city Hardy had just had between five and six years constant and varied experience ~~-~~ as only a young man in the metropolis can get it - knowing every street and alley west of St. Pauls like a born Londoner, which he was often supposed to be; and experience quite ignored by the reviewers of his later books who, if he only touched on London in his pages, promptly reminded him not to write of a place he was unacquainted with, but to get back to his sheepfolds.

The upshot of this interview was that Hardy took away the MS. with him to decide on a course.

Mr Meredith had added that Hardy could rewrite the story, softening it down considerably; or what would be much better, put it away altogether for the present, and attempt a novel with a purely artistic purpose, giving it a more complicated "plot" than was attempted with "The Poor Man and the Lady".

Thus it happened that a first and probably very crude manuscript by an unknown young man, who had no connection with the press, or with literary circles, was read by a most experienced publisher and by two authors among the most eminent in letters of their time. Also that they had ~~both~~ been interested, to more than an average degree, in his work, as was shown by their wish to see him, and their voluntary bestowal of good counsel.

Except ~~Macmillan and~~ the writer himself, these three ~~theirs~~ seem to have been the only ones whose eyes ever that scanned the MS.

It was surprising enough to Hardy to find that, in the opinion of ~~these~~ such experienced critics, he had written so aggressive

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Mr Moreton had added that Hardy could rewrite the story, lengthening it down considerably; or what would be much better, put it away altogether for the present, and attempt a novel with purely artistic purpose, giving it a more complicated "plot" than was attempted with "The Poor Man and the Lady".

Thus it happened that a first and probably very crude manuscript by an unknown young man, who had no connection with the press, or with literary circles, was read by two authors among the most eminent in letters of their time. Also that they had been interested, to more than an average degree, in his work, as was shown by their wish to see him, and their voluntary renewal of good counsel.

Except Mr Swinburne and the writer himself, there seem to have been the only eyes that scanned the MS.

It was surprising enough to Hardy to find that, in the opinion of these experienced critics, he had written so aggressive

and even dangerous a work (Mr Macmillan had said it "meant mischief") almost without knowing it, for his mind had been given in the main to poetry and other forms of pure literature. What he did with the MS. is uncertain, and he could not precisely remember in after years, though he found a few unimportant leaves of it - now also gone. He fancied that he may have sent it to some other publisher just as it stood, to get another opinion before finally deciding its fate, which publisher may have thought it too risky also. What happened in respect of new writing was that he took Meredith's advice too literally, and set about constructing the eminently "sensational" plot of "Desperate Remedies", of which anon.

Meanwhile, during his stay in London in the winter, Hardy heard news of the death at Dorchester of Mr John Hicks whose pupil he had been, and whom he had ~~been~~ lately assisted; and at the end of April received a request from Mr G.R.Crickmay, an architect of Weymouth, who had purchased Mr Hicks's practice, to aid him in carrying out the church-restorations that Hicks had begun, or undertaken to begin, ~~since Hardy had already had a hand in them while Hicks was living~~. Hardy called on Mr Crickmay, who appeared not to have specially studied Gothic architecture, if at all, but was an aimable, straight-dealing man; and Hardy assented to help him finish the churches. ~~Hardy~~ probably thinking of his book, he agreed for a fortnight only in the first place, though Mr Crickmay had asked for a longer time.

During May Hardy continued to prepare for Crickmay, in Hicks's old Dorchester office, the church-drawings he had already made some progress with; and the arrangement proved

eminently satisfactory, as is evident, Mr Crickmay proposing to enlist Hardy's services for three months certain at his Weymouth office, the church-work left unfinished by Hicks turning out to be more than had been anticipated. It is to be gathered that Hardy considered this brief occupation would afford, at any rate, breathing-time while he should ruminate on what it was best to do about the novels, and he closed with Crickmay for a term which was afterwards still further lengthened, by unforeseen circumstances.

He used to remember that after coming away from the interview with Crickmay with much lightness of heart at having shelved further thought about himself for at least three months, he stood opposite the Burdon Hotel on the Esplanade, facing the beautiful sun-lit bay, and listened to the Town band's performance of a set of charming new waltzes by Johann Strauss. He inquired their name, and found that it was the Morgenblatter. The verses "At a sea-side town" must refer in their background to this place at this time and a little onward, though the gist of them can be fancy only.

He now became regularly resident at Weymouth, and took lodgings there, rowing in the Bay almost every evening of this summer, and bathing at seven in the morning either on the pebble-beach towards Preston, or diving off from a boat. Being - like Swinburne - a swimmer, he would lie a long time on his back on the surface of the waves, rising and falling with the tide in the warmth of the morning sun. He used to tell that, after

the enervation of London, this tonic existence by the sea seemed ideal, and that physically he went back ten years in his age almost as by the touch of an enchanter's wand.

In August or September a new assistant came to Mr Crickmay's drawing-offices, who was afterwards sketched in "Desperate Remedies" as "Edward Springrove" - and in November this young man persuaded Hardy to join a quadrille class in the town, which was a source of much amusement to them both. Dancing was still an art in those days, though Hardy remarked once that he found the young ladies of Weymouth heavier on the arm than their London sisters. By the time that winter drew on he had finished all the drawings for church-restoration that had been placed in his hands, but he remained at his Weymouth lodgings working at the MS. of "Desperate Remedies", the melodramatic novel (quite below the level of "The Poor Man & the Lady") which was the unfortunate consequence of Mr Meredith's advice to "write a story with a plot".

A development.

So 1869 passed, and at the beginning of February in the year following Hardy gave up his rooms at Weymouth and returned to his rural home to be able to concentrate more particularly on the MS. than he could do in a lively town and as a member of a dancing-class where a good deal of flirtation went on, the so-called "class" being, in fact, a gay gathering for dances and love-making by adepts of both sexes. The poem entitled "The Dawn after the Dance", and dated "Weymouth, 1869," is supposed, though without proof, to have some bearing on these dances.

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He had not been in the seclusion of his mother's house more than a week when he received the following letter from Mr Crickmay, which, as it led to unexpected emotional developments, it may be worth while to give verbatim:

Weymouth,

11th. February 1870

Dear Sir:

Can you go into Cornwall for me, to take a plan and particulars of a church I am about to rebuild there? It must be done early next week, and I should be glad to see you on Monday morning.

Yours truly,

G.R.Crickmay.

This was the church of St. Juliot, near Boscastle, of which Hardy had vaguely heard in Mr John Hicks's time as being likely to turn up for manipulation, and had been ~~strong~~ struck by its romantic sound. Despite the somewhat urgent summons he declined the job, the moment being inconvenient with the new novel in hand. But receiving a more persuasive request from Crickmay later, and having finished the MS. of "Desperate Remedies" (except the three or four final chapters) by the beginning of March, he agreed to go on the errand.

Sending off therefore on the previous Saturday the copy of his second novel to Mr Alexander Macmillan, whom he now regarded as a friend, he set out on Monday March 7th. for the remote parish mentioned, in a county he had never entered, though it was not distant. It was a journey of seeming unimportance, and was reluctantly undertaken, yet it turned out to have life-long

He had not been in the association of his mother's house more than a week when he received the following letter from Mr Gridkay, which, as it led to unexpected emotional development, it may be worth while to give verbatim:

Weymouth.

11th. February 18—

Dear Sir:

Can you go into Cornwall for me, to take a plan and particulars of a church I am about to rebuild there? It must be done early next week, and I should be glad to see you on Monday morning.

Yours truly,

G.R.Gridkay.

This was the church of St. Juliot, near Boscastle, of which Mr had vaguely heard in Mr John Hicks's time as being likely to turn up for ~~re~~building, and had been ~~recently~~ struck by its romantic sound. Despite the somewhat ~~curious~~ abruptness of the ~~job~~, the moment being inconvenient with the new novel in hand, ~~but receiving a more persuasive request from Gridkay later, and having finished the MS. of "Desperate Remedies" (except the~~ ~~three or four final chapters) by the beginning of March, he~~ ~~agreed to go on the errand.~~

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consequences for him. The restoration of this church was, moreover, the work which brought to a close Hardy's labours in Gothic architecture, though he did not know it at the time.

Though the distance was not great the way was tedious, there being few railways in Cornwall at this ~~tim~~ date. Rising at four in the morning, and starting by starlight from his country retreat armed with sketch-book, measuring-tape and rule, he did not reach Launceston till four in the afternoon, where he hired a conveyance for the additional sixteen or seventeed miles distance by the Boscastle road towards the north coast and the spot with the charming name - the dilapidated church, parish, and residence of the Reverend Cadell Holder, M.A. Oxon.

It was a cloudy evening at the end of a fine day, with a dry breeze blowing, and leaving the Boscastle highway by a bye-road to the left he reached St. Juliot rectory, by which time it was quite dark. His arrival and entry can best be described in the words of the lady whom he met that night for the first time, and who later on became his wife. Long afterwards she wrote down her "Recollections" which are given in the following pages in full so far as they relate to her husband, these making up the whole of the second half of her manuscript, the first half being entirely concerned with other members of her family and herself ~~of northern times~~ before she knew him.

She was born at 10 York Street, Plymouth, and baptized at St. Andrew's Church, being the younger daughter of Mr J. Attersoll Gifford, a solicitor. She had grown up in a house close to the Hoe, which she used to call "the playground of her childhood". She would relate how, to her terror at first, she was ~~daily dipped as a little m~~ .

daily dipped as a little girl in the pools under the Hoe; and on its cliffs - very much more rugged than now - had had her youthful adventures, one of which, leaving her clinging to a crag, would have cost her her life but for the timely aid of a kind boatman. Her education was carried on at a school for young ladies also overlooking the Hoe's green slopes, where, to use her own words, "military drills took place on frequent mornings, and then our dear instructress drew down the blinds". At nineteen she removed from Plymouth with her parents.

1870 | Aet. 29-30

CHAPTER V.

A Journal, a Supplement, and Literary Vicissitudes.

1870. Aet. 29 - 30.

The latter part of Mrs(Emma Lavinia) Hardy's MS. found after her death, and entitled "Some Recollections". The words in square brackets are added to make the allusions intelligible.

"My only sister married the Revd. Caddell Holder, son of a Judge of Barbadoes, where he was born: he often spoke of his beautiful home there, with oranges growing by his bedroom window. At Trinity College Oxford he was a 'gentleman-commoner' (this is nowabolished), where so far as he could discover his only privilege [from the distinction] was being allowed to walk upon the grass and wear a gold-tasselled cap, he used to say. He was rector of St. Juliot, North Cornwall, where I [first] knew him; and it was there that my husband first made my acquaintance, which afterwards proved a romance in full for us.....

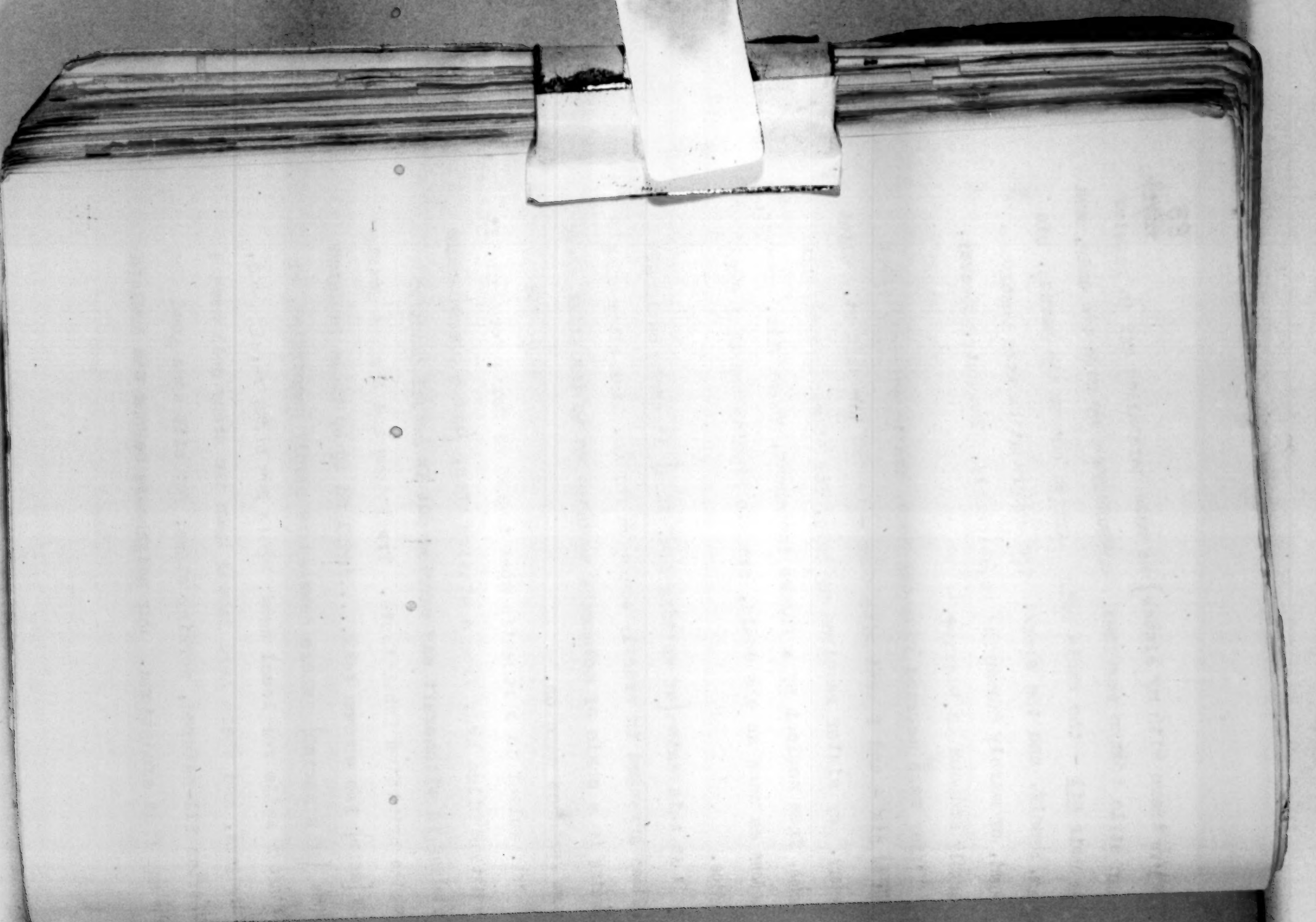
" [He was] a man older than herself by many years, and somewhat delicate because of his West Indian birth; he was, however, energetic, and a very Boanerges in his preaching, which style was greatly relished by the simple folk of his scattered parish. In those days clergymen were [often] very lax in their duties, but he was quite exact and faithful, and [after I went

to live there with my sister] we were marshalled off in regular staff style to the services. On Sundays they were two only, and the choir nil - the whole being carried out by the parson, his wife, myself, and the clerk. The congregation were mostly silent, or merely murmuring occasionally. The duty, however, was only arduous on Sundays.

"They were married from our home, and immediately after went to his - and I went with them - to the ~~new~~ said St. Juliot Rectory. My sister required my help, for it was a difficult parish, from neglect by a former incumbent, whose wife, however, had done as much as she could, even to ringing the bell for service.

" At this date [of writing i.e. 1911] it seems as if all had been arranged in orderly sequence for me, link after link occuring in a chain of movements to bring me to the point where my own fortunes came on.

"St. Juliot is a romantic spot indeed of North Cornwall. It was sixteen miles away from a station then, [and a place] where the belief in withhcraft was carried out in actual practice among the primitive inhabitants. Traditions and strange gossippings [were] the common talk.....indulged in by those isolated natives [of a parish] where newspapers rarely penetrated, or [were] thrown aside for local news; where new books rarely came, or strangers, and where hard labour upon the stony soil made a cold, often ill-natured, working class; yet with some good traits and fine exceptions. Our neighbours beyond the hamlets



were nine miles off, or most of them,

"When we arrived at the Rectory there was a great gathering and welcome from the parishoners, and a tremendous fusilade of salutes, cheering,and bell-ringing - quite a hubbub to welcome the Rector home with his new wife. Then these welcomers (all men and nearly all young) came into the hall to drink the healths of bridegroom and bride, and a speech was made by the foremost young farmer and duly replied to by my brother-in-law.. ...It proved indeed an eventful day for me, for my future was bound up in that day in a way which I could not foresee.

"The whole parish seemed delighted with the event and the prospect of having things in better order after the long neglect .....Riding about on my Fanny [her pony] I enjoyed the place immensely, and helped my sister in the house affairs, visiting the parish folk, and playing the harmonium on Sundays.....

"It was a very poor parish; the church had been a long while out of repair for want of funds; the Patron lived abroad: in contrast with these days of frequent services [and attendance] it was unfrequented, the Sunday congregation in the morning not large, not much larger in the evenings [afternoons]. No week-day services were held. The tower went on cracking from year to year, and the bells remained in the little north transept [to which they had been removed for safety,] their mouths open upward. The carved bench-ends rotted more and more, the ivy hung gaily from the roof timbers, and the birds and the bats had a good time up there unmolested; no one seemed to care. The Architect continued delaying and delaying to come or send his

head man to begin operations, though my sister was active in the matter, both Patron and Architect getting urgent appeals from her, till the former decided at last to commence.

"It was the period of Church restoration, most churches being dilapidated more or less. My life now began.....

"Scarcely any author and his wife could have had a much more romantic meeting, with its unusual circumstances in bringing them together from two different though neighbouring counties to this one at this very remote spot, with a beautiful seacoast, and the wild Atlantic Ocean rolling in with its magnificent waves and spray, its white gulls, and black choughs and grey puffins, its cliffs and rocks and gorgeous sunsettings, sparkling redness in a track widening from the horizon to the shore. All this should be seen in the winter to be truly appreciated. No summer visitors can have a true idea of its power to awaken heart and soul. [It was] an unforgettable experience to me, scampering up and down the hills on my beloved mare alone, wanting no protection, the rain going down my back often, and my hair floating in the wind.

"I wore a soft & deep dark coloured brown habit longer than to my heels, (as worn then), which had to be caught up to one side when walking, and thrown over the left arm gracefully and carefully, and this to be practised during the riding instruction - all of which my father [had] taught me with great pleasure and pride in my appearance and aptitude. I also wore a brown felt hat turned up at the sides. Fanny and I were one creature, and very happy. She was a lovely brown colour too, stopping where

. . . . .

she liked, to drink or munch, I often getting off sketching and gathering flowers. The villagers stopped to gaze when I rushed down the hills, and a butterman laid down his basket once to exclaim loudly. No one except myself dared to ride in such fashion.

"Sometimes I left Fanny, and clambered down to the rocks and seal-caves. Sometimes I visited a favourite in the scattered parish.....

"When it was known that the church-restoration was to be gone on with the whole village was alive about it. Mr Crickmay of Weymouth undertook it - Mr Hicks, the first architect consulted, having died in the interval. The [assistant-architect] of his office was to come on a certain day. The letter that brought this intelligence interested the whole house, and afterwards, later in the day, the whole parish too; it seemed almost wonderful that a fixed date should at last be given and the work set in hand, after so many years of waiting, of difficulties, and delays, since back in the time of the previous incumbent. All were delighted. I had myself worked hard for my brother-in-law, collecting small sums from time to time and selling water-colour sketches I had painted, and saving household expenses in order that the historic old church might be rebuilt - there bein no landed proprietor, no "equals" in the parish (as the rector often explained plaintively). So we were all ready to see the fruition of our endeavours, that is, my sister's and mine particularly.

"I must confess to a curiosity started by the coming event as to what the Architect would be like; seeing few strangers we had a vivid interest in every one who came: a strange clergyman, an occasional locum-tenens, a school-inspector, a stray missionary, or school-lecturer - all were welcome, including this architect to put us to rights at once.

"It was a lovely Monday evening * in March [1870], after a wild winter, that we were on the qui-vive for the stranger, who would have a tedious journey, his home being two counties ~~away~~ off by the route necessitated, changing trains many times, and waiting at stations, a sort of cross-jump journey like a chess-knight's move. The only damp to our gladness was the sudden laying up of my brother-in-law by gout, and he who was the chief person could not be present on the arrival of our guest. The dinner cloth was laid; my sister had gone to her husband who required her constant attention. At that very moment the front-door bell rang, and the architect was ushered in. I had to receive him alone, and felt a curious uneasy embarrasment at receiving anyone especially so necessary a person as the archi-

* [footnote]

otnote.

The verses entitled "A Man was drawing near to me" obviously relate to this arrival. But in them Hardy assumes that she was not thinking about his coming, though from this diary one gathers that she was; which seems to show that when writing them he had either not read her reminiscence of the evening as printed above, or had forgotten it.

was. He had a beard, and a rather shabby great-coat, and had

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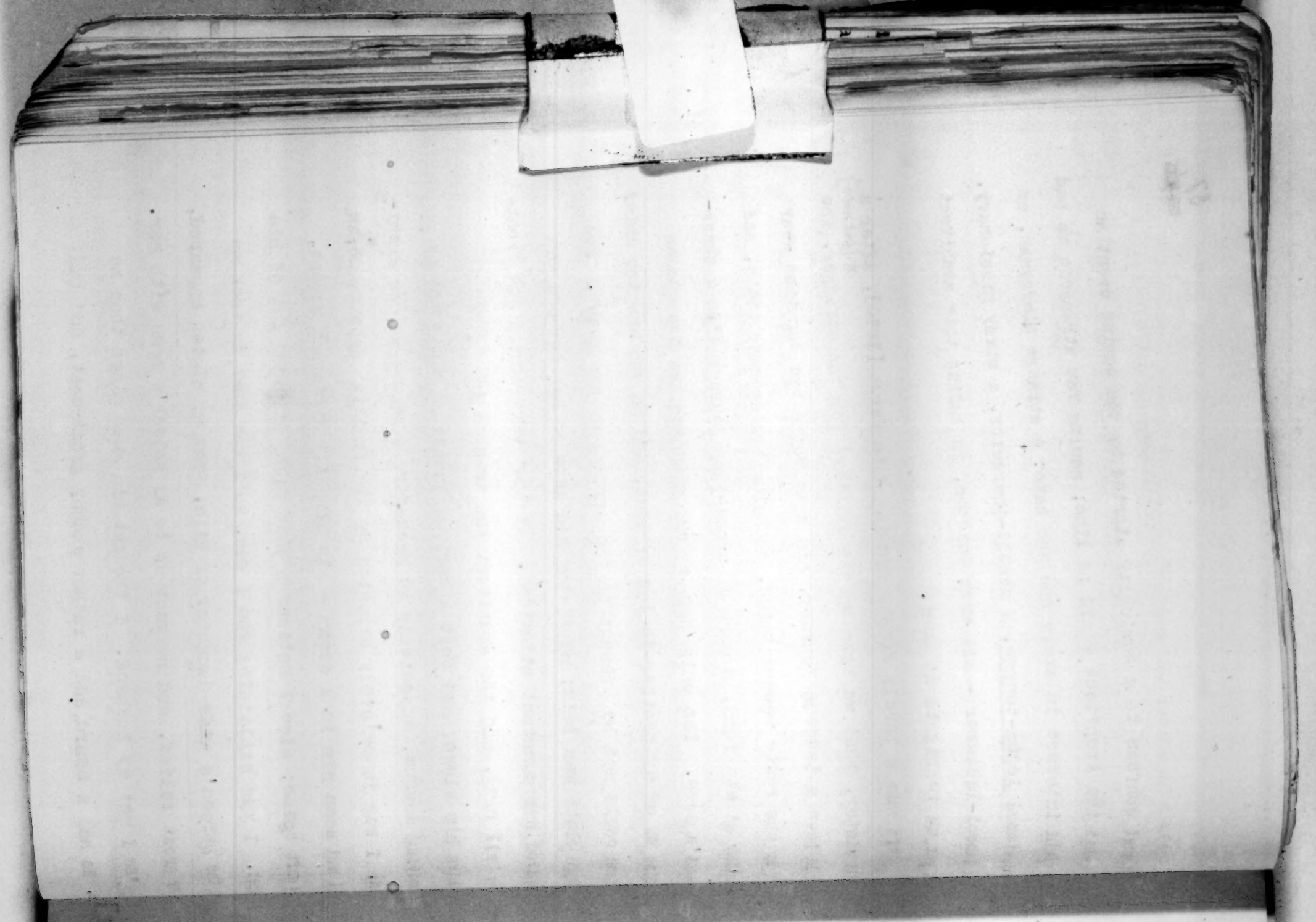
* [footnote]

"So I met my husband. I thought him much older than he was. He had a beard, and a rather shabby great-coat, and had



quite a business appearance. Afterwards he seemed younger, and by daylight especially so....The blue paper proved to be the MS. of a poem, and not a plan of the church, he informed me, to my surprise.

"After this our first meeting there had to be many visits to the church, and these visits, of deep interest to both, merged in those of further ~~affe~~ acquaintance and affection, to end in marriage, but not till after four years.

"At first, though I was interested in him, the church-matters were paramount - and in due time I laid the foundation stone one morning [for the aisle and tower that were to be rebuilt], with a bottle containing a record of the proceedings, the school-children attending. I plastered it well, the foreman said. Mr Holder made a speech to the young ones to remember the event and speak of it to their descendants - just as if it had been a matter of world-wide interest. I wonder if they do remember it, and me.

"The work went rapidly on under the direction of the Architect, who had stayed on his first visit rather longer than intended. We showed him some of the neighbourhood, some clergy-men and their wives came to visit us: we were all much pleased at the beginning. Mr Holder got well again. The Patron of the living, who lived in Antigua, wrote to inquire about it, an account was duly sent, and he replied that he was coming to see it if he could, and would certainly be at the opening.

"My Architect came two or three times a year from that time to visit me. I rode my pretty mare Fanny and he walked by my

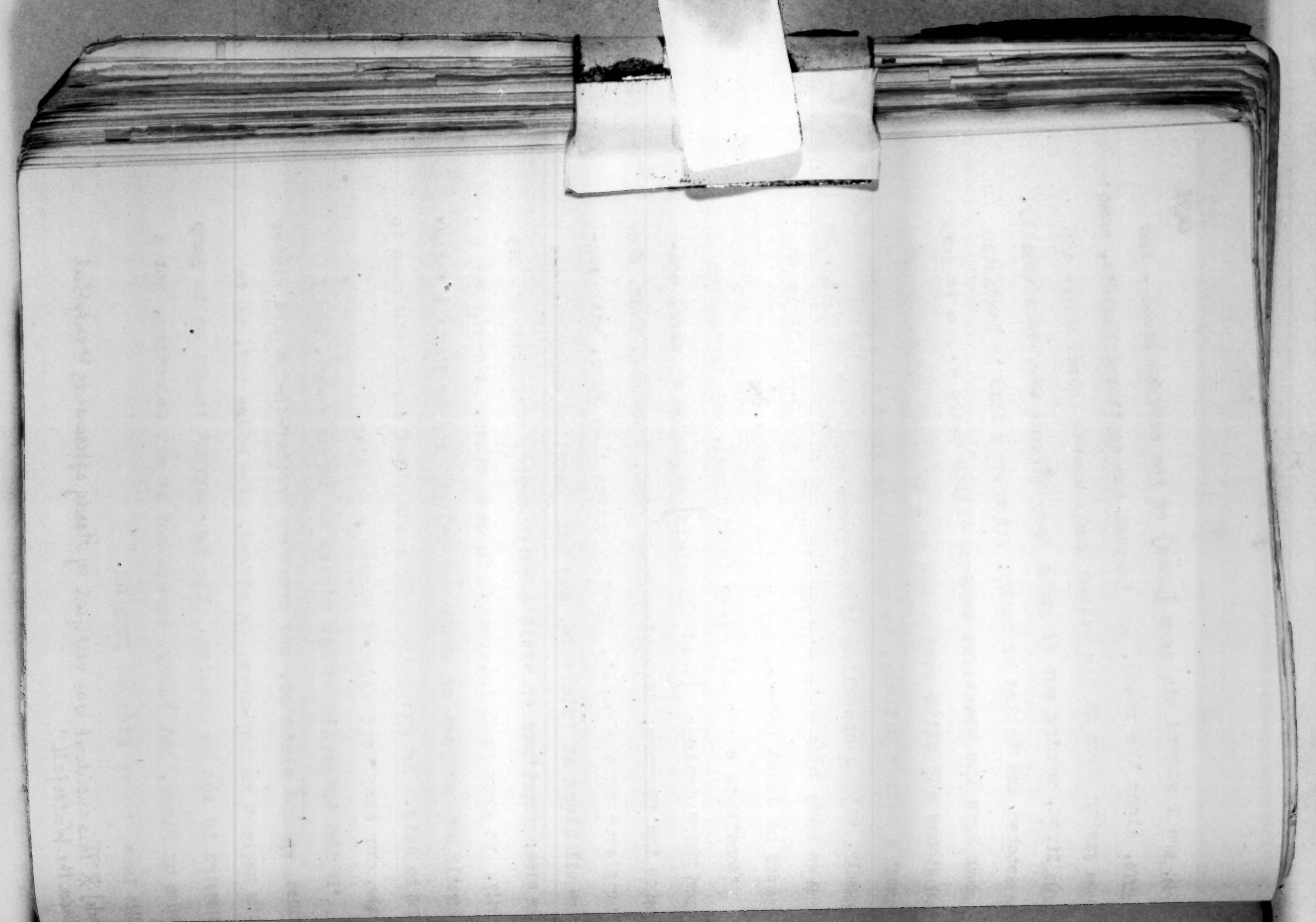
[Matriote]

side, and I showed him some [more] of the neighbourhood - the cliffs, along the roads, and through the scattered hamlets, sometimes gazing down at the solemn small shores below, where the seals lived, coming out of great deep caverns very occasionally. We sketched and talked of books; often we walked to Boscastle Harbour down the beautiful Valency Valley where we had to jump over stones and climb over a low wall by rough steps, or get through a narrow pathway, to come out on great wide spaces suddenly, with a sparkling little brook going the same way, in which we once lost a tiny picnic-tumbler, and there it is to this day no doubt between two of the boulders.*

"Sometimes ~~e~~ we all drove to Tintagel, and Trebarwith Strand where donkeys [word illegible] employed to carry seaweed to the farmers; Strangles Beach also, Bossiney, Bude, and other places on the coast. Lovely drives they were, with seaviews all along at intervals, and very dawdling enjoyable ~~one~~ slow ones; sometimes to visit a neighbouring clergyman and his family. We grew much interested in each other. I found him a perfectly new subject of study and delight and he found a "mine" in me he said. He was quite unlike any other person who came to see us, for they were slow of speech and ideas.

"In the intervals of his visits we corresponded, and I studied, ~~we~~ and sketched, and drove my brother-in-law and sister to the nearest market-town, Camelford, nine miles off, or to Launceston to see my cousins. The man-servant taught me to jump hurdles on Fanny, but Fanny, though not at all objecting, got a little lame, so we stopped jumping.

[Footnote] * This incident was versified by Hardy afterwards & entitled "Under the Waterfall".



"I like to think of those details and small events, and am fancying some other people may like to have them.

"It was a pleasant time, though there were difficulties in the ~~way~~ parish. I have never liked the Cornish working-orders as I do Devonshire folk; their so-called admirable independence of character was most disagreeable to live with, and usually amounted to absence of kindly interest in others, though it was unnoticeable by casual acquaintance....Nevertheless their nature had a glamour about it - that of an old-world romantic expression; and then sometimes there came to one's cognizance in the hamlets a dear heart-whole person.

"So the days went on between the visits. The church-opening was somewhat impressive, the element of unusualness being more conspicuous however by the immense numbers of people outside waiting for it to be over and the lunch to begin, than the many attentive and admiring parishioners within, collected imperatively by the rector's wife and himself. Mr Holder was in a good state of health and spirits; my sister was very important. The patron of the living Mr [Bishop?] Rawle, who lived at Antigua, was present; but no architect came on that brilliant occasion ⁂ [~~being unable to attend.~~] He appeared, however, on the same scene from time to time afterwards.

"I had two pleasant changes - one to stay at Bath with an old friend of the family; and when my chosen came there too, by her kindness, we together had an interesting time. And I went as country cousin to my brother in London, and was duly astonished, which gave him even more pleasure than it did me.

⁂ [footnote] Neither Hardy nor Crickmay was able to attend, for some unknown reason.

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country cousin to my brother in London, and was duly astonished,
which gave him even more pleasure than it did me.

"After a little time I copied a good deal of manuscript, which went to and fro by post, and I was very proud and happy doing this - which I did in the privacy of my own room, where I also read and wrote the letters.

"The rarity of the visits made them highly delightful to both; we talked much of plots, possible scenes, tales and poetry, and of his own work. He came either from Dorset or London, driving from Launceston station eighteen [sixteen and a half] miles off.

"The day we were married was a perfect September day - the 17th. of the month - 1874,- not of brilliant sunshine, but wearing a soft sunny luminousness; just as it should be.

"I have had various experiences, interesting some, sad others, since that lovely day, but all showing that an Unseen Power of great benevolence directs my ways; I have some philosophy and mysticism, and an ardent belief in Christianity and the life beyond this present one, all which makes any existence curiously interesting. As one watches ~~happiness~~ happenings (and even if should occur unhappy happenings), outward circumstances are of less importance if Christ is our highest ideal. A strange unearthly brilliance shines around our path, penetrating and dispersing difficulties with its warmth and glow.

[signed] "E.L.Hardy,

"Max Gate,

"January 4th. 1911."*

[Footnote] *It will be seen later that she died the year after this was written.

[White line]

This transcript from the first Mrs Hardy's "Recollections" (of the existence of which he was unaware till after her death) has carried us onward four years further than the date of Thomas Hardy's arrival in Cornwall on that evening of March 1870. He himself entered in a memorandum-book a few rough notes of his visit, and from these we are able to glean vaguely his impressions of the experience.

It is apparent that he was soon, if not immediately, struck by the nature and appearance of the lady who received him. She was so <u>living</u>, he used to say. Though her features were not regular her complexion at this date was perfect in hue, her figure ~~graceful~~ and movement graceful, and her corn-coloured hair abundant in its coils. A lock still in existence shows, even after the fading and deterioration of ~~fifty years~~ more than half a century, that there was no exaggeration in her friends' admiring memories of it.

It may be mentioned here that the story "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (which Hardy himself classes among his Romances and Fantasies - as if to suggest its visionary nature) has been considered to show a picture of his own personality as the architect on this visit. But in addition to Hardy's own testimony there is proof that this is not the case, ~~Hardy~~ he having ever been shy of putting his personal characteristics into his novels. The Adonis depicted was known to be both in appearance and temperament an idealization of a pupil whom Hardy found temporarily at Mr John Hicks's on his return there,

Many of his verses with which readers have since grown familiar in 'Wessex Poems' had already been written.

from London; believed to be a nephew of that Architect, and exactly of the age attributed to Stephen Smith. He is represented as altogether more youthful and sanguine in nature than Hardy, a thoughtful man of twenty-nine, with years of London buffetting, and literary experience, was at this time. Henry Knight the reviewer, Elfride's second lover, was really much more like Thomas Hardy; while the event of the young man arriving as a town stranger at a village with which he was quite familiar, and the catastrophe that ensued when it was discovered, was an experience of his uncle's of which the dramatic possibilities had long arrested him. His own wooing [see X on back]

Stephen Smith's father was drawn from a mason in Hardy's father's employ. combined with one near Boscastle; architectural and as described in his future wife's diary just given; while Smith's ingenious mode of being tutored in Latin was based on a story Hardy had from Holder, his familiarity with as that of a man he had known. Its practicability is, however, doubtful.

But the whole story, except as to the lonely drive across the hills towards the coast, the architectural detail, and a few other external scenes and incidents, is so at variance with any possible facts as to be quite misleading, Hardy's wilful purpose in his early novels until "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared, if not later, having been to mistify the reader as to their locality, origin, and authorship by various interchanges and inventions, probably owing at first to his extreme doubt if he would pursue the craft, and his sense of the shadow that would fall on an architect who had failed as a novelist. He even modified the landscape, and called the rectory a vicarage, showing in early editions a church with the sea visible from it, which was not true of St. Juliot. The character and appearance of Elfride have points in common with those of Mrs Hardy in quite young womanhood, a few years before Hardy met her, (though her eyes would have been described as deep grey, not as blue;) moreover, like Elfride, the moment she was on a horse she was

X. own wooing in the "Delectable Duchy" ran, in fact, without a hitch, and with much encouragement from all parties concerned, from beginning to end, any want of smoothness lying on his own side as to the question of ways and means to marriage.

part of the animal. But this is all that can be asserted, the plot of the story being one that he had thought of and written down long before he knew her.

What he says about the visit is laconic and hurried, but interesting enough to be given here:

"March 7. The dreary yet poetical drive over the hills. Arrived at St. Juliot Rectory between 6 and ~~8~~ 7 [somewhat later probably]. Received by young lady in brown, (Miss Gifford, the rector's sister-in-law). Mr Holder gout. Saw Mrs Holder. The meal. Talk. To Mr Holder's room. Returned downstairs. Music.

"March 8. Austere grey view of hills from bedroom window. A funeral. Man tolled the bell (which stood inverted on the ground in the neglected transept) by lifting the clapper and letting it fall against the side. Five bells stood thus in a row (having been taken down from the cracked tower for safety.) Stayed there drawing and measuring all day, with intervals for meals at rectory.

"March ~~8~~ 9. Drove with Mrs Holder and Miss Gifford to Boscastle, and on to Tintagel and Penpethy slate-quarries, with a view to the church roofing. Mr Symons accompanied us to the quarries. Mr Symons did not think himself a native; ~~her family~~ - he was only born there. Now Mrs Symons <u>was</u> a native; her family had been there 500 years. Talked about Douglas Cook coming home [the first editor of the <u>Saturday Review</u>, whom the Holders had known; buried on the hill above Tintagel] .... Music in the evening. The two ladies sang duets, including "The Elfin Call", "Let

us dance on the sands", etc...Miss Gifford said that a man asked her for "a drop o' that that isn't gin, please, Miss." He meant hollands, which they kept at the Rectory, as he knew.

"March 10th. Went with E.L.G. to Beeny Cliff. She on horseback-.....on the cliff....."The tender grace of a day," etc. The run down to the edge. The coming home.....

"In the afternoon I walked to Boscastle, Mrs H. and E.L.G. accompanying me three-quarters of the way: the overshot mill: E. provokingly reading as she walked; evening in garden; music later in evening.

"March 11. Dawn. Adieu. E.L.G. had struck a light six times in her anxiety to call the servants early enough for me. The journey home. Photo of Bishop of Exeter (for Mrs Holder)".....

The poem entitled "At the word Farewell", seems to refer either to this or the following visit; and the one called "When I set out for Lyonesse", refers certainly to this first visit, it having been his custom to apply the name "Lyonesse" to the whole of Cornwall. The latter poem, it may be mentioned, was hailed by a distant voice from the West of America as his sweetest lyric, an opinion from which he himself did not dissent, though in England the lines passed quite without notice.

"March 12th (Sat.) Went to Weymouth. Mr Crickmay's account £6-10-9"

Deline → On April 5th. having resumed lodgings at

"~~March 12th. (Sat.) Went to~~ Weymouth, to proceed, probably, with the detailed drawings for the restoration of St. Juliot Church by the light of the survey and measurements he had made, Hardy received a letter from the Messrs Macmillan declining to publish "Desperate Remedies", the MS. of which they returned, on the ground (it is

conjectured) of their disapproval of the incidents. By this time it seemed to have dawned upon him that the Macmillan ~~house~~- publishing-house was not in the way of issuing novels of a sensational ~~character~~ kind: and accordingly he packed up the MS. again and posted it to the Messrs Tinsley, a firm to which he was a stranger, but which did publish such novels. Why he did not send it to Messrs Chapman and Hall, with whom he had now a slight link, and whose reader, Mr Meredith, had recommended him to write what Hardy understood to be a story of this kind, is inexplicable. Possibly it was from an adventurous feeling that he would like the story to be judged on its own merits by a house which had no knowledge of how it came into existence; possibly from inexperience. Anyhow it was a mistake from which he suffered, for there is no doubt that Meredith would have taken an interest in a book he had, or was supposed to have, instigated; and would have offered some suggestions on how to make a better use of the good material at the back of the book. However, to Tinsleys it had gone, and on May 6th. Tinsley wrote, stating the terms on which he would publish it, if Hardy would complete the remaining three or four chapters of which a précis only had been sent.

About the second week in May, and possibly as a result of the correspondence, Hardy left Mr Crickmay (whose church-designing he appears to have airily used as something of a stop-gap when his own literary enterprises hung fire) and on the following Monday, the 16th, he started again for London - sadly, as he said, for he had left his heart in Cornwall.

"May 18. Royal Academy. No. 118. 'Death of Ney', by Gerôme. The presence of death makes the picture great.
"No. 985. 'Jerusalem.' by the same. The shadows only of the three crucified ones are seen. A fine conception."

In his leisure he seems to have written the "Ditty" in Wessex Poems, inscribed with Miss Gifford's initials. In May he was reading Comte. Crossing Hyde Park one morning in June he saw the announcement of Dickens's death.

He seems to have passed the days in town desultorily and dreamily - mostly visiting museums and picture-galleries, and it is not clear what he was waiting for there. He was welcomed by Mr Blomfield, to whom he lent help in finishing some drawings. Being acquainted with another well-known Gothic architect, Mr Raphael Brandon, Hardy assisted him also for a few weeks, though not continuously.

Brandon was a man who interested him much. In collaboration with his brother David he had published, several years before, the "Analysis of Gothic Architecture" in two quarto volumes, and an extra volume on the "Open Timber Roofs of the Middle Ages". Both these works were familiar to Hardy, having been quite text-books for architects' pupils till latterly, when the absorbing interest given to French Gothic had caused them to be superseded by the works of Norman Shaw, Nesfield, and Viollet-le-Duc. Brandon, however, was convinced ~~y~~ that the development of modern English architecture s should be based on English Gothic and not on French, as was shown in his well-known design for the Catholic-apostolic Church in Gordon Square; and that his opinion was the true one was proved in the sequel, notwithstanding that the more fashionable architects, including Arthur Blomfield, were heart and soul of the other opinion at this date. It may have been partly on this account, partly because he was a "literary architect" - a person always suspect in the profession in those days, Hardy used to say - that Brandon's practice had latterly declined, and he had drifted into a backwater, spending much time in strange projects and hopes, one of these being a scheme for unifying railway fares on the principle of letter postage. Hardy

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was in something of a similar backwater himself - so far as there could be similarity in the circumstances of a man of twenty-nine and a man of sixty, and the old world out-of-the-way corner of Clement's Inn where ~~e~~ Brandon's offices were situate made his weeks with Brandon still more attractive to him, Knight's chambers in "A Pair of Blue Eyes" being drawn from Brandon's. Whilst the latter attended to his scheme for railway travel, Hardy attended off and on to Brandon's architecture, which had fallen behindhand. Sometimes Hardy helped him also in the details of his scheme; though, having proved to himself its utter futility, he felt in an awkward dilemma; whether to show Brandon its futility and offend him, or to go against his own conscience by indulging him in the hobby.

However, the summer was passed in this way, and his friend Moule, the reviewer and leader-writer, being also in London, the time was pleasant enough. Nothing seems to have been done about the novel, of which the MS., representing about seven-eighths of the whole, was apparently still lying at Tinsley's. He kept up a regular ~~e~~ correspondence with "the young lady in brown" who had attracted him at St. Juliot Rectory, and sent books to her, reading himself among other works Shakespeare and general poetry as usual, the Bible, Alison's Europe, and Mohammed and Mohammedanism by Bosworth Smith, his friend in later years; though it does not appear that he wrote any verses. [See on back X.]

On July 15 war was declared by France against Prussia - a cause of much excitement to Brandon, who during the early ~~wars~~ weeks of the struggle would go into the Strand for every edition

※ ¶ June 30. What the world is saying, and what the world is thinking? It is the man who bases his action upon what the world is thinking, no matter what it may be saying, who rises to the top.

"It is not by rushing straight towards some that men come up with her, but by so adapting the direction of their path to hers that at some point ahead the two must inevitably intersect."

of the afternoon papers as they came out, and bring them in and read them to Hardy, who grew as excited as he; though probably the younger man did not realize that, should England have become involved in the Continental strife, he might have been among the first to be called upon to serve, outside the regular army. All he seems to have done was to go to a service at Chelsea Hospital and look at the tattered banners mended with netting, and talk to the old asthmatics and crippled men, many of whom in the hospital at that date had fought at Waterloo, and some in the Peninsula.

On August 6. occurred the Battle of Worth: and on the 8th., in keeping with a promise given when he was previously there, he severed his temporary connection with Brandon and left for Cornwall.

Here, as he said, he found the "young lady in brown" of the previous winter - at that time thickly muffled from the wind - to have become metamorphosed into a young lady in summer blue, which suited her fair complexion far better; and the visit was a most happy one. H.M.Moule, who knew of the vague understanding between the pair, sent them from time to time such of the daily and weekly papers as contained his leading articles on the war. Concerning such wars Hardy entered in his notebook: "Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi!"

On the day that the bloody battle of Gravelotte was fought they were reading Tennyson in the grounds of the rectory. It was

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His hosts drove him to various picturesque points on the wild and rugged coast near the rectory, among others to King Arthur's Castle. Tintagel, which he now saw for the first time; and where, owing to their lingering too long among the ruins, they found themselves locked in, only narrowly escaping being imprisoned there for the night by much signalling with their handkerchiefs to cottagers in the valley. The lingering might have been considered prophetic, seeing that, after smouldering in his mind for between forty and fifty years, he constructed "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" from the legends connected with that romantic spot. Why he did not do it soone while she was still living who knew the scene so well, and had frequently painted it, it is impossible to say.

at this time and spot that Hardy was struck by the incident of the old horse harrowing the arable field in the valley below, which, when in far later years it was recalled to him by a still bloodier war, he made into the little poem of three verses entitled "At the Breaking of Nations". Several of the pieces - as is obvious - grouped as "Poems of 1912 - 1913" in the same volume with "Satires of Circumstance", and three in "Moments of Vision", namely "The Figure in the Scene", "Why did I sketch", and "It never looks like summer now" - with doubtless many others - are known to be also memories of the present and later sojourns here in this vague romantic land of "Lyonesse".

It was at this time, too, that he saw the last of St. Juliot Church in its original condition of picturesque neglect, the local builder laying hands on it shortly after, and razing to the ground the tower and the north aisle (which had hitherto been the nave), and the transept. Hardy much regretted the obliteration in this manner of the church's history, and, too, that he should be instrumental e in such obliteration, the building as he had first set eyes ł on it having been so associated with what was romantic in his life. Yet his instrumentality was involuntary, the decision to alter and diminish its area having been come to before he arrived on the scene. What else could be done with the dilapidated structure was difficult to say if it had to be retained for use. The old walls of the former nave, dating from Norman or even earlier times, might possibly have been preserved. A north door, much like a Saxon

one, was inadvertently destroyed, but Hardy made a drawing of it which is preserved in the present church, with his drawings of the highly carved seat-ends and other details that have disappeared. Fortunately the old south aisle was kept intact, with its arcade, the aisle now being adapted for a nave.

It was at this church that occurred his humorous experience of the builder's view of the old chancel-screen. Hardy had made a careful drawing of it, with its decayed tracery, posts, and gilding, marking thereon where sundry patchings and scarfings were to be applied. Reaching the building one day he found a new and highly varnished travesty of the old screen standing in its place. "Well, Mr Hardy," replied the builder in answer to his astonished inquiries, "I said to myself, I wont stand on a pound or two while I'm about it, and I'll give 'em a new screen instead of that patched up old thing."

1870-73 | Aet. 30-33

PART II.

Novels; to illness.

Chapter VI.

A Plot; an Idyll, and a Romance.

1870 - 1873. Aet. 30 - 33.

He must when in London have obtained from Tinsley the MS. of "Desperate Remedies"; for during the autumn of this year 1870 there were passing between him and Miss Gifford chapters of the story for her to make a fair copy of, the original MS. having been interlined and altered, so that it may have suffered, he thought, in the eyes of a publisher's reader by being difficult to read. He meanwhile wrote the three or four remaining chapters, and the novel - this time finished - was packed off to Tinsley in December. However, a minute fact seems to suggest that Hardy was far from being in bright spirits about his book,

himself, and his future at this time. On the margin of his copy of "Hamlet" the following passage is marked with the date, "December 15. 1870": -

"Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter!"

Tinsley wrote his terms again, which for some unaccountable reason were worse now than they had been in the first place, an advance of £75 being demanded; and the following is a transcript of Hardy's letter to the publisher on these points, at the end of December:-

" I believe I am right in understanding your terms thus - that if the gross receipts reach the costs of publishing I shall receive the £75 back again, and if they w are more than the costs I shall have £75, added to half the receipts beyond the costs: (i.e., assuming the expenditure to be £100, and the receipts £200, I should have returned to me £75 + £50 = £125).

"Will you be good enough to say, too, if the sum includes advertising to the customary extent, and about how long after my paying the money the book would appear."

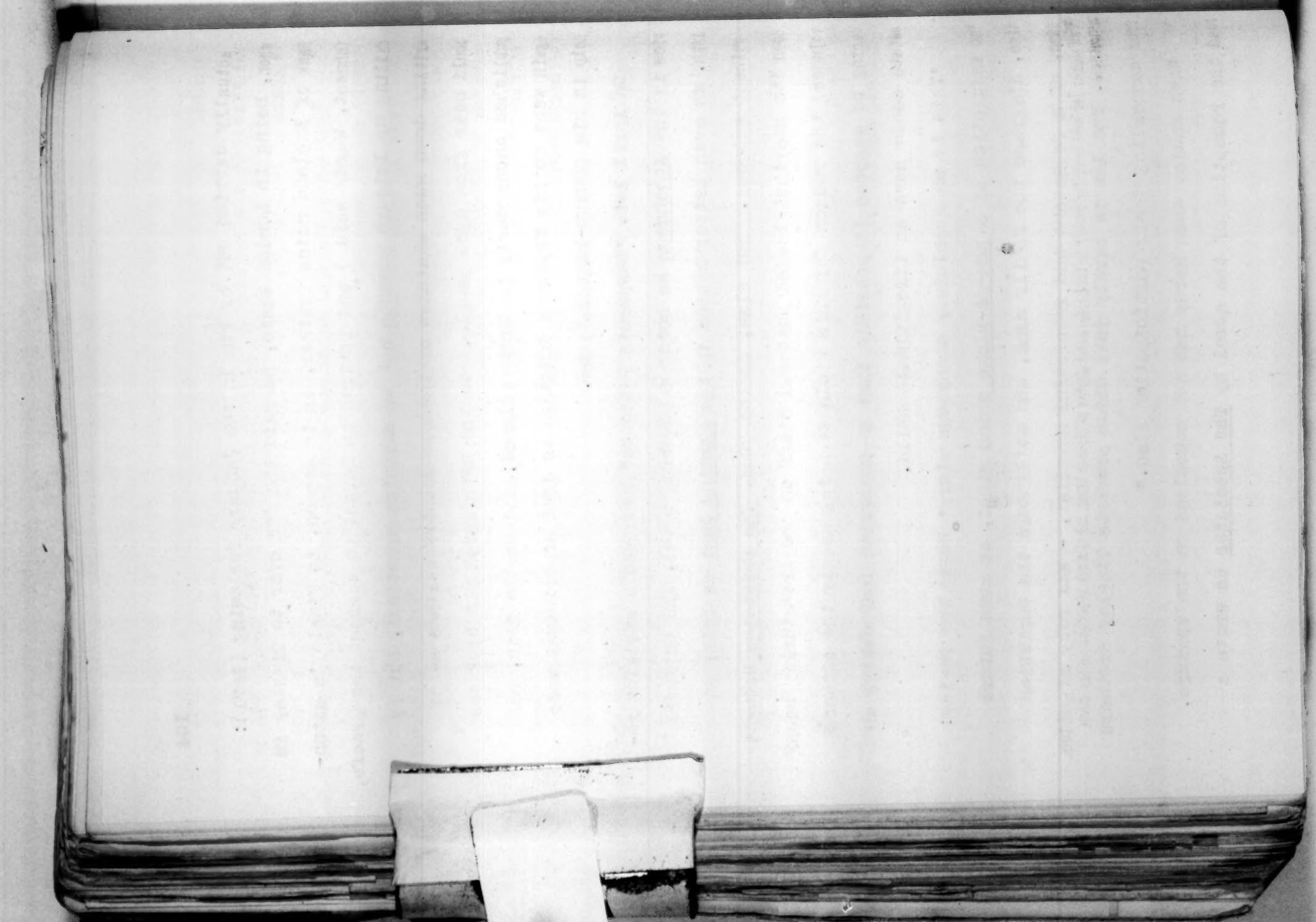
This adventurous arrangement by the would-be author, who at that date had only £123 in the world, beyond what he might have obtained from his father - which was not much - and who was virtually if not distinctly engaged to be married to a girl with no money except in reversion after the death of relatives, was

actually carried out by him in the January following (1871): when, being in London again, he paid the £75 over to Tinsley in Bank of England notes (rather, as it seemed, to Tinsley's astonishment, Hardy said,) and retired to Dorset to correct the proofs, filling up leisure moments not by anything practical, but by writing down such snatches of the old country ballads as he could hear from aged people. On the 25th.March the book was published anonymously in three volumes; and on the 30th, he again went to his Weymouth lodgings to lend Mr Crickmay more help in his church-restorations.

On April 1st. "Desperate Remedies" received a striking review in the Athenaeum as being a powerful novel, and on April 13th. an even better notice in the Morning Post as being an eminent success. But alas, on the 22nd, The Spectator brought down its heaviest-leaded pastoral staff on the prematurely happy volumes, the reason for this violence being mainly the author's daring to suppose it possible that an unmarried lady owning an estate could have an illegitimate child.

"This is an absolutely anonymous story" began the review: "no assumption of a nom-de-plume which might, at some future time, disgrace the family name, and still more the Christian name, of a repentant and remorseful novelist, - and very right too. By all means let him bury the secret in the profoundest depths of his own heart, out of reach if possible, of his own consciousness. The law is hardly just which prevents Tinsley Brothers from concealing their participation also."

When Moule, whom Hardy had not consulted on the venture, read the reception of the novel by The Spectator he wrote a



brief line to Hardy bidding him not to mind the slating. After its first impact, which was staggering with good reason, it does not seem to have worried Hardy much, or at any rate for long, (though one of the personalities insinuated by the reviewer, in clumsy humour, that the novel must have been "a desperate remedy for an emaciated purse," may well have been galling enough). And indeed about this time he noted down: "Strictly, we should resent wrongs, be placid at justice, and grateful for favours. But I know one who is placid at a wrong, and would be grateful for simple justice; while a favour, if he ever gained one, would turn his brain." X. [see on back].

But that humorous observation was not seriously disturbed in him is shown by what he entered immediately after:

"End of April. At the dairy. The dog looks as if he were glad that he is a dog. The cows look at him with a melancholy expression, as though they were sorry they are cows, and have to be milked, and to show too much dignity to roll in the mulch as he does .... The dairymaid flings her feet about the dairy floor in walking, as if they were mops."

Anyhow, in May he enjoyed another visit to Cornwall. But in returning therefrom the day after his birthday in June he received a fresh buffet from circumstance in seeing at Exeter Station "Desperate Remedies" in Messrs Smith and Sons surplus catalogue for sale at 2s. 6d. the three volumes, and thought <u>The Spectator</u> had snuffed out the book, as it probably had done.

Although this was a serious matter for a beginner who had

⁂ He remembered, for long years after, reading this review as he sat on a stile that led to the ewe-leaze he had to cross on his way home to Bockhampton. The bitterness of that moment remained with him, and at the time he wished that he were dead.

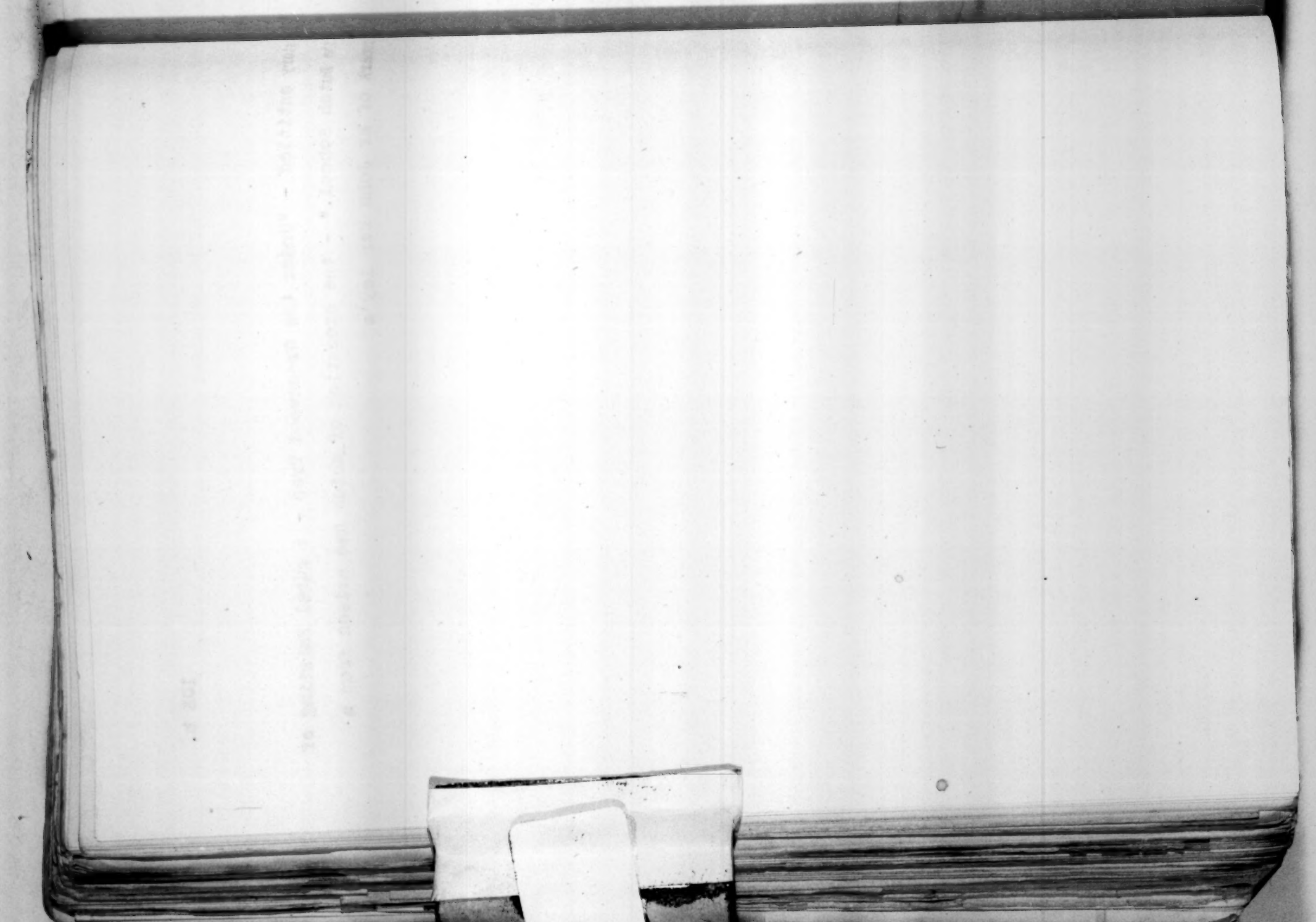
who had ventured on the novel £75 out of the £123 he possessed, one reason for the mitigation of his trouble may well have been that the powerfully not to say wildly melodramatic situations had been concocted in a style which was quite against his natural grain, through too crude an interpretation of Mr Meredith's advice, It was a sort of thing he had never contemplated writing, till, finding himself in a corner, it seemed necessary to attract public attention at all hazards. What Mr Meredith would have thought of the result of his teaching was not ascertained. Yet there was nothing in the book - admittedly an extremely clever novel - to call for such castigation, which, addly enough, rather stultified itself by certain concessions on the nameless author's ability. Moreover he was surprised some time later by a letter from the reviewer, a stranger - whether dictated by pricks of conscience, an uneasy suspicion that he had mistaken his man, or otherwise, is unknown - showing some regret for his violence. Hardy replied to the letter - tardily and curtly enough at first it is true - but as it dawned upon him that the harm had been done him not through malice but honest wrongheadedness, he ceased to harbour resentment, and became acquainted with his critic, The Spectator reviewing him later with much generosity.

During June and July he marked time, as it were, by doing some more Gothic drawings for Crickmay, though in no very grand spirits, if we may judge from a marginal mark with the date "July 1871" in his Shakespeare, opposite the passage in Macbeth,

> "Things at their worst will cease, or else climb upward
> To what they were before."

Later in the summer he finished the short and quite rustic

story entitled - "Under the Greenwood Tree - A rural Painting of the Dutch School." - the execution of which had arisen from a remark of Mr John Mor ley's



on "The Poor Man and the Lady", that the country scenes in the latter were the best in the book, the "Granter" of "The Poor Man and the Lady" being reintroduced.

The pages of this idyll — at first intended to be called "The Mellstock Quire" (but altered to "Under the Greenwood Tree" because titles from poetry were in fashion just then) — were dispatched to the Messrs Macmillan some time the same autumn, and in due course Hardy received from them a letter which, events having rendered him sensitive, he read to mean that the firm did not wish to have anything to do with his "Rural Painting of the Dutch School", although they said that "they felt strongly inclined to avail themselves of his offer of it."; hence he wrote to them to return the MS. This was an unfortunate misunderstanding. It was not till its acceptance and issue by another publishing house the year after that he discovered they had never declined it, and indeed would have been quite willing to print it a little later on.

They had taken the trouble to enclose when writing about the tale the opinion of the "accomplished critic" to whom they had submitted it, the chief points of which may be quoted here:-

"The work in this story is extremely careful, natural, and delicate, and the writer deserves more than common credit for the pains which he has taken with his style, and with the harmony of his construction and treatment. It is a simple and uneventful sketch of a rural courtship, with a climax of real delicacy of idea....I don't ~~know~~ prophecy a large market for it, because the work is so delicate as not to hit every taste by any ~~mea~~ means. But it is good work, and would please people whose taste was not ruined by novels of exaggerated action or

forced ingenuity.....The writer would do well to shut his ears to the fooleries of critics, which his letter to you proves that he does not do."

However, deeming their reply on the question of publishing the tale to be ambiguous at least, he got it back, threw the MS. into a box with his old poems, being quite sick of all such, and began to think about other ways and means. He consulted Miss Gifford by letter, declaring that he had banished novel-writing (for ever), and was going on with architecture henceforward. But she, with no great opportunity of reasoning on the matter, yet, as Hardy used to think (and say — truly or not, —) with that rapid instinct which serves women in such good stead, and may almost be called preturnatural vision, wrote back instantly her desire that he should adhere to authorship, which she felt sure would be his true vocation. From the very fact that she wished thus, and set herself aside altogether - architecture being obviously the quick way to an income for marrying on - he was impelled to consider her interests more than his own. Unlike the case of Browning and Elizabeth Barrett no letters between the couple are extant, to show the fluctation of their minds on this vital matter. But what happened was that Hardy applied himself to architectural work during the winter 1871 — 1872 more steadily than he had ever done in his life before, and in the spring of the latter year again set out for London, determined to stifle his constitutional tendency to care for life only as an emotion and not as a scientific game, and

?, after the city

fully bent on sticking to the profession which had been the choice of his parents for him rather than his own; but with a faint dream at the back of his mind that he might perhaps write verses as an occasional hobby.

The years 1872 and 1873 were pre-eminently years of unexpectedness. Having engaged to give some help to Mr T. Roger Smith, ~~the~~ a well-known London architect and Professor of Architecture at the Royal Institute of British Architects, he speedily found himself on his arrival in the first-named year assisting Professor Smith in designing schools for the London School-Board, which had then lately come into existence, public competition between architects for such designs being arranged by the Board from time to time. The proverbial new broom was sweeping large spaces clear in the city for the purpose eg of these erections. Hardy had no sooner settled down to do his best in this business than he met in the middle of a crossing by Trafalgar ~~A~~ Square his friend Moule, whom he had not seen for a long time. Moule, a scholar and critic of perfect taste, firmly believed in Hardy's potentialities as a writer, and said he hoped he still kept a hand on the pen; but Hardy seems to have ~~promptly~~ declared that he had ~~had~~ thrown up authorship ~~for~~ at last and for all. Moule ~~seemed~~ was grieved at this, but merely advised him not to give up writing altogether, since, supposing anything were to happen to his eyes from the fine architectural drawing, ~~it~~ literature would be a resource for him; he could dictate a book, article, or poem, but not a geometrical design. This, Hardy used to say, was essentially all that passed between them; but by a strange coincidence Moule's words

were brought back to his mind one morning shortly after by his seeing, for the first time in his life, what seemed like floating specks on the white drawing-paper before him.

For some reason or other at this date - a year after its publication - he wrote to his publishers to render an account of their transactions over "Desperate Remedies", which he had once before requested, but had not been very curious upon; for though the Saturday Review had brought the volumes to life after their slaughter by the Spectator, he quite supposed he had lost on the venture both his time and his money. By the return of post Tinsley Brothers rendered the account, showing that they had printed 500 copies of the novel in three volumes, and sold 370, and enclosing a cheque for £60, as being all that was returnable to him out of the £75 paid as guarantee - after the costs and the receipts were balanced, no part of the receipts being due to him.

From these ~~fu~~ figures Hardy, who did not examine them closely, found that after all he had only lost his labour and £15 in money, - and was much gratified thereby.

Quite soon after, while reading in the Strand a poster of the Italian Opera, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning he saw Tinsley himself, who asked when Hardy was going to let him have another novel.

Hardy, with thoughts of the balance-sheet, drily told him never.

"Wot, now!" said Tinsley. "Haven't you anything written?"

Hardy remarked that he had written a short story some time ~~beefre~~ before, but didn't know what had become of the MS., and did not care. He also had outlined one for three volumes; but had abandoned it. He was ~~K~~now doing better things, and attending to his profession of architect.

"Damned e if that isn't what I thought you ~~were~~ was!" exclaimed Mr Tinsley. "Well, now, can't you get that story, and show it to me?"

Hardy would not promise, reminding the publisher that the account he had rendered for the other book was not likely to tempt him to publish a second.

" 'Pon my ~~word~~ soul, Mr Hardy," said Tinsley, "you wouldn't have got another man in London to print it! Oh, be hanged if you would! 'twas a blood-curdling story! Now please try to find that new manuscript and let me see it."

Hardy could not at first recollect what he had done with the MS., but recalling at last he wrote to his parents at home, telling them where to ~~look~~ search for it, and to forward it to him.

When, the first week in April, "Under the Greenwood Tree" arrived Hardy sent it on to Tinsley without looking at it, saying he would have nothing to do with any publishing accounts. This probably was the reason why Tinsley offered him £30 for the copyright, which Hardy accepted, caring nothing about the book. It should be added that Tinsley afterwards sent him £10 extra, and quite ~~u~~ voluntarily, being, he said, half the amount he had

obtained from Tauchnitz for the Continental copyright, of which transaction Hardy had known nothing.

Hardy's indifference in selling "Under the Greenwood Tree" for a trifle could not have been because he still had altogether other aims than the literature of fiction, as has been the case in the previous winter; for he casually mentioned to Tinsley that he thought of going on with the three-volumed novel before alluded to. Moule's words on keeping a hand on the pen, and the specks in his eyes while drawing, may have influenced him in this harking back.

In the early part of May he was correcting the proofs of the rural story. It was mostly done late at night, at Westbourne Park, where he was ~~agi~~ again living, the day being occupied with the competition-drawings for Board Schools in the various London districts - and some occasional evenings in preparing drawings for Blomfield, with whom Hardy was in frequent and friendly touch - though he told Blomfield at that time nothing about his adventures as a novel-writer.

"Under the Greenwood Tree" was published about the last week in May (1872) and met with a very kindly and gentle reception, being reviewed in the Athenaeum as a book which could induce people "to give up valuable time to see a marriage accomplished in its pages," and in the Pall Mall Gazette as a story of much freshness and originality.

As Hardy was at Bedford Chambers in Bedford Street --- Professor Smith's offices -- every day, and the offices of the

publishers was only a street or two further along the Strand, he was not infrequently encountering Tinsley, who one day asked him - the book continuing to receive good notices - for how much he would write a story for "Tinsley's Magazine", to run a ~~twle~~ twelvemonth, the question being probably prompted by this tone of the press towards "Under the Greenwood Tree".

Hardy reflected *— on the outlined novel he had abandoned —* - considered that he could do it in six months - but "to guard against temptation" (as he put it) multiplied by two the utmost he could expect to make at architecture in the time, and told his inquirer the sum.

"All right, all right, Mr Hardy - very reasonable", said the friendly publisher, smacking Hardy's shoulder, "Now come along into the office here, and we'll sign the agreement, and the job will be off our minds."

Hardy, however, for some reason or other was growing wary, and said he would call next day. During the afternoon he went to a law-bookseller, bought "Copinger on Copyright", the only book on the subject he could meet with, and sat up half the night studying it. Next day he called on Tinsley, and said he would write the story for the sum mentioned, it being understood that the amount paid was for the magazine-issue solely, after which publication all rights were to return to the author.

"Well, I'm damned!" Tinsley said, with a grim laugh. "Who the devil have you been talking to, Mr Hardy, if I may ask, since I saw you yesterday?"

Hardy said "Nobody". (Which was true, though only literally).

¶"Well, but - Now, Mr Hardy, you are hard, very hard upon me! However, I do like your writings: and if you'll throw in the three-volume edition of the novel with the magazine rights I'll agree."

Hardy assented to this, having, as he used to say, some liking for Tinsley's keen sense of humour even when it went against himself; and the business was settled shortly after, the author agreeing to be ready with the first monthly part of his story for the magazine soon enough to give the a artist time to prepare an illustration for it, and enable it to be printed in the September number, which in the case of this periodical came out on August 15.

It was now the 24th. July, and walking back towards Professor Roger Smith's chambers Hardy began to feel that he had done rather a rash thing. He knew but vaguely the value of a three-volume edition, and as to the story, he had as already mentioned ~~merely~~ thought of a possible one some time before, roughly noted down the opening chapters and general outline, and then abandoned it with the rest of his literary schemes. He had never written a serial narrative and had no journalistic experience; and he was pledged ~~committed~~ to the Board-school drawings for at least another week, when they were to be sent in to the Committee ~~Board~~. Nevertheless, having promised Tinsley, he resolved to stick to his promise, and on the 27th. July agreed by letter.

Apparently without saying anything of his new commitment, he informed the genial Professor of Architecture that he thought

he would take a holiday in August, when there would be little more of a pressing nature to do for that year; ~~went~~ and going home to Westbourne Park, ~~and~~ wrote between then and midnight the first chapter or two of a "A Pair of Blue Eyes", (not dreaming it was to become the favourite novel of two eminent poets, Tennyson and Coventry Patmore). Even though he may have thought over and roughly set down the beginning of the romance, the writing it out connectedly must have been done very rapidly, despite the physical enervation that London always brought upon him. (It may be noticed that he gave the youth who appears first in the ~~world~~ novel the surname of the Professor of Architecture he had been assisting). At any rate the MS. of the first number, with something over, was ready for the illustrator in an incredibly quick time. Thereupon though he had shaped nothing of what the later chapters were to be like, he dismissed the subject as Sheridan dismissed a bill he had backed, and on August 7 went on board the "Avoca", of the Irish Mail Packet Company, at London Bridge, to proceed to Cornwall by water, (a boat, which, by the way, went to the bottom shortly after).

In Cornwall he paid a visit to some friends - Captain and Mrs Serjeant, of St. Benet's Abbey, who owned valuable china-clay works near, which were just then being developed; drove to St. Juliot, and met there among other visitors Miss d'Arville, a delightful old lady from Bath; who had a canary that fainted and fell to the bottom of the cage whenever a cat came into the room. (or the picture of a cat was shown it.) He walked to Tintagel Castle and sketched there a stone altar,

having an Early-English ornamention on its edge; which altar in after years he could never find; and in the intervals of this and other excursions went on with his MS., having, naturally enough, received an urgent letter for more copy from the publisher. He returned to London by way of Bath, where he left Miss d'Arville, who had accompanyied him thus far.

He could not, however, get on with his novel in London, and late in ~~on~~ September ~~22~~ went down to the seclusion of Dorset to set about it more thoroughly. On this day "Under the Greenwood Tree" was reviewed by Moule in the Saturday. The Spectator, however, which had so mauled "Desperate Remedies", took little notice of the book.

An entry in the diary at this time was: "Sept. 30. Posted MS. of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" to Tinsley up to Page 163."

Before the date was reached he had received a letter from Professor Roger Smith, informing him that another of the six Board school competitions for which Hardy had helped him to prepare designs had been successful, and ~~suf~~ suggesting that he had "been at grass" long enough, and would be welcomed back on any more liberal terms, if he felt dissatisfied.

This architectural success, for which he would have given much had it come sooner, was now merely provoking. However, Hardy confessed to the surprised and amused Smith what he had been doing, and was still occupied with; and thus was severed to his great regret an extremely pleasant if short professional connection with

an able and amiable man; though their friendship was not broken, being renewed from time to time, and continued till the death of the elder of them.

Till the end of the year he was at Bockhampton finishing "A Pair of Blue Eyes", the action of which, as is known, proceeds on the coast near "Lyonesse" - not far from King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel. Its scene, he said, would have been clearly indicated by calling the romance "Elfride of Lyonnesse", but for a wish to avoid drawing attention to the neighbouring St. Juliot while his friends were living there. After a flying visit to the Rectory, he remained on through the spring at his mother's; and it may be mentioned here that while staying at this place (or at the Rectory - or possibly in London -) Hardy received an account of the death of "The Tranter", after whom the character in "Under the Greenwood Tree" had been called, though it was not a portrait, nor was the fictitious tranter's kinship to the other musicians based on fact. He had been the many years' neighbour of the Hardys, and did the haulage of building materials for Hardy's father, of whom he ~~rented~~-- also rented a field for his horses. The scene of his last moments was detailed in a letter ~~related~~ to Hardy by one present at his death-bedside:-

"He was quite in his senses, but not able to speak. A dark purple stain began in his leg that was injured many years ago by his waggon going over it; the stain ran up it about as fast as a fly walks. It ran up his body in the same way till, arriving level with his fingers, it began in them, and went on up his arms,

up his neck and face, to the top of his head, when he breathed his last. Then a pure white began at his foot, and went upwards at the same rate and in the same way, and he became as white throughout as he had been purple a minute before."

In this connection it may be interesting to ~~knew~~ add that the actual name of the shoe-maker "Robert Penny" in the same story was Robert ~~T~~ Reason. He, like the Tranter and the Tranter's wife, is buried in Stinsford Churchyard near the tombs of the Hardys, though his name is almost illegible. Hardy once said he would much have preferred to use the real name, as being better suited to the character, but though^t at the time of writing that there ~~might be~~ were possible ^ relatives who might be hurt by the use of it, though he afterwards found there were none. The only real name in the story is that of "Voss", who brought the hot mead and viands to the choir on their rounds. It can still be read on ~~his~~ a headstone, also quite near to where the Hardys lie. It will be remembered that these headstones are alluded to in the poem entitled "The Dead Quire"-

Old Dewy lay by the gaunt yew tree,
And Reuben and Michael a pace behind,
And Bowman with his family
By the wall that the ivies bind.

Old Dewy has been called a portrait of Hardy's grandfather, but

this was not the case; he died three years before the birth of the story-teller, almost in his prime, and long ere reaching the supposed age of William Dewy. There was, in fact, no family portrait in the tale.

"A Pair of Blue Eyes" was published in three volumes the latter part of May.

"May 5. 'Maxiel' [Immanuel] Riggs found dead [a shepherd Hardy knew] A curious man, who used to moisten his lips between every two or three words."

"June 9th. 1873. To London. Went to French Plays. Saw Brasseur etc.

" .. 15. . Met H.M.Moule at the Golden Cross Hotel. Dined with him at the British Hotel. Moule then left for Ipswich on his duties as Poor Law Inspector.

"June 16 - 20. About London with my brother Henry.

" .. 20. By evening train to Cambridge. Stayed in College - Queen's - Went out with H.M.M. after dinner. A magnificent evening: sun over "the Backs".
Next morning went with H.M.M. to King's Chapel early. M. opened the great West doors to show the interior vista: we got upon the roof, where we could see Ely Cathedral gleaming in the distant sunlight. A never-to-be forgotten morning. H.M.M. saw me off for London. His last smile.

From London Hardy travelled on to Bath, arriving late at night and putting up at 8 Great Stanhope Street, where lodgings had been obtained for him by his warm-hearted friend Miss d'Arville, whom Miss Gifford was then visiting. The following dates are from the intermittent diary Hardy kept in these years.

"June 23rd. Excursions about Bath and Bristol with the ladies.

" .. 28th. To Clifton with Miss Gifford." - where they were surprised by accidentally seeing in a newsagent's

shop a commendatory review of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" in the Spectator.

".. 30th. About Bath alone.... Bath has a rural complexion on an urban substance.....

"July 1st. A day's trip with Miss G. To Chepstow, the Wye, the Wynd Cliff, which we climbed, and Tintern, where we repeated some of Wordsworth's lines thereon.

"At Tintern, silence is part of the pile. Destroy that, and you take a limb from an organism....A wooded slope visible from every unmullioned window. But compare the age of the building with that of the marble hills from which it was drawn!...."

Here may be stated, in relation to the above words on the age of the hills, that this shortcoming of the most ancient architecture by comparison with geology was a consideration that frequently worried Hardy when measuring and drawing old Norman and other early buildings, just as it had been troubled by 'the Wolf' in his musical tuning, and by the thought that Greek literature had been at the mercy of dialects.

"July 2. Bath to Dorchester."

1873-76| Aet. 32-36

CHAPTER VII.

"Far from the Madding Crowd", Marriage, and another novel.

1873 - 1876: Aet. 32 - 36

Some half-years before this, in December 1872, Hardy had received at Bockhampton a letter from Leslie Stephen, the editor of the Cornhill - by that time well-known as a man of letters, Saturday Reviewer, and Alpine Climber - asking for a serial story for his magazine. He had lately read "Under the Greenwood Tree", and thought "the descriptions admirable". It was "long since he had received more pleasure from a new writer", and it had occurred to him that such writing would probably please the readers of the Cornhill Magazine as much as it had pleased him.

Hardy had replied that he feared the date at which he could write a story for The Cornhill would be too late for Mr Stephen's purpose, since he already had on hand a succeeding novel, (i.e. A Pair of Blue Eyes,) which was arranged for; but that the next after should be at Mr Stephen's disposal. He had thought of making it a pastoral tale with the title of "Far from the Madding Crowd" - and that the chief characters would probably be a young

CHAPTER VII.

"Far from the madding crowd", Partridge, and another novel.

1873 - 1876. Aet. 33 - 36

Some half-years before this, in December 1873, Hardy had received at Bookmansion a letter from Leslie Stephen, the editor of the Cornhill - by that time well-known as a man of letters, Saturday Reviewer, and Alpine climber - wanting for a serial story for his magazine. He had lately read "Under the Greenwood Tree", and thought "the descriptions admirable". It was "long since he had received more pleasure from a new writer", and it had occurred to him that such writing would probably please the readers of the Cornhill magazine as much as it had pleased him.

Hardy had replied that he feared the date at which he could write a story for The Cornhill would be too late for Stephen's purpose, since he already had on hand a sensational novel, ("A Pair of Blue Eyes.") which was arranged for; but that the next after should be at Mr Stephen's disposal. He had thought of making it a pastoral tale with the title of "Far from the madding crowd" - and that the outer characters would probably be a young

the influential "Saturday Review" pronouncing it to be the most artistically constructed of the novels of its time – a quality which, by the bye, would carry little recommendation in these days of loose construction and indifference to organic homogeneity.

woman-farmer, a shepherd, and a sergeant of cavalry. That was all he had done. Mr Stephen had rejoined that he was sorry he could not expect a story from Hardy at an earlier date; that he did not however mean to fix any particular time; that the idea of the story attracted him; also the proposed title; and that he would like Hardy to call and talk it over when he came to Town. There the matter had been left. Now Hardy set about the pastoral tale, the success of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" meanwhile surpassing his expectations. ¶ But ~~he~~ Hardy did not call on Stephen (just then) ※ [See on back]

While thus in the seclusion of Bockhampton writing "Far from the Madding Crowd" we find him on September 21st. walking to Woodbury-Hill Fair, approximately described in the novel as "Greenhill Fair". On the 24th. he was shocked at hearing ~~from~~ of the death of his friend Moule, from whom he had parted cheerfully at Cambridge in June. The body was brought to be buried at Fordington, Dorchester, and Hardy attended the funeral. It was a matter of keen regret to him now, and for a long time after, that Moule and the woman to whom Hardy was warmly attached, had never set eyes on each other; and that she could never make Moule's acquaintance, or be his friend.

On the 30th. of September he sent to Leslie Stephen at his request as much of the MS. of "Far from the Madding Crowd" as was written – apparently between two and three monthly parts, though some of it only in rough outline – and a few days after a letter came from Stephen stating that the story suited him admirably as far as it had gone, and that though as a rule it was desirable to see

※ ¶ It was, indeed, by the merest chance that he had ever got the Cornhill letter at all. The postal arrangements in Dorset were still so primitive at this date that the only delivery of letters at Hardy's father's house was by the hands of some friendly neighbour who had come from the next village; and Mr Stephen's request for a story had been picked up in the mud of the lane by a labouring man, the schoolchildren to whom it had been entrusted having dropped it on the way,

the whole of a novel before definitely accepting it, under the circumstances he decided to accept it at once.

So Hardy went on writing "Far from the Madding Crowd" - sometimes indoors, sometimes out - when he would occasionally find himself without a scrap of paper at the very moment that he felt volumes. In such circumstances he would use large dead leaves, white chips left by the wood-cutters, or pieces of stone or slate that came to hand. He used to say that when he carried a pocket-book his mind was barren as Sahara.

This autumn Hardy assisted at his father's cider-making - a proceeding he had always enjoyed from childhood - the apples being from huge old trees that have now long perished, as well as the old outbuildings. It was the last time he ever took part in a work whose sweet smells and oozings in the crisp autumn air can never be forgotten by those who have had a hand in it. ※ [see on back]

At the end of October an unexpected note from The Cornhill editor asked if, supposing he were to start "Far from the Madding Crowd" in the January number (which would be out the third week in December) instead of the spring, as intended, Hardy could keep in front of the printers with his copy. He learnt afterwards that what had happened was that the MS. of a novel which the editor had arranged to begin in his pages in January had been lost in the post, according, at any rate, to its author's account. Hardy thought January not too soon for him, and that he could keep the printers going. Terms were consequently arranged with the publishers and proofs of the first number sent forthwith, Hardy incidentally expressing with

※ Memorandum by T.H.

"Met J.D. one of the old Mellstock fiddlers – who kept me talking interminably a man who speaks neither truth nor lies, but a sort of Not Proven compound which is very relishable. Told me of Jack — who spent all the money he had – sixpence – at The Oak inn, took his sixpence out of the till when the Landlady's back was turned, and spent it over again: then stole it again and again spent it, till he had had a real skinful. "Was too honest to take any money but his own," said J.D." (Some of J.D's characteristics appear in 'the Tranter" of "Under the Greenwood Tree.")

regard to any illustrations, in a letter of October 1873, "a hope that the rustics, although quaint, may be made to appear intelligent, and not boorish at all"; adding in a later letter: "In reference to the illustrations, I have sketched in my note-book during the past summer a few correct outlines of smockfrocks, gaiters, sheep-crooks, rick-'staddles', a sheep-washing pool, one of the old-fashioned malt-houses, and some other out-of-the-way things that might have to be shown. These I could send you if they would be of any use to the artist, but if he is a sensitive man and you think he would rather not be interfered with, I would not do so."

No response had been made to this, and he was not quite clear whether, after all, Mr Stephen had finally decided to begin so soon when, returning from Cornwall on a fine December noontide, (being New Year's Eve 1873 - 74) he opened on Plymouth Hoe a copy of the Cornhill that he had bought at the station, and there to his surprise saw his story placed at the beginning of the magasine, with a striking illustration, the artist being-also to his surprise- not a man but a woman, Miss Helen Patterson. He had only expected from the undistinguished rank of the characters in the tale that it would be put at the end, and possibly without a picture. Why this had come without warning to him was owing to the accident of his being away from his permanent address for several days, and nothing having been forwarded. It can be imagined how delighted Miss Gifford was to receive the first number of the story, whose nature he had kept from her to give her a pleasant surprise, and to find that her desire of a literary course for Hardy was in

fair way of being justified.

In the first week of January 1874 the story was noticed in a marked degree by The Spectator, and a guess hazarded that it might be from the pen of George Eliot - why, the author could never understand, since, so far as he had read that great thinker - one of the greatest living, he thought, though not a born storyteller by any means - she had never touched the life of the fields: her country-people having seemed to him, too, more like small townsfolk than rustics; and as evidencing a woman's wit cast in country ~~ff~~ dialogue rather than real country humour, which he regarded as rather of the Shakespeare and Fielding sort. However he conjectured, as a possible reason for the flattering guess, that he had latterly been reading Comte's Positive Philosophy, and writings of that school, some of whose expressions had thus passed into his vocabulary, expressions which were also common to George Eliot. Leslie Stephen wrote:

"I am glad to congratulate you on the reception of your first number. Besides the gentle Spectator, which thinks that you must be George Eliot because you know the names of the stars, several good judges have spoken to me warmly of the Madding Crowd. Moreover the Spectator, though flighty in its head, has really a good deal of critical feeling. I always like to be praised by it - and indeed by other people!..... The story comes out very well, I think, and I have no criticism to make."

Respecting the public interest in the opening of the story,

in later days Miss Thackeray ~~infre~~ informed him, with some of her father's humour, that to inquiries with which she was besieged on the sex of the author, and requests to be given an introduction to him or her, she would reply: "It lives in the country, and I ~~should~~ could not very well introduce you to it in town."

A passage may be quoted here from Mr F.W.Maitland's "Life of Leslie Stephen" (to which Hardy contributed half a chapter or so, on Stephen as editor) which affords a humorous illustration of the difficulties of "serial" writing in Victorian days. Stephen had written to say that the seduction of Fanny ~~Braw~~ Robin must be treated in "a gingerly fashion", adding that it was owing to an "excessive prudery of which I am ashamed".

"I wondered what had so suddenly caused, in one who had seemed anything but a prude, the 'excessive prudery' alluded to. But I did not learn till I saw him in April. Then he told me that an unexpected Grundian cloud, though no bigger than a man's hand as yet, had appeared on our serene horizon. Three respectable ladies and subscribers, ~~pr~~ representing he knew not how many more, had written to upbraid him for an improper passage in a page of the story which had already been published.

"I was struck mute, till I said, 'Well, if you value the opinion of such people, why didn't you think of them beforehand, and strike out the passage?'—'I ought to have, since it is their opinion, whether I value it or no,' he said with a half groan. 'But it didn't occur to me that there was anything to object to!' I reminded him that though three objectors ~~had~~

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"I was struck mute, till I said, 'well, if you value the opinion of such people, why don't you think of them beforehand and strike out the passage?' I ought to have, since it is their opinion, whether I value it or no,' he said with a half groan. "But it didn't occur to me that there was anything to object to." I reminded him that though three objectors had

who disliked the passage, or pretended to, might write their disapproval, three hundred who possibly approved of it would not take the trouble to write, and hence he might have a false impression of the public as a body. - 'Yes; I agree. Still I suppose I ought to have foreseen these gentry, and have omitted it,' he murmured.

'It may be ~~finished~~ added here, to finish with this detail (though it anticipates dates), that when the novel came out in volume-form The Times quoted in a commendatory review the very passage that had offended. As soon as I met him, I said, 'You see what The Times says about that paragraph; and you cannot say that The Times is not respectable.' He was smoking and answered tardily: 'No, I can't say that The Times is not respectable.' I then urged that if he had omitted the sentences, as he had wished he had done, I should never have taken the trouble to restore them in the reprint, and The Times could not have quoted them with approbation. I suppose my manner was slightly triumphant; at any rate, he said, 'I spoke as an editor, not as a man. You have no more consciousness of these things than a child.'

To go back for a moment. Having attracted so much attention he now again withdrew into retreat at Rockhampton to get ahead with the novel, which was in a lamentably unadvanced condition, writing to Stephen, when requesting that the proofs might be sent to that hermitage: 'I have decided to finish it here, which is within a walk of the district in which the indidents are

supposed to occur. I find it a great advantage to be actually among the people described at the time of describing them."

However, that he did not care much for a reputation as a novelist in lieu of being able to follow the pursuit of poetry - now for ever hindered, as it seemed - becomes obvious from a remark written to Mr Stephen about this time:-

"The truth is that I am willing, and indeed anxious, to give up any points which may be desirable in a story when read as a whole, for the sake of others which shall please those who read it in numbers. Perhaps I may have higher aims some day, and be a great stickler for the ~~purpose~~- proper artistic balance of the completed work, but for the present circumstances lead me to wish merely to be considered a good hand at a serial."

[no white line]

The fact was that at this date he was bent on carrying out later in the year an intention beside which a high repute as an artistic novelist loomed even less importantly than in ordinary - an intention to be presently mentioned.

[white line]

He found he had drifted anew into a position he had vowed after his past experience he would in future keep clear of.- that of having unfinished on his hands a novel of which the beginning was already before the public, and so having to write against time. He wrote so rapidly in fact that by February he was able to send the ~~edict~~ editor an instalment of copy sufficient for two or three months further, and another instalment in April.

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On a visit to London e in the winter Hardy had made the personal acquaintance of Mr Stephen, the man whose philosophy was to influence his own for many years, indeed, more than that of any other contemporary, and received a welcome in his household, which was renewed from time to time, whereby he became acquainted with Mrs Stephen and her sister Miss Thackeray. He also made acquaintance with Mr G. Murray Smith the publisher and his family in April. At dinner there in May he met his skilful illustrator Miss Helen Patterson, and gave her a few points; Mr Frederick Greenwood; and Mrs Procter, wife and soon after widow of "Barry Cornwall" the poet. [see on back] The enormous acquaintance of ~~this lady~~ Mrs Procter with past celebrities was astonishing, and her humour in relating anecdotes of them charmed Hardy. She used to tell him that sometimes after avowing to Americans her acquaintance with a long list of famous bygone people, she had been compelled to deny knowledge of certain others she had equally well-known, to re-establish her listener's wavering faith in her veracity.

Back again in Dorsetshire he continued his application to the story, and by July had written it all, the last few chapters having been done at a gallop, for a reason to be told directly. ~~In two minutes~~ In the middle of the month he resumed residence in London, where he hurriedly corrected the concluding pages and posted the end of the MS. to the editor early in August.

The next month Thomas Hardy and Miss Emma Lavinia Gifford were married (at St Peter's, Elgin Avenue, Paddington) by her Uncle Dr. E. Hamilton Gifford, (Canon of Worcester, and) afterwards Archdeacon of London, a relative for whom the bride had a great affection. [see back]

In the November following "Far from the Madding Crowd" was published in two volumes, with the illustrations by Miss Helen Patterson,

※ She was an interesting and well-known woman, daughter of Basil Montagu, and granddaughter of the fourth Earl of Sandwich by Miss Martha Ray, who was shot by a jealous lover in 1779.

⊕ Dr Gifford himself had ~~the year before~~ married as his second wife a sister of Sir Francis Jeune, afterwards Lord St Helier, and the family connection thus formed was a source of much social intercourse to the Hardys in after years.

who by an odd coincidence had also thought fit to marry during the progress of the story. It may be said in passing that the development of the chapters month by month had brought these lines from Mrs Procter:-

"You would be gratified to know what a shock the Marriage of Bathsheba was. I resembled Mr Boldwood - and to deceive such an old novel-reader as myself is a triumph. We are always looking out for traps, and scent a long way off a surprise.....

"I hear that you are coming to live in stony-hearted London. Our great fault is that we are all alike.... We press so closely against each other that any small shoots are cut off at once, and the young tree grows in shape like the old one."

When the book appeared complete the author and his wife, after a short visit to the Continent, - their first Continental days having been spent at Rouen - had temporarily gone to live at Surbiton, and remained there for a considerable time without nearly realizing the full extent of the interest that had been excited among the reading public by the novel, which unsophistication was only partially ~~remo~~-moved by their seeing with unusual frequency, during their journeys to and from London, ladies carrying about copies of it with Mudie's label on the covers. Its author's unawareness of the extent of its popularity may have been partly owing to the reviews which, in spite of a general approval, were for the most part leavened with minor belittlements in the manner beloved of so many ~~critics~~ Victorian critics, and possibly later ones, though there were a few generous exceptions.

¶Meanwhile Mr George Smith, head of the firm of Smith and Elder - a man of wide experience, who had brought Charlotte Brontë before the reading public, and who became a disinterested friend of Hardy's - suggested to him that he should if possible get back the copyright of "Under the Greenwood Tree" - which he had sold to Tinsley Brothers for £30. Tinsley at first replied that he would not return it for any sum; then that he would sell it for £300. Hardy offered half, which offer Tinsley did not respond to, and there the matter dropped.

Among the curious consequences of the popularity of "Far from the Madding Crowd" was a letter from the lady he had so admired as a child, when she was the grand dame of the parish in which he was born. He had seen her only once since - at her ~~house~~ town-house in Bruton Street as aforesaid. But it should be stated in justice to her that her writing was not merely a rekindled interest on account of ~~that~~ his book's popularity, for she had written to him in his obscurity, before he had published a line, asking him to come and see her, and addressing him as her dear Tommy, as when he was a ~~child~~ small boy, apologizing for doing so on the ground that she could not help it. She was now quite an elderly lady, but by signing her letter "Julia Augusta" she revived throbs of tender feeling in him, and brought back to his memory the thrilling "frou-frou" of her four grey silk flounces when she had used to bend over him, and when they brushed against the font as she entered church on Sundays. He replied, but, as it appears, did not go to see her. Thus though their eyes never met again after his call on her in London, nor their lips from the time when she had held him in her

arms, who can say that both occurrences might not have been in the order of things, if he had developed their reacquaintance earlier, now that she was in her widowhood, with nothing to hinder her mind from rolling back upon her past.

Meanwhile the more tangible result of the demand for "Far from the Madding Crowd" was an immediate request from the editor and publishers of The Cornhill for another story, which should begin as early as possible in 1875.

This was the means of urging Hardy into the unfortunate course of hurrying forward a further production before he was aware of what there had been of value in his previous one: before learning, that is, not only what had attracted the public, but what was of true and genuine substance on which to build a career as a writer with a real literary ~~xxxxxx~~ message. For mere popularity he cared little, as he did for large payments; but having now to live by the pen—or, as little as he would quote, "to keep base life afoot"—he had to consider ~~popularity~~ popularity. This request for more of his writing not only from The Cornhill but from other quarters, coincided with quizzing personal gossip, among other paragraphs being one that novelwriting was coming to a pretty pass, the author of "Lorna Doone" having avowed himself a market-gardener, and the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" having been discovered to be a house-decorator (!); also with cuckoo-cries on his limitations, which were really the irritation of dullards at his freshness. So, forgetting the wise counsel of Mr Macmillan's reader, to take no notice of "the fooleries of critics", the latter cry influenced him to put aside a woodland story he had thought of (which later took shape in The Woodlanders),

and make a plunge in a new and untried direction. He was aware of the pecuniary value of a reputation for a speciality; ~~though~~ and as above stated the acquisition of something like a regular income had become important. Yet he had not the slightest intention of writing for ever about sheepfarming, as the reading public was apparently expecting him to do, and as, in fact, they presently resented his not doing. Hence, to the consternation of his editor and publishers, in March he sent up as a response to their request the beginning of a tale called "The Hand of Ethelberta/- A Comedy in Chapters", which had nothing whatever in common with anything he had written before.

In March he went with his wife to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, and entered rooms taken in Newton Road, Westbourne Grove, a light being thrown on the domestic and practical side of his life at this time by the following:

"Newton Road, Westbourne Grove
March 19. 1875.

"Messrs ~~Tomley~~ Townly and Bonniwell.
Surbiton.

"Gentlemen: Please to warehouse the cases and boxes sent herewith, and numbered as follows:

" No 1.size 3ft. 6ins. x 2ft. 6ins x 2ft. 2ins, containing linen and books.
" 2. size 2ft. 0ins. x 1ft. 9ins x 1ft. 7½ ins. containing books.
" 3. " 2 ft.0ins. x 1ft. 4ins x 1 ft.8ins. containing books.
" 4. " 1ft. 5ins x 1ft. 0ins x 1ft. 0ins " sundries.

" A receipt for same will oblige."

Their entire worldly goods were contained in this small compass.

The next three months were spent at Newton Road, Westbourne Grove, while following an ordinary round of museum, theatre, and concert-going, with some dining-out, in keeping with what he had written earlier to Mr George Smith: "We are coming to Town for three months on account of Ethelberta's, some London scenes occurring in her chequered career which I want to do as vigorously as possible - having already visited Rouen and Paris with the same object, other adventures of hers taking place there." He also asked Smith's advice on a German translation of "Far from the Madding Crowd", which had been asked for.

The "Comedy in Chapters", despite its departure from a path desired by his new-found readers, and to some extent desired by himself, was accepted for the magazine. The beginning appeared e in The Cornhill for May, when Hardy had at last the satisfaction of proving, amid the general disappointment at the lack of sheep and shepherds, that he did not mean to imitate anybody, whatever the satisfaction might have been worth. The sub-title did not appear in the magazine, Mr Stephen having written in respect of it:

"I am sorry to have to bother you about a trifle! I fully approved of your suggestion for adding to 'Ethelberta's Hand' the descriptive title 'A Comedy in Chapters'. I find however from other people that it gives rather an unfortunate idea. They understand by Comedy something of the farce description, and expect you to be ~~fi~~ funny after the fashion of Mr ----, or some professional joker. This, of course, is stupid; but then, advertisements are meant for stupid people. The question is, unluckily,

The next three months were spent at Newton Road, Westbourne Grove, while visiting an ordinary round of museums, theatres, and concert-going, with some dining-out, in keeping with what he had written earlier to Mr George Keith: "We are going to town for three months on account of Ethelbert's, some London lessons counting in her completed career which I want to do as vigorously as possible - having already visited Rouen and Paris with the same object, other advantages of more lasting place there."

He also asked Smith's advice on a German translation of "Pat and the Leading Crowd", which had been asked for.

The comedy in One Act, "Before the Curtain", despite its departure from a path desired by its new-found readers, and to some extent dearied by [illegible], was accepted for the magazine. The heading to Chapter 13 of The Cornhill for May, when early that at least the authorship and dropping, [illegible] he did not mean to imitate anybody, whatever the satisfaction might have been worth. The sub-title did not appear in the magazine, or the section having written in part of it:

"I am sorry to have to bother you about a trifle! I fully approved of your suggestion for adding to Ethelberta's Hand' the descriptive title 'A Comedy in Chapters'. I thus convey from the people that it gives rise to unfortunate idea. They understand by comedy nowadays of too large description, and not to be 'funny' after the fashion of Mr ——, or some occasional joker. This, of course, is stupid; but then, advertisements are meant for stupid people. The question is, whether

not what they ought to feel but what they do feel.....I think therefore, that if you have no strong reason to the contrary it will be better to drop the second title for the present. When the book is reprinted it can of course appear, because then the illus-ion would be immediately dispelled."

One reflection about himself at this date sometimes made Hardy uneasy. He perceived that he was "up against" the position of having to carry on his life not as an emotion, but as a scientific game; that he was committed by circumstances to novel-writing as a regular trade, as much as he had formerly been to architecture; and that hence he would, he deemed, have to look for material in manners - in ordinary social and fashionable life as other novelists did. Yet he took no interest in manners, but in the substance of life only. So far what he had written had not been novels at all, as usually understood, - that is pictures of modern customs and observances - and might not long sustain the interest of the circulating-library subscriber who cared mainly for those things. On the other hand, to go about to dinners and clubs and crushes as a business was not much to his mind. Yet that was necessary meat and drink to the popular author. Not that he was unsociable, but events and long habit had accustomed him to solitary living. So it was also with his wife, of whom he wrote later, in the poem entitled "A Dream or No":-

Lonely I found her,
The sea-birds around her,
And other than nigh things uncaring to know."

※

However, finding himself committed to prose, he renewed his consideration of a prose style, as it is evident from the following note:-

"Read again ~~An~~ Addison, Macaulay, Newman, Sterne, De Foe, Lamb, Gibbon, Burke, Times Leaders, &c., in a study of style. Am more and more confirmed in an idea I have long held, as a matter of commonsense, long before I thought of any old aphorism bearing on the subject: "Ars est celare artem". The whole secret of a living style and the difference between it and a dead style, lies in not having too much style - being - in fact, a little careless, or rather seeming to be, here and there. It ~~be~~ brings wonderful life into the writing:—

> "A sweet disorder in the dress....
> A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
> I see a wild civility,
> Do more bewitch me than when art
> Is too precise in every part.'

Otherwise your style is like worn half-pence - all the fresh images rounded off by rubbing, and no crispness or movement at all.

" It is, of course, simply a carrying into prose the knowledge I have acquired in poetry - that inexact rhymes and rhythms now and then are far more pleasing than correct ones."

About the time [return to opposite]

He mentioned this doubt of himself one day to Miss Thackeray, who confirmed his gloomy misgivings by saying with surprise: "certainly; a novelist must necessarily like society!"

Another incident which added to his dubiety was the arrival of a letter from Coventry Patmore, a total stranger to him, expressing the view that "A Pair of Blue Eyes" was in its nature not a conception for prose, and that he "regretted at almost every page that such unequalled beauty and power should not have assured themselves the immortality which would have been impressed upon them by the form of verse." (Strangely enough another poet, Tennyson, years after, told Hardy that he liked "A Pair of Blue Eyes" the best of his novels.) Hardy was much struck by this opinion from Patmore. ⁂ [See opposite]

About the time at which the Hardys were leaving Surbiton for Newton Road occurred an incident, which can best be described by quoting Hardy's own account of it as printed in Mr F.W.Maitland's "Life of Leslie Stephen:-

"One day (March 23, 1875) I received from Stephen a mysterious note asking me to call in the evening, as a late as I liked. I went, and found him alone, wandering up and down his library in slippers; his tall thin figure wrapt in a heath-coloured dressing-gown. After a few remarks on our magazine arrangements he said he wanted me to witness his signature to what, for a moment, I thought was his will; but it turned out to be a deed renunciatory of holy-orders under the act of 1870. He said grimly that he was still a reverend gentleman still, little as he might look it, and

that he thought it was as well to cut himself adrift of a calling for which, to say the least, he had always been utterly unfit. The deed was executed with due formality. ,Our conversation then turned upon theologies decayed and defunct, the origin of things, the constitution of matter, the unreality of time, and kindred subjects. He told me that he had 'wasted'much time on systems of religion and metaphysics, and that the new theory of vortex rings had 'a staggering fascination' for him."

On this description the editor of the"Life," Mr Maitland, remarks: "This scene - I need not say it - is well drawn. A tall thin figure wrapt in a heath-coloured dressing-gown was what one saw if one climbed to that Stylites study at dead of night."

In May Hardy formed one of a deputation to Mr Disraeli in support of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of Copyright Law; and on Waterloo Day ~~the pair~~ he and his wife went to Chelsea Hospital - it being the 60th anniversary of the Battle - and made acquaintance with the Waterloo men still surviving there. Hardy would tell that one of these - a delightful old campaigner named John Bentley whom he knew to the last - put his arm round Mrs Hardy's waist, and interlarded his discourse with "my dear young woman", while he described to her his experiences of that memorable day. In this same month of 1875, it may be interesting to note, occurs the first mention in Hardy's memoranda of the idea of an epic on the war with Napoleon - carried out so many years later in "The Dynasts". This earliest note runs as follows:-

one rather incisive touch in his tale to her being that through the haze of smoke all that could be discerned was "anything that shined", such as bayonets, helmets, and swords. The wet eve of the battle, when they slept in the rain with nothing over them he spoke of as "last night", as if he were speaking on the actual day. Another experience he related to her was a love-affair. While quartered in Brussels he had a sweetheart. When ordered to advance to Waterloo her friends offered to hide him if he would desert, as the French were sure to win. He refused, urging the oath he had taken, but he felt strongly tempted, as she was very fond of him, and he of her. She begged him to write, if he lived through the campaign, and to be sure to get a Belgian or Frenchman to direct the letter, or it might not find her. After the battle, and when he was in Paris he did write, and received an answer, saying she would come to Paris and meet him on Christmas Day at 3 o'clock. His regiment had received orders to march before that time, and at Christmas he was - Mrs Hardy forgot where. But he thought of her, and wondered if she came. "Yes, you see, 'twas God's will we should meet no more", said Bentley, speaking of her with peculiar tenderness.

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fit. The deed was executed with due formality, and conversation
then turned upon theologies decayed and defunct, the origin of
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to note, occurs the first mention of Hardy's memoranda of the idea
for his epic of the war with Napoleon - carried out so many years
later in "The Dynasts". This earliest note runs as follows:-

¶ "Mem: A Ballad of The Hundred Days. Then another of Moscow. Others of earlier campaigns - forming altogether an Iliad of Europe from 1789 to 1815."

That Hardy however was endeavouring to live practically at this time as well as imaginatively is shown by an entry immediately following:

"House at Childe-Okeford, Dorset. To be sold by auction June 10."; and by his starting on the 22nd. for a day or two in Dorsetshire house-hunting, first visiting Shaftesbury, where he found a cottage for £25 a year, that did not, however, suit; thence to Blandford, and thence to Wimborne, where on arrival he entered the Minster at ~~night~~ ten at night, having seen a light within, and sat in a stall listening to the organist practising, while the rays from the musician's solitary candle streamed across the arcades. This incident seems to have inclined him to Wimborne; but he did not go there yet.

In July the couple went to Bournemouth, and thence by steamer to Swanage, where they found lodgings at the house of an invalided captain of smacks and ketches; and Hardy, suspecting his house-hunting, settled down there for the autumn and winter to finish ~~th~~ "The Hand of Ethelberta".

While completing it he published in "The Gentleman's Magazine" a ballad he had written nine or ten years earlier during his time with Blomfield, called "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's" (and in some editions "The Bride-night Fire") - which, as with his other verses, he had been ~~made~~ unable to get into print at the date of their ~~appearance~~ composition by the rather perfunctory

"Adam: A Ballad of The Hundred Days. Then another of Moscow.
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"House at Child-Okeford, Dorset. To be sold by auction,
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found a cottage for £18 a year, that did not, however, suit;
thence to Blandford, and thence to Wimborne, where on arrival he
entered the Minster at [illegible] on at night, having seen a light
within, and sat in a stall listening to the organist practising,
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in some editions "The Red-Ruin Fire") - which, as with his
other verses, he had been unable to get into print at the
time of their composition by the rather [illegible]

efforts he made.

"28 Nov. I sit under a tree, and feel alone: I think of certain insects around me as magnified by the microscope: creatures like elephants, flying dragons, etc. And I feel I am by no means alone.

"29. He has read well who has learnt that there is more to read outside books than in them."

Their landlord, the "captain" used to tell them, as sailors will, strange stories of his sea-farings; mostly smuggling stories - one of them Hardy always remembered because of its odd development. The narrator was in a fishing-boat going to meet a French lugger half-channel-over, to receive spirit-tubs and land them. He and his mates were some 9 miles off Portland, which was the limit allowed, when they were sighted by the revenue-cutter. Seeing the cutter coming up they said "We must act as if we were fishing for mackerel. But they had no bait, and the ruse would be discovered. They snapped up the stems of their tobacco-pipes, and unfastening the hook from a line they had with them slipped on the bits of tobacco-pipe above the shank. The officers came - saw them fishing, and merely observing that they were a long way from shore, and dubiously asking why, and being innocently told because the fish were there, (left them. Then, as if the bait had been genuine, to their surprise on pulling up the sham line they began to haul in mackerel. at once. The fish had made their deception truth.

Masters also told them that when persons are drowned in a high sea in the West (or Deadman's) Bay "the sea undresses them" - mauling off their clothes and leaving them naked.

While here at ₩ Swanage they walked daily on the cliffs and

effort be made.

"No. I sit under a tree, and feel alone: I think of
elephants, flying dragons, etc. And I feel I am by no means ex-
ordinary.

"No. He has read well who has learnt that there is more to read
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once. The fish had made their deception truth.

Masters also told them that when persons are drowned in a high
wind in the west (or Deadman's) Bay "the sea undresses them" - casting
their clothes and leaving them naked.

This here at - Swanage they walked daily on the cliffs and

shore, Hardy noting thereon:

"Evening. Just after sunset. Sitting with E. on a stone under the wall before the Refreshment Cottage. The sounds are two, and only two. On the left Durlstone Head roaring high and low, like a giant asleep. On the right a thrush. Above the bird hangs the new moon, and a steady planet."

In the same winter of 1875, an article appeared in the Revue des deux Mondes on "Far from the Madding Crowd" entitled "Roman Pastoral en Angleterre".

"Ethelberta" was finished in the January of the next year (1876) and the MS. dispatched. Pending the appearance of the story in volumes the twain removed in March to lodgings at Yeovil to facilitate their search for a little dwelling. Here they were living when the novel was published. It was received in a friendly spirit and even with admiration in some quarters - more, indeed, than Hardy had expected - one experienced critic going so far as to write that it was the finest ideal comedy since the days of Shakespeare. "Show me the lady in the flesh", he said in a letter to the author, "and I vow on my honour as a bachelor to become a humble addition to her devoted train." It did not however win the cordiality that had greeted its two forerunners, the chief objection seeming to be that it was "impossible". It was, in fact, thirty years too soon for a Comedy of Society of that kind - just as "The Poor Man and the Lady" had been too soon for a socialist story, and as other of his writings - in prose and verse - were too soon for their date. The most impossible situation in it was said to be that of the heroine sitting at table

above. Hardy noting thereon:

"Evening. Just after sunset. Sitting with E. on a stone under the wall before the Retreshment Cottage. The sounds are two, and only two. On the left Durletons Wood roaring high and low, like a giant asleep. On the right a thrush. Above the bird hung the new moon and a single planet."

In the same winter of 1878, an article appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes on "Par from the Madding Crowd" entitled "Roman Pastoral en Angleterre".

"Elfinsporte" was finished in the January of the next year (1878) and the MS. dispatched. Pending the appearance of the story in volume the Twain removed in March to lodgings at Yeovil to facilitate their search for a little dwelling. Here they were living when the story was published. It was received in a friendly spirit and even with admiration in some quarters - more, indeed, than Hardy had expected - one experienced critic going so far as to write that it was the finest idyl comedy since the days of Shakespeare. "Show me the lady in the fleas", he said in a letter to the author, and I vow to my honour as a bachelor to become a humble addition to her devoted train." It did not however win the cordiality that had greeted its forerunners, the under objection seeming to be that it was "impossible". It was, in fact, thirty years too soon for a Comedy of Society of that kind - just as "The Poor Man and the Lady" had been too soon for a socialist story, and as other of his writings - in prose and verse - were too soon for their date. The most impossible situation in it was said to be that of the heroine sitting at table

at a dinner-party of "the best people", at which her father was prese
present by the side-board as butler. Yet ~~the~~ a similar situation, ~~with a change of sex,~~ has been applauded in a play in recent years by Mr Bernard Shaw, without any sense of improbability.

T.D.

a dinner-party of "the best people", at which her father was present by the side-board as butler. Yet the situation, with a change of mask, has been explained in a play in recent years by Mr Bernard Shaw, without any sense of improbability.

Had this very clever satire been discovered to come from the hands of a man about town, its author would have been proclaimed as worthy of a place beside Congreve and Sheridan; (indeed, such had been hinted before its authorship was well known.) But rumours that he had passed all his life in a hermitage smote like an east wind upon all appreciation of ~~his~~ the tale. That the stories of his seclusion were untrue, that Hardy had been living in London for many years in the best of all situations for observing manners, was of course unknown.

This ended Hardy's connection with Leslie Stephen as editor, though not as friend; and in the course of a letter expressing a hope that it might be renewed, Stephen wrote (May 16, 1876):-

"My remark about modern lectures [?] was of course 'wrote roastic' as Artemus Ward says, and intended for a passing dig in e ribs of some modern critics, who think that they can lay down w in art like the pope in religion; e.g., - the whole Rossetti-inburne school - - - - I think as a critic that the less authors d of criticism the better. You, e.g., have a perfectly fresh and iginal vein, and I think the less you bother yourself about criti-l canons the less chance there is of your becoming self-conscious d cramped..... Ste. Beuve, and Mat. Arnold (in a smaller way) e the only modern critics who seem to me worth reading.....we are nerally a poor lot, horribly afraid of not being in the fashion, d disposed to give ourselves airs on very small grounds."

"May. In an orchard at Closeworth. Cowslips under trees. A light proceeds from , as from Chinese lanterns or glow-worms."

1876-78 | Aet. 36-37

They visited Rotterdam - "looking over-clean and new, with not enough shadow, and with houses nearly all out of the perpendicular"; then

CHAPTER VIII.

Holland, The Rhine, & Sturminster Newton.

1876-1878. Aet. 36-37.

From their lodgings in Yeovil they set out at the end of May for Holland and the Rhine - the first thing that struck them being that "the Dutch seemed like police perpetually keeping back an unruly crowd composed of waves." ~~visiting somewhat rapidly Rotterdam~~, the Hague, Scheveningen, Emmerich, and Cologne, where Hardy was disappointed by the machine-made Gothic of the Cathedral, and whence in a few days they went on "between the banks that bear the vine," to Bonn, Coblentz, Ehrenbreitstein, and Mainz, where they were impressed by a huge confirmation in the cathedral, which, by the way, was accompanied by ~~a~~ tune like that of Koble's Evening Hymn. Heidelberg they loved, and looking west one evening from the top of the tower on the Königsstuhl, Hardy remarks on a singular optical effect that was almost tragic. Owing to mist the wide landscape itself was not visible, but "the Rhine glared like a riband of blood, as if it serpentined through the atmosphere above the earth's surface." Thence they went to Carlsruhe, where they attended a fair, and searched for a German lady Hardy had known in England, but were unable to find her. Baden and the Black Forest followed, and next they proceeded to Strasburg, where Mrs Hardy was laid up, (probably by excessive walking). A thick brown mysterious fluid which her husband obtained at an Italian apothecary's and could never

1876-78 | Aet. 36-37

afterwards identify, set her right in a day or two, and then they turned back, proceeding by way of ~~Brussel~~ Metz to Brussels. Here Hardy - maybe with his mind on "The Dynasts" - explored the field of Waterloo, and a day or two later spent some time in investigating the problem of the actual scene of the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, with no result that satisfied him, writing a letter while here to some London paper to that effect - a letter which has not been traced.

A short stay in Brussels was followed by their homeward course through Antwerp, where they halted awhile, and Harwich, having a miserable passage on a windy night in a small steamer with cattle on board.

In London they were much astonished and amused to see in large letters on the newspaper-posters that there had been riots at Antwerp; and they recalled that they had noticed a brass band parading the streets with about a dozen workmen walking quietly behind.

June (1876) Arriving at Yeovil again after another Waterloo-day visit to Chelsea, by Hardy, (where, in the private parlour of "The Turk's Head" over glasses of grog, the battle was ~~fought~~ ~~over~~ yet again by the dwindling number of pensioners who had taken part in it) ~~Hardy's~~ his first consideration was the resumed question of a cottage, having ere this received hints from relatives that he and his wife "appeared to be wandering about like two tramps"; and also growing incommoded by an accumulation of luggage in packing cases, mostly books, for of other furniture they had as yet not a stick; till they went out one day to an auction

and bought a door-scraper and a book-case, with which two articles they laid the foundation of household goods and effects.
※ [see on back]

A pretty cottage overlooking the Dorset Stour - called "Riverside Villa" - offered itself at Sturminster Newton, and this they took at Midsummer, hastily furnished it in part by going to Bristol and buying £100 worth of mid-Victorian furniture in two hours; entering on July 3. It was their first house and, though small, probably that in which they spent their happiest days. Several poems commemorate their term there of nearly two years. A memorandum dated just after their entry runs as follows:

"Rowed on the Stour in the evening, the sun setting up the river. Just afterwards a faint exhalation visible on surface of water as we stirred it with the oars. A fishy smell from the numerous eels and other fish beneath. Mowers salute us. Rowed among the water-lilies to gather them. Their long ropy stems.

"Passing the island drove out a flock of swallows from the bushes and sedge, which had gone there to roost. Gathered meadow-sweet. Rowed with difficulty through the weeds, the rushes on the border standing like palisades against the bright sky.....A Cloud in the sky like a huge quill-pen."

Another entry at this time:

"A story has been told me of a doctor at Maiden Newton, who attended a woman who could not pay him. He said he would take the dead baby in payment. He had it, and it was kept on his mantelpiece in a large glass jar in spirits, which stained the

⁂ "June 25. The irritating necessity of conforming to rules which in themselves have no virtue.

"....26. If it be possible to compress into a sentence all that a man learns between 20 & 40, it is that all things merge in one another — good into evil, generosity into justice, religion into politics, the year into the ages, the world into the universe. With this in view the evolution of species seems but a minute process in the same movement."

body brown. The doctor, who was a young man, afterwards married and used his wife badly, insisting on keeping the other woman's dead baby on his mantelpiece."

Another:

"Mr Warry says that a farmer who was tenant of a friend of his used to take the heart of every calf that died, and, sticking it full of black thorns, hang it on the cotterel, or cross-bar, of his chimney: this was done to prevent the spread of the disease that had killed the calf. When the next tenant came the chimney smoked very much, and examining it they found it choked with hearts treated in the manner described - by that time dry and parched."

Another:

" 'Toad Fair'. An old man, a wizard, used to bring toads' legs in little bags to Bagber Bridge [close to where Hardy was living], where he was met by crowds of people who came in vehicles and on foot, and bought them as charms to cure scrofula by wearing them round the neck. These legs were supposed to twitch occasionally in the bag, and probably did, when it gave the wearer's blood a 'turn', and changed the course of the disease." ※ [See on back]

During a visit to London in December Hardy attended a ~~meet~~ Conference [what congerence?] at St. James's Hall, and heard speak Mr Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury, Hon. E. Ashley, Anthony Trollope, and the Duke of Westminster. "Trollope outran the five or seven minutes allowed for ~~his~~ each speech, and the Duke, who

⁂ "There are two sorts of church-people; those who go, and those who don't go: there is only one sort of chapel-people; those who go."

"'All is vanity,' saith the Preacher. But if all were only vanity, who would mind? Alas, it is too often worse than vanity; agony, darkness, death also."

"A man would never laugh were he not to forget his situation, or were he not one who never has, learnt it. After risibility from comedy how often does the thoughtful mind reproach itself for forgetting the truth! Laughter always means blindness — either from defect, choice, or accident."

was chairman, after various soundings of the bell, and other hints that he must stop, tugged at Trollope's coat-tails in desperation. Trollope turned round, ~~said~~ exclaimed parenthetically, 'Please leave my coat alone', and went on speaking."

They spent Christmas with Hardy's father and mother; and while there his father told them that when he was a boy the hobby-horse was still a Christmas amusement. On one occasion the village band of West Stafford was at Mr Floyer's [the landowner's] at a party, where among other entertainments was that of the said hobby-horse. One of the servants was terrified death-white at the sight of it running about, and rushed into an adjoining dark room where the band's violoncello was lying, entering with such force as to knock off the neck of the instrument.

"A Pair of Blue Eyes" was much to the taste of French readers, and was favourably criticized in the Revue des Deux Mondes early the next year (1877). It appears to have been also a romance that Hardy himself did not wish to let die, for we find him writing to Mr George Smith in the following April:

"There are circumstances in connection with "A Pair of Blue Eyes" which make me anxious to favour it, even at the expense of profit, if I can possibly do so.....I know that you do sometimes, not to say frequently, take an interest in producing a book quite apart from commercial views as a publisher, and I should like to gain such interest for this one of mine.....I can get a photograph of the picturesque Cornish coast, the scene of the story, from which a drawing could be made for the frontispiece."

Mr Smith replied that though he had not printed the original edition he would take it up, profit or no profit; but for some unexplained reason the book was published at other hands, the re-issue receiving much commendatory notice.

"May 1. A man comes every evening to the cliff in front of our house to see the sun set, timing himself to arrive a few minutes before the descent. Last night he came, but there was a cloud. His disappointment."

"May 30th. Walking to Marnhull. The prime of bird-singing. The thrushes and blackbirds are the most prominent,- pleading earnestly rather than singing, and with such modulation that you seem to see their little tongues curl inside their bills in their emphasis. A bullfinch sings from a tree with a metallic sweetness piercing as a fife. Further on I come to a hideous carcase of a house in a green landscape, like a skull on a table of dessert."

Same date:-

"I sometimes look upon all things in inanimate Nature as pensive mutes."

"June 3.

"Mr Young says that his grandfather [about 1750-1830] was very much excited, as was everybody in Sturminster, when a mail-coach ran from Poole to Bristol. On the morning it ran for the first time he got up early, swept the whole street, and sprinkled sand for ~~it~~ the vehicle & horses to pass over."

Same date:-

"The world often feels certain works of genius to be great, without knowing why: hence it may be that particular poets and novelists may have had the wrong quality in them noticed and applauded as that which makes them great."

We also find in this June of 1877 an entry that adumbrates "The Dynasts" yet again - showing that the idea by this time has advanced a stage - from that of a ballad, or ballad-sequence, to a "grand drama": viz:

"Consider a grand drama, based on the wars with Napoleon, or some one campaign, (but not as Shakespeare's historical dramas). It might be called 'Napoleon', or 'Josephine', or by some other person's name."

He writes also, in another connection:

"There is enough poetry in what is left [in life] after all the false romance has been abstracted, to make a sweet pattern: e.g., the poem by S. Coleridge:

'She is not fair to outward view'.

"So, then, if Nature's defects must be looked in the face and transcribed, whence arises the art in poetry and novel-writing?— which must certainly show art, or it becomes merely mechanical reporting. I think the art lies in making these defects the basis of a hitherto unperceived beauty, by irradiating them with 'the light that never was' on their surface, but is seen to be latent in them by the spiritual eye."

"June 28. Being Coronation Day there are games and dancing on the green at Sturminster Newton. The stewards with white rosettes. One is very anxious, fearing that while he is attending to the runners the leg of mutton on the pole will go wrong; hence he walks hither and thither with a compressed countenance and eyes far ahead.

The pretty girls, just before a dance, stand in inviting positions on the grass. As the couples in each figure pass near where their immediate friends loiter, each girl-partner gives a laughing glance at such friends, and whirls on."

"June 29th. Have just passed through a painful night and morning. Our servant, whom we liked very much, was given a holiday yesterday to go to Bournemouth with her young man. Came home last night at ten, seeming oppressed. At about half-past twelve, when we were supposed to be asleep, she crept downstairs went out, and on looking from the back window of our bedroom I saw her come from the outhouse with a man. She appeared to have only her night-gown on and something round her shoulders. Beside her slight white figure in the moonlight his form looked dark and gigantic. She preceded him to the door. Before I had thought what to do E. had run downstairs, and met her, and ordered her to bed. The man disappeared. Found that the bolts of the back-door had been oiled. He had evidently often stayed in the house.

"She remained quiet till between four and five, when she got out of the dining-room window and vanished.

"June 30. About one o'clock went to her father's cottage

in the village, where we thought she had gone. Found them poorer than I expected (for they are said to be an old county family) Her father was in the field haymaking, and a little girl fetched him from the haymakers. He came across to me amid the windrows of hay, and seemed to read bad news in my face. She had not been home. I remembered that she had dressed up in her best clothes, and she probably has gone to Stalbridge to her lover"

The further career of this young woman is not recorded, except as to one trifling detail.

¶ July 4. Went to Stalbridge. Mrs ~~H~~ -- is a charming woman. When we were looking over the church she recommended me to try a curious seat, adding, though we were only talking about the church itself, 'That's where I sat when Jamie was christened, and I could see him very well!'. Another seat she pointed out with assumed casualness as being the one where she sat when she was churched; as if it were rather interesting that she did sit in those places, in spite of her not being a romantic person. When we arrived at her house she told us that Jamie really could not be seen - he was in a dreadful state - covered with hay; half laughing and catching our eyes while she spoke, as if we should know at once how intensely humorous he must appear under those circumstances. Jamie was evidently her life, and flesh, and raiment....Her husband is what we call a 'yopping, or yapping man'. He strains his countenance hard in smiling, and keeps it so for a distinct length of time, so that you may on no account whatever miss his smile and the point of the words that gave rise to it. Picks up pictures and china for eighteenpence worth

ever so much more. Gives cottagers a new set of tea-cups with handles for old ones without handles - an exchange which they are delighted to make"

"Country life at Sturminster. Vegetables pass from growing to boiling, fruit from the bushes to the pudding, without a moment's halt, and the gooseberries that were ripening on the twigs at noon are in the tart an hour later.

"July 13. The sudden disappointment of a hope leaves a scar which the ultimate fulfilment of that hope never entirely removes.

"July 27. James Bushrod of Broadmayne saw the two German soldiers [of the York Hussars] shot [for desertion] on Bincombe Down in 1801. It was in the path across the down, or near it. James Selby of the same village thinks there is a mark. [The tragedy was used in "The Melancholy Hussar", the real names of the deserters being given.]

"Sept. 25. Went to Shroton Fair. In a twopenny show saw a woman beheaded. In another a man whose hair grew on one side of his face. Coming back across Hambledon Hill (where the Club-Men assembled, temp. Cromwell) a fog came on. I nearly got lost in the dark inside the earthworks, the old hump-backed man I had parted from on the other side of the hill, who was going somewhere else before coming across the earth-works in my direction, being at the bottom as soon as I. A man might go round and round all night in such a place."

"Aug. 13. We hear that Jane, our late servant is soon to have a baby. Yet never a sign of one is there for us."

"September 28.....An object or mark raised or made by man on a scene is worth ten times any such formed by unconscious Nature. Hence clouds, mists, and mountains are unimportant beside the wear on a threshold, or the print of a hand."

"Sep October 31. To Bath. Took lodgings for my father near the baths and Abbey. Met him at G.W.Station. Took him to the lodgings. To theatre in the evening. Stayed in Bath. Next day went with father to the baths, to begin the cure."

had the sadness of hearing of the death of Raphael Brandon, the literary architect whom he had been thrown with seven years earlier, at a critical stage in his own career. He also at this time

During this year 1877 Hardy entered into an interesting correspondence with Mrs Chatteris, daughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, upon some facts in the life of the latter. But his main occupation at Riverside Villa (or 'Rivercliff' as they sometimes called it) was writing "The Return of the Native" The only note he makes of its progress is that, on Nov. 8., parts 3, 4, and 5 of the story were posted to Messrs Chatto and Windus for publication in (of all places) "Belgravia" - a monthly magazine then running. Strangely enough, the rich alluvial district of Sturminster Newton in which the author was now living was not used by him at this time as a setting for the story he was constructing there, but the heath country twenty miles off. It may be mentioned here that the name "Eustacia" which he gave to his heroine was that of the wife of the owner of the manor of Ower-Moigne in the reign of Henry IV, which parish includes part of the "Egdon" Heath of the story (vide Hutchin's Dorset); and

On the same day he jots down:-

"Nov. 8. Mr and Mrs Dashwood [a local solicitor & landowner] came to tea. Mr Dashwood says

that "Clement" the name of the hero, was suggested by its being that of one of his supposed ancestors, Clement le Hardy, of Jersey, whose family migrated from that isle to the west of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century

that poachers elevate a pan of brimstone on a stick under pheasants at roost, and so stupefy tham that they fall.

"Sometimes the keepers make dummy pheasants and fix them in places where pheasants are known to roost: then watch by them. The poachers come; shoot and shoot again, when the keepers rush out.

"At a battue the other day lots of the birds ran into the keepers' house for protection.

"Mr D. says that a poacher he defended at Quarter Sessions asked for time to pay the fine imposed, and they gave him till the next Justice meeting. He said to Mr D., "I shall be able to get it out of 'em before then" - and in fact he had in a week poached enough birds from the Justices' preserves to pay the five pounds.

"Nov. 12. A flooded river after the incessant rains of yesterday. Lumps of froth float down like swans in front of our house. At the arches of the large stone bridge the froth has accumulated and lies like hillocks of salt against the bridge; then the arch chokes, and after a silence coughs out the air and froth, and gurgles on.

"End of November. This evening the west is like some vast foundry where new worlds are being cast.

"December 22. In the evening I went with Dr Leach the coroner to an inquest which was to be held at Stourton Caundell on the body of a boy. Arrived at the Trooper Inn after a lonely drive through dark and muddy lanes. Met at the door by the Superintendent of Police and a policeman in plain clothes. Also by Mr

Long, who had begun the post-mortem. We then went to the ~~cottage~~ cottage; a woman or two, and children, were sitting by the fire, who looked at us with a cowed expression. Upstairs the body of the boy lay on a box covered with a sheet. It was uncovered, and Mr Long went on with his autopsy I holding a candle to lighthim and the policeman another. The body had been opened by a vertical and horizontal cut. Found a clot in the heart, but no irritant poison in the stomach, as had been ~~ex~~suspected. The inquest was then held at the inn.

"Dec. 26. In literature young men usually begin their careers by being judges, and as wisdom and old experience arrive they reach the dignity of standing as culprits at the bar before ~~the~~ new young bloods who have in their turn sprung up in the judgment-seat."

A correspondence with Baron Tauchnitz in reference to conintental editions of his books was one of the businesses of the year-end.

Despite the pleasure of this life at Sturminster Newton Hardy had decided that the practical side of his ~~a~~ vocation of novelist demanded that he should have his head-quarters in or near London. The wisdom of his decision, considering the nature of his writing, he afterwards questioned. So in the first week of February he and Mrs Hardy went up to look for a house, and about the middle of the month he signed an agreement for a three-years lease of one at Upper Tooting, close to Wandsworth Common.

"March 5. Concert at Sturminster. A Miss Marsh of Sutton [Keinton?] Mandeville sang 'Should he upbraid', to Bishop's old tune. She is the sweetest of singers - thrush-like in the descending scale, and lark-like in the ascending - drawing out the soul of listeners in a gradual thread of excruciating attenuation like silk from a cocoon."

Many years after Hardy was accustomed to say that this was the most marvellous old song in English music in its power of touching an audience. There was no surer card to play as an encore, even when it was executed but indifferently well. He wrote some lines thereon entitled "The Maid of ~~Sut~~ Kein ton Mandeville".

"March 18. End of the Sturminster Newton idyll...." [the following is written in later] "Our happiest time."

It was also a poetical time. Several poems in "Moments of Vision" contain memories of it, such as "Overlooking the River Stour", "The Musical Box", and "On Sturminster Foot-Bridge".

That evening of March 18 a man came to arrange about packing their furniture, and the next day it was all out of the house. They slept at Mrs Dashwood's, after breakfasting, lunching, and dining there; and in the morning saw their goods off, and left Sturminster for London.

1878-80 | Aet. 37-39

CHAPTER IX.

Life and literature in a London Suburb.

1878 - 1880. Aet 37 - 39.

Two days later they beheld their furniture descending from a pair of vans at 1 Arundel Terrace ("The Larches"), in Trinity Road, just beyond ~~Upper~~ Wandsworth Common. ~~Tooting~~. They had stayed at Bolingbroke Grove to be near.

"March 22. - We came from Bolingbroke Grove to Arundel Terrace and slept here for the first time. Our house is the south-east corner one where Brodrick Road crosses Trinity Road down towards Wandsworth Common Station, the side door being in Brodrick Road"

"April - Note. A Plot, or Tragedy, should arise from the gradual closing in of a situation that comes of ordinary human passions, prejudices, and ambitions, by reason of the characters taking no trouble to ward off the disastrous events produced by the said passions, prejudices, and ambitions."

"The advantages of the letter-system of telling a story (passing over the disadvantages) are that, hearing what one side has to say, you are led constantly to the imagination of what the other side must be feeling, and at last are anxious to know if the other side does really feel what you imagine."

"April 22. - The method of Boldini, the painter of "The Morning Walk" in the French Gallery two or three years ago (a young lady beside an ugly blank wall on an ugly highway) - of Hobbema, in his view of a road with formal lopped trees and flat tame scenery - is that of ~~H~~ infusing emotion into the baldest external objects either by the presence of a human figure among them, or by mark of some human connection with them.

"This accords with my feeling about, say, Heidelberg and Baden <u>versus</u> Scheveningen - as I wrote at the beginning of 'The Return of the Native' - that the beauty of association is entirely superior to the beauty of aspect, and a beloved relative's old battered tankard to the finest Greek vase. Paradoxically put, it is to see the beauty in ~~so-called~~ ugliness.

"April 28. - Mr George Smith (Smith Elder and Co) informs the that how he first got to know Thackeray was through 'a mutual friend' - to whom Smith said, 'Tell Thackeray that I will publish everything he likes to write.' This was before Thackeray was much known, and when he had only published the Titmarsh and Yellowplush papers. However, Thackeray did not appear. When they at length met, Thackeray said he wished to publish 'Vanity Fair', and Smith undertook it. Thackeray also said he had offered it to three or four publishers who had refused it. 'Why didn't you come to me?' said Smith. 'Why didn't you come to me?' said Thackeray.

"June 8. - To Grosvenor Gallery. Seemed to have left flesh behind, and entered a world of soul. In some of the pictures,

e.g. A.Tadema's 'Sculpture' (men at work carving the Sphinx), and 'Ariadne adandoned by Theseus' (an uninteresting dreary shore, little tent one corner, etc.) the principles I have mentioned have been applied to choice of subject."

"June 16. Sunday evening. At Mr Alexander Macmillan's with E. He told me a story the late Mrs Carlyle told him. One day when she was standing alone on Craigenputtock Moor, where she and Mr Carlyle were living, she discerned in the distance a red spot. It proved to be the red cloak of a woman who passed for a witch in those parts. Mrs Carlyle got to know her, and ultimately learnt her history. She was the daughter of a laird owning about eighty acres, and there had come to their house in her young-womanhood a young dealer in cattle. The daughter and he fell in love, and were married, and both lived with their father, whose farm the young man took in hand to manage. But he ran the farmer into debt, and ultimately (I think) house and property had to be sold. The young man vanished. A boy was born to the wife, and after a while she went away to find her husband. She came back in a state of great misery, but would not tell where she had been. It leaked out that the husband was a married man. She was proud and would not complain; but her father died; the boy grew up and was intended for a schoolmaster, but he was crossing the moor one night and lost his way; was buried in the snow, and frozen to death. She lived on in a hut there, and

became the red-cloaked old woman who was Mrs Carlyle's witch-neighbour."

In June he was elected a member of the Savile Club, and by degrees fell into line as a London man again. Dining at Mr Kegan Paul's, Kensington Square, the same summer, they met Mr Leighton (Sir F. Leighton's father), his daughter Mrs Sutherland Orr, who had been in India during the Mutiny, and Professor Huxley, whom they had met before at Mr Macmillan's. "We sat down by daylight, and as we dined the moon brightened the trees in the garden and shone under them into the room." For Huxley Hardy had a liking which grew with knowledge of him - though that was never great - speaking of him as a man who united a fearless mind with the warmest of hearts and the most modest of manners.

"August 3. Minto dined with me at the club. Joined at end of dinner by W.H.Pollock, and we all three went to the Lyceum. It was Irving's last night, in which he appeared in a scene from "Richard III"; then as "Jingle"; then recited Eugene Aram's "Dream" -(the only piece of literature outside plays that actors seem to know of). As "Jingle", forgetting his part, he kept up one shoulder as in "Richard III". We went to his dressing-room; -found him naked to the waist:- champagne in tumblers."

"August 31. to Sept. 9. - In Dorset. Called on William Barnes the poet. Went to Kingston Lacy to see the pictures. Dined at West-Stafford Rectory. Went with C.W.Moule [Fellow of Corpus, Cambridge,] to Ford Abbey."

"July. When a couple are shown to their room at an hotel, before the husband has seen that it is a room at all, the wife has found the looking-glass & is arranging her bonnet."

"September 30. - Returned and called on G. Smith. Agreed to his terms for publishing 'The Return of the Native'.

Shortly after he wrote to Messrs Smith and Elder:

"I enclose a sketch-map of the supposed scene in which "The Return of the Native" is laid, copied from the one I used in writing the story; and my suggestion is that we place an engraving of it as frontispiece to the first volume. Unity of plaçe is so seldom preserved in novels that a map of the scene of action is as a rule quite impracticable. But since the present story affords an opportunity of doing so I am of opinion that it would be a desirable novelty."

The publishers fell in with the idea and the map was made. It was afterwards ~~enclosed~~ adopted by R.L.Stevenson in "Treasure Island".

⊗ [see on back]

Mrs Hardy used to relate that during this summer, she could not tell exactly when, she looked out of a window at the back of the house, and saw her husband running without a hat down Brodrick Road, and disappearing round a corner into a bye street. Before she had done wondering what could have happened he returned, and all was explained. While sitting in his writing-room he had heard a street barrel-organ of the kind that used to be called a "harmonifluto," playing somewhere near at hand the very quadrille over which the jaunty young man who had reached the end of his time at Hicks's had ~~thrown~~ spread such a bewitching halo more than twenty years earlier, and Hardy had never been able to identify. He had thrown down his pen, and, as she had beheld, flown out and approached the organ- ※ See back

⊗ ¶ A peculiarity in the local descriptions running through all Hardy's writings may be instanced here – that he never uses the word "Dorset", never names the county at all (except possibly in an explanatory foot-note), but obliterates the names of the six counties whose area he traverses in his scenes under the general appellation of "Wessex" – an old word that became quite popular after the date of "Far from the Madding Crowd," where he first introduced it. So far did he carry this idea of the unity of Wessex that he used to say he had grown to forget the crossing of county boundaries within the ancient Kingdom – in this respect being quite unlike the poet Barnes, who was "Dorset" emphatically.

[White line]

Mrs Hardy etc. [return to back]

⁂ by describing the glories of dancing round to its beats on the Cremorne platform or at the Argyle Rooms, and Hardy . . . [return to back]

grinder with such speed that the latter, looking frightened, began to shuffle off. Hardy called out, "What's the name of that tune?" The grinder - a young foreigner ~~Italian~~ who could not speak English - exclaimed trembling as he stopped, "Quad-ree-ya! quad-ree-ya!" and pointed to the index in front of the instrument. Hardy looked: "Quadrille" was the only word there. He had till then never heard it since his smart senior had whistled it; he never heard it again, and never ascertained its name. It was possibly one of Jullien's — then gone out of vogue — set off [see ⊠ at back of this]

"October 27. - Sunday. To Chelsea Hospital and Ranelagh Gardens: met a palsied pensioner - deaf. He is 88 - was in the Seventh (?) Hussars. He enlisted ~~joined~~ in 1807 or 1808, served under Sir John Moore in the Peninsula, through the Retreat, and was at Waterloo. It was extraordinary to talk and shake hands with a man who had shared in that terrible winter march to Coruna, and had seen Moore face to face.

"Afterwards spoke to two or three others. When an incorrigible was drummed out of barracks to the tune of the Rogue's March - (as my father had told me) - all the facings and the buttons were previously cut from his uniform, and a shilling given him. The fifes and drums accompanied him only just beyond the barrack-gates.

"In those days if you only turned your eye you were punished. My informant had known men receive 600 lashes - 300 at a time, or 900, if the doctor said it could be borne. After the

rather by the youthful imagination of Hardy at sixteen than by any virtue in the music itself. ~~It may however please the serious reader, if I should leave a fragment of this~~

punishment salt was rubbed on the victim's back, to harden it. He did not feel the pain of this, his back being numbed by the lashes. The men would hold a bullet between their teeth and chew it during the operation.

"The Return of the Native" was published by Messrs Smith and Elder in November, "The Times' remark upon the book being that the reader found himself taken ~~further~~ farther from the madding crowd than ever. Old Mrs Procter's amusing criticism in a letter was "Poor Eustachia. I so fully understand her longing for the Beautiful. ± I love the Common; but still one may wish for something else. I rejoice that Venn [a character] is happy. A man is never cured when he loves a stupid woman [Thomasin] Beauty fades, and intelligence and wit grow irritating; but your dear Dulness is always the same."

"November 28. Woke before it was light. Felt that I had not enough staying power to hold my own in the world."

On the last day of the year Hardy's father wrote, saying that his mother was unwell, and that he had "drunk both their healths in gin and rhubarb wine, with hopes that they would live to see many and many a New Year's day." He suggested that they should come ere long.

"1879. January 1. New Year's thought. A perception of the FAILURE of THINGS to be what they are meant to be, lends them, in place of the intended interest, a new and greater interest of an unintended kind."

The poem "A January Night" - 1879" in "Moments of Vision", relates to an incident of this new year (1879) which occured here at Tooting, where they seemed to begin to feel that "there had passed away a glory from the earth." And it was in this house that their troubles began. This however is anticipating unduly.

"January 30. 1879. In Stevens's book-shop, Holywell Street. A bustling vigorous young curate comes in - red-faced and full of life - the warm breath puffing from his mouth in a jet into the frosty air, and religion sitting with an ill grace upon him.

" 'Have you Able to Save'?

"Shopman addressed does not know, and passes on the inquiry to the master standing behind with his hat on: 'Able to save?'

" 'I don't know - hoi! (to boy at other end) Got Able to Save? Why the devil can't you attend!'

"'What sir?'

"'Able to Save'!

"Boy's face a blank. Shopman to curate: 'Get it by to-morrow afternoon, Sir'

" 'And please get Words of Comfort.'

" 'Words of Comfort. Yes Sir.' Exit curate.

"Master: 'Why the h-- don't anybody here know what's in stock?' Business proceeds in a subdued manner.

"February 1. - To Dorchester. Cold. Rain on snow. Henry seen advancing through it, with Wagonette and Bob [Hardy's father's horse], to the station entrance. Drove me to Bockhampton through the sleet and rain from the East, which shaved us like a razor. Wind on Fordington & Moor cut up my sleeves and round my wrists - even up to my elbows. The light of the lamp at the bottom of the town shone on the reins in Henry's hands, and showed them glistening with ice. Bob's behind-part was a mere grey Arabic arch; his foreparts invisible."

"February 4. To Weymouth and Portland. As to the ruined walls in the low part of Chesil, a woman says the house was washed down in the November gale of 1824. The owner never rebuilt it, but emigrated with his family. She says that in her house one person was drowned (they were all in bed except the fishermen) and next door two people. It was about four in the morning that the wave came."

"February 7. Father says that when there was a hanging at Dorchester in his boyhood it was carried out at one o'clock, it being the custom to wait till the mail-coach came in from London in case of a reprieve.

"He says that at Puddletown Church, at the time of the old west-gallery violin, oboe, and clarionet players, Tom Sherren (one of them) used to copy tunes during the sermon. So did my grandfather at Stinsford Church. Old Squibb the parish-clerk used also to stay up late at night helping my grandfather in his 'prick-noting', (as he called it.)

"He says that William, son ± of Mr S---the Rector of ~~Woodsford and Fineleton,~~ W——— O——— became a miller at ~~Owre-Moigne~~ Mill, and married a German woman whom he met at Puddletown Fair playing her tambourine. When her husband ~~had~~ was gone to market she used to call in John Porter, who could play the fiddle, and lived near, and give him some gin, when she would beat the tambourine to his playing. She was a good-natured woman with blue eyes, brown hair, and a round face; rather slovenly. Her husband was a hot, hasty fellow, though you could hear by his speech that he was a

And Creed, and the cock crows and flaps his wings against the Ten Commandments. It reminded me that I had seen these

better educated man than ordinary millers. same Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer,

"G.R.---(who is a humorist) showed me his fowl-house, which was built of old church-materials bought at Wellspring the builder's sale. R's chickens roost under the gilt-lettered Lord's Prayer, and Creed, before, forming the sides of the stone-mason's shed in that same builder's yard, and that he had remarked ~~that~~ casually that they did not prevent the workmen ('cussing ~~cursing~~ and damning ~~swearing~~' the same as ever. It also reminded me of seeing the old font of --- Church, Dorchester, in a garden, used as a flower-vase, the initials of ancient godparents and churchwardens still legible upon it. A comic business - church restoration.

"A villager says of the parson, who has been asked to pray for a sick person: 'His prayers wouldn't save a mouse!'

"February 12. Sketched the English Channel from Mayne Down.

* [see back]

"February 15. Returned to London.

"April 5. Mary writes to tell me that 'there is a very queer quire at Steepleton Church. It consists only of a shoemaker who plays the bass-viol, and his mother who sings the air'."

"June 8. To the International Literary Congress at the rooms of the Society of Arts. Met M. de Lesseps. A few days afterwards to the Soiree Musicale at the Hanover Square Club, to meet members of the Literary Congress and the Comédie Française: A large gathering. The whole thing a free-and-easy mix-up. I was a total stranger, and wondered why I was there: many others were total strangers to everybody else; sometimes two or three of these total strangers would fraternize from very despair. A little old Frenchman, however, who bustled about in a skull cap and frilled shirt, seemed to know everybody."

"June 21. With E. to Bosworth Smith's, Harrow, (for the week-end).

※ "I am told that when Jack Ketch had done whipping by the Town Pump [Dorchester] the prisoners' coats were thrown over their bleeding backs, and, guarded by the town-constables with their long staves, they were conducted back to prison. Close at their heels came J. K., the cats held erect – there was one cat to each man – the lashes were of knotted whipcord.

"Also that in a village near Yeovil about 100 years ago there lived a dumb woman, well known to my informant's mother. One day the woman suddenly spoke and said:

'A cold winter, a forward spring,
A bloody summer, a dead King.'

She then dropped dead. The French Revolution came immediately after."

In the aviary he has a raven, ~~a brown owl~~, and a barn owl. One ridiculously small boy was in tails - he must have been a bright boy, but I forgot to ask about him. One of the boys in charity-tails could have eaten him.

"Bos's brother Henry the invalid has what I fear to be a churchyard cough [he died not so very long after]. His cough pleases the baby, so he coughs artificially much more than required by his disease, to go on pleasing the baby. Mrs H.S. implores her husband not to do so; but he does, nevertheless, showing the extraordinary nonchalance about death that so many of his family show.

"In chapel - which we attended - the little tablets in memory of the boys who have died at school there were a moving sight.

"Sunday night we went with Bos. to the boys' dormitories. One boy was unwell, and we talked to him as he lay in bed, his arm thrown over his head. Another boy has his room hung with proof engravings after Landseer. In another room were the two K-----s of Clyffe. In another a big boy and a little boy - the little boy being very earnest about birds' eggs, and the big boy silently affecting a mind above the subject though covertly interested."

"27. From Tooting to Town again. In railway carriage a too statuesque girl; but her features were absolutely perfect. She sat quite still, and her smiles did not extend further than a finger-nail's breadth from the edge of her mouth. The repose of her face was such that when the train shook her it seemed painful.

Her mouth was very small, and her face not unlike that of a nymph. In the train coming home there was a contrasting girl of sly humour - the pupil of her eye being mostly half under the outer side of her eyelid."

It was in this year that pourparlers were opened with Leslie Stephen about another story for the Cornhill; and Hardy informed him that he was writing a tale of the reign of George III; on which Stephen remarks in respect of historical novels:

"I can only tell you what is my own taste, but I rather think that my taste is in this case the common one. I think that a historical character in a novel is almost always a nuisance; but I like to have a bit of history in the background, so to speak; to feel that George III is just round the corner, though he does not present himself in full front."

Since coming into contact with Leslie Stephen about 1873, as has been shown, Hardy had been much influenced by his philosophy, and also by his criticism. He quotes the following sentence from Stephen in his note-book inder the date of July 1. 1879:-

"The ultimate aim of the poet should be to touch our hearts by showing his own, and not to exhibit his learning, or his fine taste, or his skill in mimicking the notes of his predecessors." That Hardy adhered pretty closely to this principle when he resumed the writing of poetry can hardly be ~~doubted~~ denied.

"July 8 or 9. With E. to Mrs [Alexander] Macmillan's garden-party at Knapdale, near our house. A great many present. Talked to Mr White of Harvard University, and Mr Henry Holt the New

York publisher, who said that American spelling and idiom ~~must~~ must prevail over the English, as it was sixty millions against thirty. I forgot for the moment to say that it did not follow, the usage set up by a few people of rank, education, and fashion being the deciding factor. Also to ~~a~~ John Morley, whom I had not seen since he read my first manuscript. He remembered it, ~~and~~ and said in his level ~~voice~~ uninterested voice: "Well, since we met, you have ..." etc, etc. Also met a Mrs H., who pretended to be an admirer of my books, and apparently had never read one. She had with her an American lady, sallow, with black dancing eyes, dangling earrings, yellow costume, and gay laugh." ⊗ [See on back]

"July 12. To Chiselhurst to funeral of young Louis Napoleon. Met [Sir G.] Greenhill in the crowd. We stood on the common while the procession passed. Was struck by the profile of Prince Napoleon as he walked by bareheaded, a son on each arm: complexion dark, sallow, even sinister: a round projecting chin: countenance altogether extraordinarily remindful of Boney." Hardy said long after that this sight of Napoleon's ~~relative~~ nephew — "Plon Plon" — had been of ~~great~~ enormous use to him, when writing 'The Dynasts', in imagining the Emperor's ~~appearance~~ appearance. ※ [See back]

"July 29. Charles Leland - a man of higher literary rank than ever was accorded him [the American author of Hans Breitmann's Ballads and translator of Heine] told some of his gipsy tales at the Savile Club, including one of how he visited at a country mansion, and while there went to see a gipsy-family living in a tent on the squire's land. He talked to them in

⊗ It was at this garden-party at Mrs Macmillan's that the thunderstorm came on which Hardy made use of in a similar scene in "A Laodicean".

⁂ And it has been remarked somewhere in print that when the Prince had been met, without warning in Paris, at night crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, the beholder had started back aghast under the impression that he was seeing the spirit of the great Napoleon.

Romany, and was received by the whole family as a bosom-friend. He was told by the head gipsy that his, the gipsy's, brother would be happy to know him when he came out of gaol, but that at present he was doing six months for a horse. While Leland was sitting by the fire drinking brandy-and-water with this friend, the arrival of some gentlemen and ladies, fellow-guests at the house he was staying at, was announced. They had come to see the gipsies out of curiosity. Leland threw his brandy from his glass into the fire, not to be seen tippling there, but as they entered it blazed up in a blue flare much to their amazement, as if they thought it some unholy libation, which added to their surprise at discovering him. How he explained himself I cannot remember."

In the latter half of August Hardy paid a visit to his parents in Dorset and a week later Mrs Hardy joined him there. They spent a few days in going about the district, and then took lodgings at Weymouth, right over the harbour, his mother coming to see them, and driving to Portland, Upwey, &c, in their company. Their time in the port was mostly wet;—"the [excursion-] steamer-bell ringing persistently, and nobody going on board except an unfortunate boys' school that had come eight miles by train that morning to spend a happy day by the sea. The rain goes into their baskets of provisions, and runs out a strange mixture of cake-juice and mustard-water, but they try to look as if they were enjoying it - all except the pale thin assistant-master who has come with them, and whose face is tragic with his

responsibilities. The Quay seems quite deserted till, on going along it, groups of boatmen are discovered behind each projecting angle of ~~the~~ wall - martyrs in countenance, talking of what their receipts would ~~be~~ have been if the season had turned out fine; and the landladies' faces at every lodging-house window watching the drizzle and the sea it half obscures. Two adventurous visitors have emerged from their lodgings as far as the doorway, where they stand in their waterproof cloaks and goloshes, saying cheerfully, 'the air will do us good, and we can change as soon as we come in.' Young men rush to the bathing machines in ulsters, and the men engaged in loading a long-voyage steamer lose all patience, and say: 'I'm blanked if it goes on much longer like this we shall be rotted alive!' The tradespeople are exceptionally civil, and fancy prices have miraculously disappeared.....

"Am told that ---has turned upon her drunken husband at last, and knocks him down without ceremony. In the morning he holds out his trembling hand and says, "Give me a sixpence for a drop o'brandy - please do ye, my dear!" This was a woman Hardy had known as a pretty laughing girl, who had been married for the little money she had.

CHAPTER X.

London Life, France, and Cambridge.

1879 - 80: Aet. 39 - 40,

After their return to London they visited and dined out here and there, and as Mrs Hardy had never seen the Lord Mayor's Show Hardy took her to view it from the upper windows of "Good Words" in Ludgate Hill. She remarked that the surface of the crowd seemed like a boiling cauldron of porridge. He jots down that "as the crowd grows denser it loses its character~~xxxxxxxx~~x of an aggregate of countless units, and becomes an organic whole, a molluscous black creature having nothing in common with humanity, that takes the shape of the streets along which it has lain itself, and throws out horrid excrescences and limbs into neighbouring alleys; a creature whose voice exudes from its scaly coat, and who has an eye in every pore of its body. The balconies, stands, and railway-bridge are occupied by small detached shapes of the same tissue, but of gentler ~~xx~~ motion, as if they were the spawn of the monster in their midst."

On a Sunday in the same November they met in Mr Frith's studio to which they had been invited, Sir Percy Shelley, (the son of Percy Bysshe) and Lady Shelley. Hardy said afterwards that

the meeting was as shadowy and remote as were those previous occasions when he had impinged on the penumbra of the poet he loved - that time of his sleeping at the Cross Keys, St. John's Street, and that of the visits he paid to Old St. Pancras Churchyard. He was to enter that faint penumbra twice more, once when he stood beside Shelley's dust in the English cemetery at Rome, and last when by Mary Shelley's grave at Bournemouth.

They also met in the studio a deaf old lady, introduced as "Lady Bacon" (though she must have been Lady Charlotte Bacon) who "talked vapidly of novels, saying she never read them-- not thinking them positively wicked, but, well.....", Mr Frith afterwards explained that she was Byron's Ianthe, to whom he dedicated the First and Second Cantos of "Childe Harold", when she was Lady Charlotte Harley that "Peri of the West", with an eye "wild as the Gazelle's", and a voice that had entered Byron's ear, was now a feeble beldame muffled up in black and furs. (It may be mentioned that she died the following year).

Hardy met there too - a distinctly modern juxtoposition - Miss Braddon, who "had a broad, thought-creased, world-beaten face - a most amiable woman," whom he always liked.

In December Hardy attended the inaugural dinner of the Rabelais Club at the Tavistock Hotel, in a "large, empty, dimly-lit, cheerless apartment, with a gloomy crimson screen hiding what remained of the only cheerful object there - the fire. There was a fog in the room as in the streets, and one man only came in evening dress, who, Walter Pollock said, looked like the skull at the banquet, but who really looked like a conjurer dying of the cold among a common set of thick jacketed men who

could stand it. When I came in Leland turned his high flat façade to me - like that of a clock-tower; his face being the clock-face, his coat swaying like a pendulum; features earnest and energetic, altogether those of a single-minded man. There were also Fred Pollock; girlish-looking, and genial Walter Besant, with his West-of-England sailor face and silent pantomimic laughter. Sir Patrick Colquhoun was as if he didn't know what he was there for, how he arrived there, or how he was going to get home again. ~~Another~~ Two others present - Palmer [afterwards murdered in the East], and Joe Knight [the Dramatic critic], also seemed puzzled about it.

"When dinner was over and things had got warmer, Leland in his speech remarked with much emphasis that we were men who ought to be encouraged, which sentiment was applauded with no misgivings of self-conceit. D ---, now as always, made himself the clown of our court, privileged to say anything by virtue of his office. Hence when we rose to drink the health of absent members he stayed firmly sitting, saying he would not drink it because they ought to have been there, afterwards lapsing into Spanish on the strength of his being going some day to publish a translation of Don Quixote. Altogether we were as Rabelasian as it was possible to be in the foggy circumstances, though I succeeded but poorly." ⁂ [see on back]

On the first of February 1880 Hardy observed a man skating by himself on the pond by the Trinity-Church Schools at Upper Tooting, near his own house, and was moved to note down:

"It is a warm evening for the date, and there has been a thaw for two or three days, so that the birds sing cheerfully. A

⁂ ¶ It should be explained that this Rabelais Club, which had a successful existence for many years, had been instituted by Sir Walter Besant – a great Lover of clubs and societies – as a declaration for virility in literature. Hardy was pressed to join as being the most virile writer of works of the imagination then in London; while, it may be added, Henry James, after a discussion, was rejected for the lack of that quality, though he was afterwards invited as a guest.

buttercup is said to be visible somewhere, and spring has, in short, peeped in upon us. What can the sentiments of that man be, to enjoy ice at such a time? The mental jar must overcome physical enjoyment in any well-regulated mind. He skates round the edge, it being unsafe to go into the middle, and he seems to sigh as he puts up with a limitation resulting from blessed promise."

"1 Arundel Terrace
" Trinity Road,
" Upper Tooting. S.W.
" Feb. 2. 1880.

"Dear Mr Locker,

" I can hardly express to you how grateful I am to get your letter. When I consider the perfect literary taste that is shown in all your ~~writing~~ own writings, apart from their other merits, I am not sure that I do not value your expressions of pleasure more highly than all the printed criticisms put together. It is very generous of you to pass over the defects of style in the book which, whenever I look into it, seem blunders that any child ought to have avoided.

"In enjoying your poems over again, I felt,-will you mind my saying it? - quite ill-used to find you had altered two of my favourite lines which I had been in the habit of muttering to myself for some years past. I mean

'They never do so now - because
'I'm not so handsome as I was.'

" I shall stick to the old reading as much the nicest,

whatever you may choose to do in new editions.

"One other remark of quite ~~another sort~~ a different sort. I unhesitatingly affirm that nothing more beautiful and powerful, for its length, than 'the Old Stone-Mason' has been done by any modern poet. The only poem which has affected me at all in the same way is Wordsworth's 'Two April Mornings', but this being less condensed than yours does not strike through one with such sudden power as yours in the last verse.

"I will not forget to give myself the pleasure of calling some Sunday afternoon. Meanwhile I should hope that you will be so kindly disposed as to give us a few more 'old stone-masons' as well as ballads of a lighter kind.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
(~~signed~~) Thos. Hardy.

The same week Hardy met Matthew Arnold - probably for the first time - at a dinner given by Mr G.Murray Smith the publisher at the Continental Hotel, where also were present Henry James, and Richard Jeffries - the latter a modest young man then getting into notice, as a writer, through having a ~~fortnight~~ year or so earlier published his first book, entitled "The Gamekeeper at Home."

Arnold, according to Hardy's account of their meeting much later, "had a manner of having made up his mind upon everything years ago, so that it was a pleasing futility for his interlocutor to begin thinking new ideas, different from his own, at that

time of day". Yet he was frank and modest enough to assure Hardy deprecatingly that he was only a hard-worked school-inspector.

He seems to have discussed the subject of literary style with the younger writer, but all the latter could recall of his remarks thereon was his saying that "the best man to read for style - narrative style - was Swift." - an opinion that may well be questioned, like many more of Arnold's pronouncements, despite his undoubtedly true ones.

At dinner an incident occurred in which he was charmingly amusing. Mrs Murray Smith having that afternoon found herself suddenly too unwell to preside, her place had ~~been~~ to be taken at the last minute by her daughter, and, it being the latter's first experience of the kind, she was timorous as to the time of withdrawal, murmuring to Arnold, "I - think we must retire now ?" Arnold put his hand upon her shoulder and pressed her down into her seat as if she were a child - she was not much more - saying "No, no!" What's the use of going into that room. Now I'll pour you out ~~another~~ a glass of sherry to keep you here." And kept there she and the other ladies were.

[illegible]

"Savile Club,
"Savile Row, W.
February 11. 1880.

My dear Mr Handley Moule,

"I have just been reading in a Dorset paper a report of your sermon on the death of the Rev. H. Moule, and I cannot refrain from sending you a line to tell you how deeply it has affected me, and - what is more to the point - to express my sense of the singular power with which you have brought Mr Moule's life and innermost heart before all readers of that address.

"You will, I am sure, believe me when I say that I have been frequently with you and your brothers in spirit during the last few

days.
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days. Though not, topographically, a parishoner of your father's I virtually stood in that relation to him, and his home generally, during many years of my life, and I always feel precisely as if I had been one. I had many times resolved during the year or two before his death to try to attend a service in the old church in the old way before he should be ~~si~~ gone: but tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow! - I never did.

"A day or two ago Matthew Arnold talked a good deal about him to me: he was greatly struck with an imperfect description I gave him (from what I had heard my father say) of the state of Fordington 50 years ago, and its state after the vicar had brought his energies to bear upon the village for a few years. His words "energy is genius" express your father very happily.

"Please give my kind remembrances to Mt Charles Moule and your other brothers who have not forgotten ~~us~~ me - if they are with you - and believe me

"Sincerely yours,
"Thomas Hardy."

The first week in March the Hardys called by arrangement on Mrs Procter - the widow of "Barry Cornwall" - at her flat in Queen Anne's Mansions. Hardy had been asked to her house when he first made her acquaintance before his marriage, and when her husband was living, though bedridden: but being then, as always, backward in seeking new friends Hardy had never gone - to his regret. He was evidently impressed newly by her on this ~~side~~ call, as one who was a remarkable link with the literary past, though she herself was not a literary woman; and the visit on this Sunday afternoon was the first one of a long series of such, extending over many years almost to her death, for she showed a great liking for Hardy and his wife, and

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ecially for Mrs Hardy, which she did not show for every woman; far from it!
she always made them particularly welcome. It was here on these
day afternoons that they used frequently to meet Browning.

*

T.O.

she would like to wash her hands, it being a hot day. He seemed bewildered, and asked starmeringly if she would mind washing them in the kitchen, which she did.

A little later she wrote to Hardy concerning his short story "Fellow Townsmen" which had lately come out in a periodical:

Hardy said after her death that on such occasions she sat in a fixed attitude, almost as if placed in her seat like an unconscious image or Buddha. Into her eyes and face would come continually an expression from a time fifty or sixty years before, when she was a handsome coquette, a faint tendency to which would show even in old age in the momentary archness of her glance now and then. "You would talk to her," he said, "and believe you were talking to a person of the same date as yourself, with recent emotions and impulses: you would see her sideways when crossing the room to show you something, and realize ~~with~~ her, with sudden sadness, to be a withered woman whose interests and emotions must be nearly extinct."

Of the poets she had met she expressed herself to have been unattracted by Wordsworth's personality, but to have had a great liking for Leigh Hunt. She remembered that the latter called one day, bringing with him "a youth whom nobody noticed much," and who remained in the background, Hunt casually introducing him as "Mr Keats".

She would also tell of an experience she and her husband had, shortly after their ~~a~~ marriage, when they were living in fashionable lodgings in Southampton Row. They went to see Lamb at Edmonton, and caused him much embarrassment by a hint that she would like to wash her hands, it being a hot day. He seemed bewildered, and asked stammeringly if she would mind washing them in the kitchen, which she did.

A little later she wrote to ~~his~~ Hardy concerning his short story "Fellow Townsmen" which had lately come out in a periodical:

"you are cruel. Why not let him come home again and marry his first love? But I see you are right. He should not have deserted her. I smiled about the Tombstone. Sir Francis Chantrey told me that he had prepared fine plans - nothing could be too beautiful and too expensive at first, and the end was generally merely a head-stone."

It was in the same month, and in the company of Mrs Procter, that Hardy lunched at Tennyson's at a house Tennyson had temporarily taken in Belgrave Street; Mrs Tennyson, though an invalid, presiding at the table, at the end of which she reclined, * [see on back] Hardy often said that he was surprised to find such an expression of humour in the poet-laureate's face, the corners of his mouth twitching with that mood when he talked; ~~an expression~~ it was a genial human face, which ~~all~~ his portraits ~~misrepresented~~ belied; and it was enhanced by a beard and hair straggling like briars, ~~and~~ a shirt with a large loose collar, and old steel spectacles. He was very sociable that day, asking Mrs Procter absurd riddles, and telling Hardy amusing stories, and about misprints in his books that ~~almost~~ drove him wild, one in especial of late, where "airy does" had appeared as "hairy does." He said he liked "A Pair of Blue Eyes" the best of Hardy's novels. Tennyson also told him that he and his family were compelled to come to London for a month or two every year, though he hated it, because they all "got so rusty" down in the Isle of Wight if they did not come at all. Hardy often regretted that he never again went to see them, though warmly invited that day both by Tennyson and his wife to pay them a visit at Freshwater.

During the first half of 1880 Hardy also became friendly,

* March 24. Lunched with Mrs Procter. She showed me one of her late husband's love-letters, date 1824. Also a photo of Henry James. She says he has made her an offer of marriage. Can it be so?"

·X· and his friends F. Locker, Countess Russell (Lord John's widow), Lady Agatha Russell, and others, being present." When I arrived ~~she~~ Mrs Tennyson was lying as if in a coffin, but she got up to welcome me."

in one way and another, with Colonel Chesney, author of "The Battle of Dorking", with Lord Houghton, a fellow-member of the Rabelais Club, Professor Huxley (met before), Thomas Woolner the sculptor, George du Maurier, and several more.

At this time he writes ~~a~~ down, "A Hint for Reviewers" - adapted from Carlyle:-

"Observe what is true, not what is false; what is to be loved and held fast, and earnestly laid to heart; not what is to be contemned, and derided, and sportfully cast out-of-doors." Through the long years after, when only the bad lines were quoted from his verses by certain critics, and only the careless sentences and doubtful opinions from his prose, he would speak on this point and say, "These people are hopeless! Why don't they see that the same treatment of any poet great or small who ever lived would produce the same results, and therefore that they prove nothing by their probings except their own incompetence for their business."

The Hardys' house at Upper Tooting stood in a rather ~~be~~ elevated position, and when the air was clear they could see a long way from the top windows. The following ~~night~~ note on London at dawn occurs on May 19, a night on which he could not sleep, partly on account of an eerie feeling which sometimes haunted him, ~~at the~~ a horror ~~of~~ at lying down in close proximity to "a monster whose body had four million heads and eight million eyes:"

"In upper back bedroom at daybreak: just past three. A golden light behind the horizon; within it are the Four Millions.

The roofs are damp gray: the streets are still filled with night as with a dark stagnant flood whose surface brims to the tops of the houses. Above the air is light. A fire or two glares within the mass. Behind are the Highgate Hills. On the Crystal Palace hills in the other direction a lamp is still burning up in the daylight. The lamps are also still flickering in the street, and one policeman walks down it as if it were noon."

Two days later they were sitting ~~on~~ in the chairs by Rotten Row and the Park Drive, and the chief thing ~~they~~ he noticed against the sun in the west, was that, "a sparrow descends from the tree amid the stream of vehicles, and drinks from the little pool left by the watering-cart" - the same sunlight causing a glitter from carriage-lamp glasses, from Coachmen's and footmen's buttons, from silver carriage handles and harness mountings, from a matron's bracelet, from ~~a~~ four parasols of four young ladies in a landau, their parasol-hems touching like four mushrooms growing close together."

On the 26th., the Derby Day, Hardy went alone to Epsom. On his way he noticed that "all the people going to the races have a twinkle in their eye, particularly the old men". He lunched there with a friend, and together they proceeded, by permission, through Lord Rosebery's grounds to the Down. They saw and examined the favourite before he emerged - neither one of the twain ~~a~~ knowing anything of race-horses or betting, - "the jockeys in their great-coats; little ghastly men looking half putrid, standing silent and apathetic while their horses were rubbed down, and saddles adjusted"; till they passed on into the

paddock, and the race was run, and the shouts arose, and they "were greeted by a breeze of tobacco-smoke and orange-~~skells~~ peel."

During the summer he dined at clubs, etc., meeting again Lord Houghton, du Maurier, Henry Irving, and Alma Tadema, among others. Toole, who was at one of these dinners, imitated a number of other actors, Irving included; and though the mimicry was funny and good, "ghostliness arose, in my mind at least, when after a few living ones had been mimicked, each succeeding representation turned out to be that of an actor then in his grave. "What did they go dying for, stupids!" said somebody, when Toole's face suddenly lost its smiling."

In July he met Lord Houghton again at dinner, and was introduced by him to Lowell the American Minister, who was also present. His opinion of Lowell was that as a man he was charming, as a writer one of extraordinary talent, but of no instinctive and creative genius.

In the same month he arranged with Messrs Smith and Elder for the three-volume publication of "The Trumpet Major", which had been coming out in a periodical, and on the 27th. started with Mrs Hardy for Boulogne, Amiens, and several other towns in Normandy, including Etretât, where they put up at the Hôtel Blanquet, and stayed some time, bathing every day - a recreation which cost Hardy dear, for being fond of swimming he was apt to stay too long in the water. Anyhow he blamed these frequent immersions for starting the long illness from which he suffered the following autumn and winter.

— "the misfortune of the Cathedral is that it does not look half so lofty as it really is" —

From Etretât they went to Havre, and here they had half an hour of whimsical uneasiness. The hotel they chose was on the quay, one that had been recommended to Hardy by a stranger on the coach, and was old and gloomy in the extreme when they got inside. Mrs Hardy fancied that the landlord's look was sinister; also the ~~landlord~~ landlady's; and the waiters' manner seemed queer. Their room was hung with heavy dark velvet, and when the chambermaid came, and they talked to her, she sighed continually and spoke in a foreboding voice; as if she knew what was going to happen to them, and was on their side, but could do nothing. The floor of the bedroom was painted a bloody red, and the wall beside the bed was a little battered, as if struggles had taken place there. When they were left to themselves Hardy suddenly remembered that he had told the friendly stranger with whom he had travelled on the coach from Etretât, and who had recommended the inn, that he carried his money with him in Bank notes to save the trouble of circular notes. He had known it was a thing one never should do; yet he had done it.

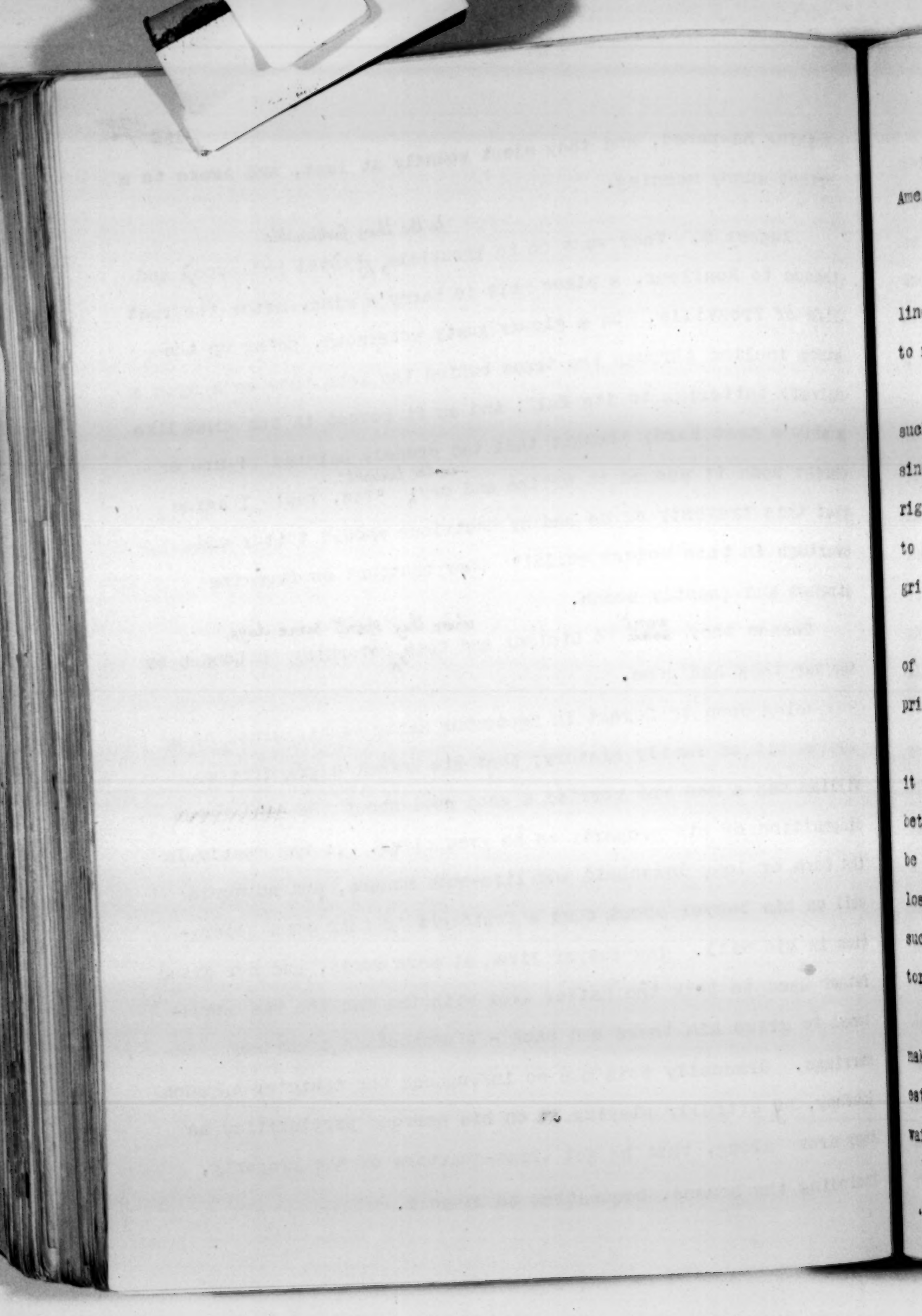
They then began to search the room, found a small door behind the curtains of one of their beds, and on opening it there was revealed inside a closet of lumber, which had at its innermost recesses another door, leading they did not know whither. With their luggage they barricaded the closet door, so jamming their trunks and portmanteau between the door and the nearest bedstead that it was impossible to open the closet. They they lay down and waited, keeping the light burning a long time.

Nothing happened, and they slept soundly at last, and awoke to a bright sunny morning.

August 5. They went on to Trouville, (to the then fashionable Hôtel Bellevue,) and thence to Honfleur, a place more to Hardy's mind, after the fast life of Trouville. On a gloomy gusty afternoon, going up the steep incline through the trees behind the Town they came upon a Calvary tottering to its fall; and as it rocked in the wind like a ship's mast Hardy thought that the crudely painted figure of Christ upon it seemed to writhe and cry (in the twilight:) "Yes, Yes! I agree that this travesty of me and my doctrines should totter and overturn in this modern world!" They hastened on from the strange and ghastly scene.

Thence they ~~came~~ went to Lisieux and Caen, (where they spent some days,) returning to London by the way they had come.

Going down to Dorset in September Hardy was informed of a curious bit of family history; that his mother's grandfather William was a man who worried a good deal about the ~~disposition~~ disposition of his property as he grew old~~er~~. It was mostly in the form of long leasehold and life-hold houses, and he would call on his lawyer about once a fortnight to make some alteration in his will. The lawyer lived at Bere Regis, and her grand father used to talk the matter over with the man who was accustomed to drive him there and back - a connection of his by marriage. Gradually this man so influenced the testator on each journey, by artfully playing ~~on~~ on his nervous perplexities as they drove along, that he got three-quarters of the property, including the houses, bequeathed to himself.



The same month he replied to a letter from Mr Lowell, then American Minister in London:-

"Dear Mr Lowell:

I have & read with great interest the outline of the proposed Copyright treaty that you have communicated to me in your letter of the 16th.

"For my own part I should be quite ready to accept some such treaty - with a modification in detail mentioned below - since whatever may be one's opinion on an author's abstract right to manufacture his property in any country most convenient to him, the treaty would unquestionably remove the heaviest grievances complained of under the existing law.

"The modification I mention refers to the three months term of grace to be allowed to foreign authors who do not choose to print in both countries simultaneously.

"If I clearly understand the provisions & under this head it may happen that in the event of any difficulty about terms between the author and his foreign publishers the author would be bound to give way as the end of the three months approached, or lose all by lapse of copyright. With some provision to meet such a contingency as this the treaty would seem to me satisfactory."

Accompanying Mrs Hardy on a day's shopping in October Hardy makes this remark on the saleswoman at a fashionable dressmaking establishment in Regent Street, from observing her while he sat waiting:

"She is a woman of somewhat striking appearance, tall,

thin, decided; one who knows what life is, and human nature, to plenitude. Hence she acts as by clockwork; she puts each cloak on herself, turns round, makes a remark, puts on the next cloak, and the next, and so on, like an automaton. She knows by heart every mood in which a feminine buyer of cloaks can possibly be, and has a machine-made answer promptly ready for each."

On the 16th. of October he and his wife paid a visit of a week to Cambridge, in spirits ~~wh~~ that would have been considerably lower if they had known what was to befall them on their return. They received much hospitality, and were shown the usual buildings and other things worth seeing, though Cambridge was not new to Hardy. After the first day or two he felt an indescribable physical weariness, which was really the beginning of the long illness he was to endure; but he kept going.

Attending the 5 o'clock service at King's Chapel he comments upon the architect "who planned this glorious work of fine intelligence"; also upon Milton's "dim religious light" beheld here, & the scene presented by the growing darkness as viewed from the stalls where they sat. "The reds and the blues of the windows became of one indistinguishable black, the candles guttered in the most fantastic shapes I ever saw, - and while the wicks burnt down these weird shapes changed form; so that you were fascinated into watching them, and wondering what shape those wisps of wax would take next, till they dropped off with a click during a silence. They were stalactites, plumes, laces; or rather they were surplices, - frayed ~~shrouds~~ shreds from those of bygone 'white-robed scholars', or from their shrouds - dropping bit by bit in a ghostly decay.

Wordsworth's ghost, too, seem~~ing~~ed to haunt the place, lingering and wandering on somewhere alone in the fan traceried vaulting."

1880-81] Aet. 40-41

PART III.

Illness, Novels, and Italy.

Chapter XI.

Writing under difficulties; and a change.

1880 - 1881. Aet 40 - 41.

They returned to London on ^October the 23rd - the very day "The Trumpet Major" was published, Hardy feeling by this time very unwell, so unwell that he had to write and postpone an engagement or two, and decline an invitation to Fryston by Lord Houghton. On the Sunday after he was worse, and seeing the name of a surgeon on a brass plate opposite his house, sent for him. The surgeon came at once, and came ~~agi~~ again on that and the two or three succeeding days; he said that Hardy was bleeding internally. Mrs Hardy in her distress, called on their neighbours the Macmillans, to ask their opinion, and they immediately sent their own doctor. He agreed about the bleeding, said the case was serious; and that the patient was not to get up on any account.

Later it was supposed that a dangerous operation would be necessary, till the doctor enquired how long Hardy could lie in bed - could he lie there, if necessary, for months? - in which case there possibly need be no operation.

Now he had already written the early chapters of a story

for Harpers Magazine - "A Laodicean", which was to begin in the (nominally) December number, issued in November. This first part was already printed, and du Maurier was illustrating it. The story had to go on somehow, it happening, unfortunately, that the number containing it was the first number also of the publication of Harper's as an English and not exclusively American magazine as hitherto, and the success of its launch in London depended largely upon the serial ~~story~~ tale. Its writer was, during the first few weeks, in considerable pain, and compelled to lie on an inclined plane with the lower part of his body higher than his head. Yet he felt determined to finish the novel, at whatever stress to himself - so as not to ruin the new venture of the publishers, and also in the interests of his wife, for whom as yet he had made but a poor provision in the event of his own decease. Accordingly from November onwards he began ~~to~~ dictating it to her from the awkward position he occupied; and continued to do so - with greater ease as the pain and haemorrhage went off. She worked bravely both at writing and nursing, till at the beginning of the following May a rough draught was finished by one shift and another.

"Nov. 20 - Freiherr von Tauchnitz junior called". This was probably about a Continental edition of "The Trumpet Major". But Hardy was still too ill to see him. "The Trumpet Major" however duly appeared in the Tauchnitz series.

It is somewhat strange that at the end of November he makes

a note of an intention to resume poetry as soon as possible. Having plenty of time to think he also projected as he lay what he calls a ~~great~~ "Great Modern Drama" - which seems to have been a considerable advance on his first conception, in June 1875, of a Napoleonic chronicle in Ballad form - a sequence of such making a lyrical whole. Yet it does not appear to have been quite the same in detail as that of "The Dynasts" later on. He also made the following irrelative note of rather vague import:

"Discover for how many years, and on how many occasions, the organism, Society, has been standing, lying, etc, in varied positions, as if it were a tree or a man hit by vicissitudes.

"There would be found these periods:-

"1. Upright, normal, or healthy periods:-

"2. Oblique or cramped periods.

"3. Prostrate periods (intellect counterpoised by ignorance or narrowness, producing stagnation.)

"4 Drooping periods.

"5 Inverted periods."

George Eliot died during the ~~period~~ winter in which he lay ill, and this set him thinking about Positivism, on which he remarks:-

"If Comte had introduced Christ among the worthies in his calendar it would have made Positivism tolerable to thousands who, from position, family connection, or early education, now decry what in their heart of hearts they hold to contain the germs of a true system. It would have enabled them to modulate gently into the new religion by deceiving themselves with the

sophistry that they still continued one-quarter Christians, or one-eighth, or one twentieth, as the case might be: ~~John the Baptist, Paul, and others might also have been introduced, to the exclusion of greater men.~~ This as a matter of policy, without which no religion succeeds in making way."

Also, on literary criticism:

"Arnold is wrong about provincialism, if he means anything more than a provincialism of style and manner in exposition. A certain provincialism of feeling is invaluable. It is of the essence of individuality, and is largely made up of that crude enthusiasm without which no great thoughts are thought, no great deeds done."

Some days later he writes:

"Romanticism will exist in human nature as long as human nature itself exists. The point is (in imaginative literature) to adopt that form of romanticism which is the mood of the age."

Also on adversity - no doubt suggested by the distresses he was undergoing:-

"There is mercy in troubles coming in battalions - they neutralize each other. Tell a man in prosperity that he must suffer the amputation of a limb, and it is a horror to him; but tell him this the minute after he has been reduced to beggary and his only son has died: it hurts him but feebly."

"January 1881. My third month in bed. Driving snow: fine, and so fast that individual flakes cannot be seen. In sheltered places they occasionally stop, and balance themselves in the air

like hawks....It creeps into the house, the window-plants being covered as if out-of-doors. Our passage (downstairs) is sole deep, Em says, and feet leave tracks on it".

(Same month.) "Style - Consider the Wordsworthian dictum (the more perfectly the natural object is reproduced, the more truly poetic the picture). This reproduction is achieved by seeing into the heart of a thing (as rain, wind, for instance,) and is realism, in fact, though through being pursued by means of the imagination it is confounded with invention, which is pursued by the same means. It is, in short, reached by what M. Arnold calls "the imaginative reason."

"January 30. Sunday. Dr S. called as usual. I can by this time see all round his knowledge of my illness. He showed a lost manner on entering as if among his many cases he had forgotten all about my case and me, which has to be revived in his mind by looking hard at me, when it all comes back.

"He told us of having been called in to an accident which, do the ~~a~~ best he possibly could, would only end in discredit to him. A lady had fallen down, and so badly broken her wrist that it must always be deformed even after the most careful treatment. But, seeing the result, she would give him a bad name for want of skill in setting it. These cases often occur in a surgeon's practice, he says.

"Jan. 31. Incidents of lying in bed for months. Skin gets fair: corns take their leave: feet and toes grow shapely as those of a Greek statue. Keys get rusty; watch dim, boots mildewed; hat and clothes old-fashioned; umbrella eaten out with rust; children seen through the window are grown taller."

"Feb 7 Carlyle died last Saturday. Both he & George Eliot have vanished into nescience while I have been lying here."

"February 17. Conservatism is not estimable in itself, nor is change, or Radicalism. To conserve the existing good, to supplant the existing bad by good, is to act on a true political principle, which is neither Conservative nor Radical."

"February 21. A.G. called. Explained to Em[about Aerostation, and how long her wings would have to be if she flew, - how light her weight, etc., and the ~~th~~ process generally of turning her into a flying person."

"March 22. Maggie Macmillan called. Sat with Em[in my room - had tea. She and Em[worked, watching the sun set gorgeously. That I should also be able to see it Miss Macmillan conceived the ~~idea~~ kind idea of reflecting the sun into my face by a looking-glass. [The incident was made use of in "Jude the Obscure" as a plan adopted by Sue when the schoolmaster was ill.]

"March 27. A Homeric Ballad, in which Napoleon is a sort of Achilles, to be written." [This entry, of a kind with earlier ones, is, however, superseded a few days later by the following:]

"Mode for a historical Drama. Action mostly automatic, reflex movement, etc., Not the result of what is called motive, though always ostensibly so, even to the actors' own consciousness. Apply an enlargement of these theories to, say, "The Hundred Days!"

This note is, apparently, Hardy's first written idea of a philosophic scheme or framework as the larger feature of "The Dynasts", enclosing the historic scenes.

On the tenth of April ~~Hardy~~ he went outside the ~~H~~ door again for the first time since that October afternoon of the previous year when he returned from Cambridge, driving out with his wife

On the 19th occurred the death of Disraeli, whom Hardy had met twice, and found unexpectedly urbane.

and the doctor. On Sunday the first of May he finished "A Laodicean" in pencil, and on the third went with Mrs Hardy by appointment to call on Sir Henry Thompson for a consultation.

'May 9. After infinite trying to reconcile a scientific view of life with the emotional and spiritual, so that they may not be interdestructive, I come to the following:-

"General Principles. Law has produced in man a child who cannot but constantly reproach its parent for doing much and yet not all, and constantly say to such parent that it would have been better never to have begun doing than to have overdone so indecisively; that is, than to have created so far beyond all apparent first intention (on the emotional side), without mending matters by a second intention and execution, to eliminate the evils of the blunder of overdoing. The emotions have no place in a world of defect, and it is a cruel injustice that they should have developed in it.

"If Law itself had consciousness, how the aspect of its creatures would terrify it, fill it with remorse!"

Though he had been out in vehicles it was not till a day early in May, more than six months after he had taken to his bed, that he went forth on foot alone; and it being a warm and sunny morning he walked on to Wandsworth Common, where, as he used to tell, standing still he repeated out loud to himself:-

"See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:

The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

Immediately on Hardy's recovery the question arose of where abouts he and his wife should live. The three years lease of the house at Upper Tooting had run out on the preseding Lady Day, when Hardy was too ill to change, and he had been obliged to apply for a three months extension, which was granted. During the latter part of May they searched in Dorset, having concluded that it would be better to make London a place of sojourn for a few months only in each year, and establish their home in the country, both for reasons of health and for mental inspiration, Hardy finding or thinking he found, that residence in or near a city tended to force mechanical and ordinary productions from his pen, concerning ordinary society-life and habits. (Llanherne)

They found a little house called "Lanherne", in the Avenue, Wimborne, that would at any rate suit them temporarily, and till they could discover a better, or perhaps build one. Hardy makes a note that on June 25 they slept in Lanherne for the first time, and saw the new comet from the conservatory. "Our garden", he says a few days later, "has all sorts of old-fashioned flowers in full bloom: Canterbury Bells, blue and white, and Sweet Williams of every variety, strawberries and cherries that are almost ripe, currants and gooseberries that are ~~nearly~~ ripe, peaches

that are green, and apples that are decidedly immature."

In July he jots down some notes on fiction, possibly for an article that was never written:-

"The real, if unavowed, purpose of fiction is to give pleasure by gratifying the love of the uncommon in human experience mental or corporeal.

"This is done all the more perfectly in proportion as the reader is illuded to believe the personages true and real like himself.

"Solely to this latter end a work of fiction should be a precise transcript of ordinary life: but,

"The uncommon would be absent and the interest lost. Hence,

"The writer's problem is, how to strike the balance between the uncommon and the ordinary so as on the one hand to give interest, on the other to give reality.

"In working out this problem, human nature must never be made abnormal, which is introducing incredibility. The ± uncommonness must be in the events, not in the characters; and the writer's art lies in shaping that uncommonness while disguising its unlikelihood, if it be unlikely."

On August 23rd. Hardy and his wife left Wimborne for Scotland. Arriving at Edinburgh on the 24th. they discovered to their dismay that Queen Victoria was to review the Volunteers in that city on the very ~~day~~ next day, and that they could get no lodging anywhere. They took train to Roslin and put up at the Royal Hotel there. At sight of the crowds in the city Hardy

had made the entry: "There are, then, some Scotch people who stay at home."

The next day or two, though wet, they spent in viewing Roslin Castle and Chapel, and Hawthornden, the old man who showed them the castle saying that he remembered Sir Walter Scott. Returning to Edinburgh, now calm and normal, they stayed there a few days, and at the beginning of September went on to Stirling, where they were laid up with colds. They started again for Callander and the Trosachs, where Hardy made a sketch of Benvenue, and followed the usual route across Loch Katrine, by coach to Inversnaid, down Loch Lomond, and so on to Glasgow. On their way back they visited Windermere and Chester, returning through London to Wimborne.

During some sunny days in September Hardy corrected "A Laodicean" for the issue in volumes, sitting ~~[illegible]~~ under the vine on their stable-wall, "which for want of training hangs in long arms over my head nearly to the ground. The sun tries to shine through the great leaves, making a green light on the paper, the tendrils twisting in every direction, in gymnastic endeavours to find something to lay hold of."

Though they had expected to feel lonely in Wimborne after London they were visited by many casual friends, were called in to Shakespeare readings, then much in vogue, and had a genial neighbour in the county-court judge, Tindal-Atkinson, one of the last of the sergeants-at-law, who took care they should not mope if dinners and his and his daughter's music could prevent it. They kept in touch with London, however, and were there in the

following December, where they met acquaintance, and Hardy did some business in arranging for the publication of a novel in "The Atlantic Monthly" that he was about to begin writing, called off-hand by the title of "Two on a Tower", a title he afterwards disliked, though it was much imitated. An amusing experience of formality occurred to him in connection with this novel. It was necessary that he should examine an observatory, the story moving in an astronomical medium, and he applied to the Astronomer Royal for permission to see Greenwich. He was requested to state before it could be granted if his application was made for astronomical and scientific reasons or not. He therefore drew up a scientific letter, the gist of which was that he wished to ascertain if it would be possible for him to adapt an old tower, built in a plantation in the West of England for other objects, to the requirements of a telescopic study of the stars by a young man very ardent in that pursuit (-(this being the imagined situation in the proposed novel.)) An order to view Greenwich Observatory was promptly sent.

The year was wound up by Hardy and his wife at a ball at Lady Wimborne's, Canford Manor, where he met Sir H.Layard, Lord Wimborne in a conversation about the house complained that it was rendered damp by the miller below penning the water for grinding, and, on Hardy suggesting the removal of the mill, his host amused him by saying that was out of the question, because the miller paid him £50 a year in rent. However that might have been Hardy felt glad the old mill was to remain, having as great a repugnance to pulling down a mill where (to use his own words) they ground food for the body, as to pulling down a church where they ground food for the soul.

Thus ended 1881 - with a much brighter atmosphere for the author and his wife then the opening had shown.

"January 26. Coleridge says, aim at *illusion* in audience or readers – i.e., the mental state when dreaming, intermediate between complete delusion (which the French mistakenly aim at) and a clear perception of falsity."

CHAPTER XII.

Wimborne and the Astronomical Romance.

1882-1883. Aet. 41 - 43.

"February 4th. and 11th. Shakespeare readings at ------'s, 'The Tempest' being the play chosen. The host was omnivorous of parts - absorbing other people's beside^s his own, and was greedily vexed when I read a line of his part by mistake. When I praise his reading he tells me meditatively, 'Oh, yes; I've given it a deal of study - thrown myself into the life of the character, you know; thought of what my supposed parents were, and my early life.' The firelight shone out as the day diminished, the young girl N.P. crouching on a footstool. The wealthy Mrs B. impassive and grand in her unintelligence, like a Carthaginian statue.....The General reads with gingerly caution, telling me privately that he blurted out one of Shakespeare's improprieties last time before he was aware, and is in fear and

trembling lest he may do it again."

In this month's entries occurs another note which appears to be related to the philosophic scheme afterwards adopted as a framework for "The Dynasts":-

"February 16. Write a history of human automatism, or impulsion - viz. an account of human action in spite of human knowledge, showing how very far conduct lags behind the knowledge that should really guide it."

A dramatization of "Far from the Madding Crowd", prepared by Mr J. Comyns Carr some months earlier, was produced during March at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and Hardy and his wife took the trouble to make a trip to Liverpool to be present. The play, with Miss Marion Terry as the heroine, was not sufficiently near the novel to be to Hardy's liking, but it was well received, and was staged in London at the Globe Theatre in April, where it ran for many nights, but brought Hardy no profit, nor the adapter, as he was informed.

"June 3rd....As, in looking at a carpet, by following one colour a certain pattern is suggested, by following another colour, another; so in life the seer should watch that pattern among general things which his idiosyncrasy moves him to observe, and describe that alone. This is, quite accurately, a going to Nature; yet the result is no mere photograph, but purely the product of the writer's own mind."

"June 18th..M.F., son of Parson F. was well-known by sight to my mother in her childhood. He had taken his degree and had

"May 13. The slow meditative lives of people who live in habitual solitude.... Solitude renders every trivial act of a solitary full of interest, as showing thoughts that cannot be expressed for want of an interlocutor."

been ordained. But he drank. He worked with the labourers and 'yarn-barton-wenches' (as they were called in the village) in the yarn-barton. After a rollick as they worked he would suddenly stop, down his implement, and mounting a log or trestle preach an excellent sermon to them; then go on cursing and swearing as before. He wore faded black clothes, and had an allowance of some small sum from his family, to which he liked to add a little by manual labour, ~~working~~. He was a tall, upright, dignified man. She did not know what became of him."

"August. --An ample theme: the intense interests, passions, and strategy that throb through the commonest lives.

"This month blackbirds and thrushes creep about under fruit-bushes and in other shady places in gardens rather like four-legged animals than birds.....I notice that a blackbird has eaten nearly a whole pear lying in the garden-path in the course of the day."

"September 9th. Dr and Mrs Brine...came to tea. Brine says that Jack White's gibbet (near Wincanton) was standing as late as 1835 - i.e. the oak-post with the ⅄ iron arm sticking out, and a portion of the cage in which the body had formerly hung. It would have been standing now if some young men had not burnt it down by piling faggots ~~we~~ round it one fifth of November."

Later in the month he went with Mrs Hardy on a small circular tour in the adjoining counties - taking in Salisbury, Axminster, Lyme Regis, Charmouth, Bridport, Dorchester, and back to Wimborne. From Axminster to Lyme the journey on the coach was spoilt for them by the condition of one of the horses:

"The off-horse was weak and worn. 'O yes, tender on his vore veet,' said the driver with nonchalence. The coach itself weighed a ton. The horse swayed, leant against the pole, then outwards. His head hung like his tail. The straps and brass rings of the harness seemed barbarously harsh on his shrinking skin. E., with her admirable courage, would have interfered, at the cost of walking the rest of the distance: then we felt helpless against the anger of the other passengers who wanted to get on." - They were, in fact, on the tableland halfway between the two towns. But they complained when they alighted - with what effect Hardy could not remember.

At Lyme they "met a man who had turned his trousers hind part before, because the knees had worn through."

[illegible]

On The Cobb they encountered an old man who had undergone an operation for cataract:-

"It was like a red-hot needle in yer eye whilst he was doing it. But he wasn't long about it. Oh no. If he had been long I couldn't ha' beared it. He wasn't a minute more than three-quarters of an hour at the outside. When he had done one eye, 'a said, 'Now my man, you must make shift with that one, and be thankful you bain't left wi' narn.' So he didn't do the other. And I'm glad 'a didn't. I've saved half-crowns and half-crowns out of number in only wanting one glass to my spectacles. T'other eye would never have paid the expenses of keeping on going."

From Charmouth they came to Bridport on the box of a coach

better horsed, and driven by a merry coachman, "who wore a lavish quantity of wool in his ears, and in smiling checked his smile in the centre of his mouth by closing his lips, letting it continue at the corners". (A sketch of the coachman's mouth in the act of smiling was attached to illustrate this.)

Before returning to Wimborne Hardy called on the poet Barnes at Came Rectory. Mr Barnes told him of an old woman who had asked him to explain a picture she possessed. He told her it was the family of Darius at the ~~feet~~ feet of Alexander. She shook her head, and said: "But that's not in the Bible!", looking up and down his clerical attire as if she thought him a wicked old man who disgraced his cloth, by speaking of profane history.

This autumn "Two on a Tower", which was ending its career in the Atlantic Monthly, came out in three volumes, and at the beginning of October its author and his wife started for Cherbourg viâ Weymouth, and onward to Paris, where they took a little appartement of two bedrooms and a sitting room, near the left bank of the Seine. Here they stayed for some weeks, away from English and American tourists, roving about the city and to Versailles, studying the pictures at the Louvre and the Luxembourg, practising housekeeping in the Parisian bourgeois manner, buying their own groceries and vegetables, dining at restaurants, and catching bad colds owing to the uncertain weather. He seems to have done little in the French capital besides these things, making only one memorandum beyond personal trifles, expenses, and a few picture-notes:

"Since I discovered, several years ago, that I was living

in a world where nothing bears out in practice ~~where~~ what it promises incipiently, I have troubled myself very little about theories....Where development according to perfect reason is limited to the narrow region of pure mathematics, I am content with tentativeness from day to day."

At the end of the ~~month~~ autumn Mrs Hardy received news at Wimborne of the death of her brother-in-law the Revd. C.Holder at St. Juliot Rectory, Cornwall, of which he had long been the incumbent; and they realized that the scene of the fairest romance of their lives, in the picturesque land of Lyonesse, would have no more kinship with them. By this loss Hardy was reminded of the genial and genuine humour of his clerical relative and friend, despite his fragility and ill-health (& of his qualities, among them ~~a~~ a mysterious power he had (as it seemed to his brother-in-law) of counting his congregation to a man before he had got half-a-dozen lines down the page in "Dearly beloved brethren"; and of his many strange and amusing stories of his experiences, such as that of the sick man to whose bedside he was called to read a chapter in the Bible, and who said when it was ended that it did him almost as much good as a glass of gin-and-water: Or of the astonishing entry in the marriage register of Holder's parish before he was rector, by which the bridegroom and bridesmaid had made themselves husband and wife, and the bride and best man the witnesses. Hardy himself had seen the entry.

Of another cast was the following. Holder as a young man was a curate in Bristol during the terrible cholera visitation.

He related that one day at a friend's house he met a charming young widow, who invited him to call upon her. With pleasant anticipations he went at tea-time a day or two later, and duly inquired *if she was at home* ~~for her~~. The servant said with a strange face: "Why, Sir, you buried her this morning!" He found that amongst the many funerals *of cholera victims* he had conducted that day, as on every day, hers had been one.

At another of these funerals the clerk or sexton rushed to him *immediately* ~~just~~ before the procession arrived to ask him to come and look at the *just opened* grave, which was of brick, with room for two or more, the first place being ~~a~~ occupied by the coffin of the deceased person's *husband* ~~relative~~, who had died three weeks before. The coffin was overturned into the space beside it. Holder hastily told the sexton to turn it back into its place, and say nothing, to avoid distressing the relatives on the obvious inference.

All the rector's reminiscences, however, were not of this tragic cast. When curate-in-charge of a populous parish in Gloucestershire he had preached the afte noon sermon, and was about to doff his surplice in the vestry when he was called by the clerk. He was tired, but readjusted his robes, and going into the chancel saw that all the congregation had left except a young woman sitting in the front pew. Thinking she had come to be churched, as was often the case, he quickly opened ~~the~~ his book and began with some little impatience at the hindrance: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God to give you safe deliverance, and hath preserved you in the great ~~danger~~ danger of childbirth." The young woman thereon sprang up and cried, "O no, Sir, no: I haven't had a baby - I wouldn't ~~e~~ do such an undecent thing! I've come to be christened!" He apologized, and they went to the font, where he began the form for adult baptism.

He also remembered a singular alarm to which he had once been subjected. He was roused one night by a voice calling from below "Holder, Holder! Can you help me!" It was the voice of a neighbouring incumbent named Woodman, and wondering what terrible thing had happened he rushed downstairs as soon as he could, seizing a heavy stick on the way. He found his neighbour in great agitation, who explained that the news had come late the previous evening that a certain noble lord the patron, who was a great critic of sermons, had arrived in the parish, and was going to attend next morning's service. "Have you a sermon that will do? I have nothing - nothing!" The conjuncture had so preyed upon his friend's nerves during the night that he had not been able to resist getting up and coming. Holder ~~found~~ found something he thought might suit the noble critic, and Woodman with it under his arm, departed much relieved.

Some of Holder's stories to him were as Hardy guessed, rather well-found than well-founded, but they were always told with much solemnity. Yet he would sometimes recount one "the truth of which he could not quite guarantee"; It was what had been related to him by some of his aged parishoners concerning an incumbent of that or an adjacent living many years before. This worthy ecclesiastic was a bachelor addicted to drinking habits, and one night when riding up Boscastle Hill fell off his horse. He lay a few minutes in the road, when he said "Help me up, Jolly!" and a local man ~~parishioner~~ who was returning home behind him saw a dark figure with a cloven ~~hoof~~ foot emerge from the fence, and toss him upon his horse in a jiffy. The end of him was that on one night of terrific lightning and thunder he was missed. and

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was found to have entirely disappeared.

Holder had kept up a friendly acquaintance with Hawker of Morwenstow, who predeceased him by seven years, though the broad and toldrant views of the rector of St. Juliot did not quite chime in with the poet-vicar's precisianism; and the twenty miles of wild Cornish coast that separated their livings was a heavy bit of road for the rector's stout cob to traverse both ways in a day. Hardy regretted the loss of his relative, and was reminded sadly of the pleasure ~~he~~ used to find in reading the lessons in the ancient church when his brother-in-law was not in vigour. The poem "Quid hic agis?" in "Moments of Vision" is in part, apparently, a reminiscence of these readings.

In December Hardy was told a story by a Mrs Cross, a very old country-woman he met, of a girl she had known who had been betrayed and deserted by a lover. She kept her child by her own exertions, and lived bravely and throve. After a time the man returned poorer than she, and wanted to marry her; but she refused. He ultimately went into the Union workhouse. The young woman's conduct in not caring to be "made respectable" won the novelist-poet's admiration, and he wished to know her name; but the old narrator said, "Oh, never mind their names: they be dead and rotted by now."

The eminently modern idea embodied in this example - of a woman's not becoming necessarily the chattel and slave of her seducer - impressed Hardy as being ~~this~~ one of the first glimmers of woman's enfranchisement; and he made use of it in succeeding

years in more than one case in his fiction and verse.

In the same month the Hardys attended Ambulance-Society lectures - First-Aid teaching being in fashion just then. He makes a note concerning a particular lecture:

"A skeleton - the one used in these lectures - is hung up inside the window. We face it as we sit. Outside the band is playing, and the children are dancing. I can see their little figures through the window past the skeleton dangling in front."

Another note - this on the wintry weather:

"Heard of an open cart being driven through the freezing rain. The people in it became literally packed in ice; the men's beards and hair were hung with icicles. Getting one of the men into the house was like bringing in a chandelier of lustres."

In the same month he replied as follows to a question asked him by letter:

To A.A.Reade Esq.

Dear Sir,

"I can say that I have never found alcohol helpful to literary production in any degree. My experience goes to prove that the effect of wine, taken as a preliminary to imaginative work, as it is called, is to blind the writer to the quality of what he produces rather than to raise its quality.

"When walking much out of doors, and particularly when on Continental rambles, I occasionally drink a glass or two of claret or mild ale. The German beers seem really beneficial at

these times of exertion, which (as wine seems otherwise) may be owing to some alimentary qualities they possess apart from their stimulating property. With these rare exceptions I have taken no alcoholic liquor for the last two years.

"Yours truly,

"T.Hardy."

'February 26th. 1883.---Sent a short hastily written novel to the Graphic for Summer Number [It was"The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid"]

'Feb. 28th. Walked with Walter Fletcher (County Surveyor) to Corfe Mullen. He says that the scene of the auction of turnpike tolls used to be curious. It was held at an inn, and at one end of the room would be the auctioneer and trustees, at the other a crowd of strange beings, looking as not worth sixpence among them. Yet the biddings for the Poole Trust would sometimes reach £14~~00~~. Sometimes the bidders would say, "Beg yer pardon, gentlemen, but will you wait to let us step outside a minute or two?' Perhaps the trustees would say they could not. The men would say, 'Then we'll step out without your letting us.' On their return only one or two would bid, and the ~~men~~ peremptory trustees be nettled.

"Passed a lonely old house formerly an inn. The road-contractor now living there showed us into the stable, and drew our attention to the furthest stall. When the place was an inn, he said, it was the haunt of smugglers, and in a quarrel there one night a man was killed in that stall. If an old horse is

put there on certain nights, at about two in the morning (when the smuggler died) the horse cries like a child, and on entering you find him in a lather of sweat.

"The huge chestnut tree which stood in front of this melancholy house is dead, but the trunk is left standing. In it are still the hooks to which horses were fastened by the reins while their owners were inside.

"March 13th. - M. writes to me that when a farmer at Puddle~~t~~hinton who did not want rain found that a neighbouring farmer had sent to the parson to pray for it, and it had come, he went and abused the other farmer, and told him 'twas a very dirty trick of his, to catch God A'mighty unawares, and he ought to be ashamed of it.

"Our servant Ann brings us a report, which has been verified, that the ~~farmer~~ carpenter who made a coffin for Mr W. who died the other day, made it too short. A bystander said satirically, 'Anybody would think you'd made it for yourself John!'. (the carpenter was a short man). The maker said, 'Ah - they would!' and fell dead instantly."

In reply to a letter from Miss Mary Christie:

"Wimborne. April 11. 1883.

'Dear Madam:

"I have read with great interest the account of your scheme for encouraging a feeling for art in National schools, and if my name be of any service in support of the general proposition I willingly consent to your using it. As to the details of

such a scheme, my views differ somewhat from your own. For instance, I think that for children between 9 and 12 or 4 13 -the great mass of those in elementary schools - fairly good engravings, such as those in the Graphic, Illustrated News, &c, (not the coloured pictures) to be as conducive to the end desired as more finished pictures and photographs. A child's imagination is so powerful that it only requires the ideas to set it to work: and hence a dozen suggestions of scenes and persons by as many prints would seem to me to be of more value to him or her than the perfect representation of one, - while the latter would cost as much as the former. This, however, is altogether a secondary point, and I daresay that if we were to talk over the subject we should soon be quite at one about it...."

~~"Yours truly,~~

~~"Thomas Hardy"~~

Hardy and his wife were in London off and on during May and June, seeing pictures, plays , and friends. At a lunch at Lord Houghton's, who with his sister Lady Galway had taken a small house off Park Lane for this season, Hardy met Robert Browning again, Rhoda Broughton for the first time, and several others, including Mrs --- from America, "a large-eyed lady-owner of ten serial publications, which, she told me, she called her ten children. Also Lady C. who talked to me about Rabelais - without knowledge obviously - having heard that I belonged to the Rabelais Club. She said she meant to read him through. She had read one chapter, but couldn't get on with the old French, so was looking for a literal translation. Heaven bless her reading!

"Houghton, seeing Browning about to introduce me to Rhoda Broughton, hastened forward before Browning, and emphatically introduced us with the manner of a man who means ~~likes~~ to see things properly done in his own house; then walked round, pleased with himself as the company dropped in; like one who, having set a machinery in motion, has now only to wait and observe how it goes."

"June 24th. Sunday. Went in the afternoon to see Mrs Procter at Albert Hall Mansions. Found Browning present. He told me that Mrs ----, when he and I had met at Lord Houghton's, had made £200,000 by publishing ~~the~~ pirated works of authors who had made comparatively nothing. Presently Lady Duff-Gordon and another lady arrived - the former emphatically in the family-way. Afterwards Mrs Sutherland Orr and Mrs Frank Hill (Daily News) came in. Also two Jewesses - the Misses Lazarus - from America. Browning tried the elder with Hebrew, and she appeared to understand so well that he said he perceived she knew the tongue better than he. When some of these had gone George Smith [the publisher] called. He and Mrs Procter declared that there was something tender between Mrs Orr and Browning. 'Why don't they settle it!' said Mrs P.

"In the evening went to the Irving dinner. Sir Frederick Pollock, who took the chair, and made a speech, said that the departure of Irving for America would be a loss that would eclipse the gaiety of nations (!) Irving in his reply said that in the 27 years he had been on the stage he had enacted 650 different characters.

"June 25th. Dined at the Savile with Gosse. Met W.D. Howells

of New York there. He told me a story of Emerson's loss of memory. At the funeral of Longfellow he had to make a speech. 'The brightness and beauty of soul', he began, 'of him we have lost, has been acknowledged wherever the English language is spoken. I've known him these forty years; and no American, whatever may be his opinions, will deny that in - in -in - I can't remember the gentleman's name -- beat the heart of a true poet.'

"Howells said that Mark Twain usually makes a good speech. But once he heard him fail. In his speech he was telling a story of an occasion when he was in some western city, and found that some imposters personating Longfellow, Emerson, and others had been there. Mark began to describe these imposters, and while doing it found that Longfellow, Emerson, etc. were present, listening, and, from a titter or two, found also that his satirical description of the imposters was becoming regarded as an oblique satirical description of the originals. He was overspread by a sudden cold chill, and struggled to a lame ending. He was so convinced that he had given offence that he wrote to Emerson and Longfellow, apologizing. Emerson could not understand the letter, his memory of the incident having failed him, and wrote to Mark ~~Twain~~ asking what it meant. Then Mark had to tell him what he wished he had never uttered; and altogether the fiasco was complete."

CHAPTER XIII

The County Town.

1883 - 1885. Aet 43 - 45.

In this month of June the Hardys removed from Wimborne to Dorchester, which town and its neighbourhood, though they did not foresee it, was to be their country-quarters for the remainder of their lives. But several months of each spring and summer were to be spent in London during the ensuing twenty years, and occasionally spells abroad. This removal to the county-town, and later to a spot a little outside it, was a step they often regretted having taken; but the bracing air brought them health and ~~vigour~~ renewed vigour, and in the long run it proved not ill-advised.

"July 19th. In future I am not going to praise things because the accumulated remarks of ages say they are great and good, if those accumulated remarks are not based on observation. And I am not going to condemn things because a pile of accepted views raked together from tradition, and acquired by instillation, ~~may~~ say antecedently that they are bad."

"July 22nd. To Winterborne Came Church with Gosse , to

hear and see the poet Barnes. Stayed for sermon. Barnes, knowing we should be on the watch for a prepared sermon, addressed it entirely to his own flock, almost pointedly excluding us. Afterwards walked to the rectory and looked at his pictures.

"Poetry versus reason: e.g., A band plays 'God save the Queen,' and being musical the uncompromising Republican joins in the harmony: a hymn ~~&~~ rolls from a church-window, and the uncompromising No-God-ist or Unconscious-God-ist takes up the ~~refrain~~ refrain."

Mr W.T.W.H.Tolbort, a friend of Hardy's from youth, and a pupil of Barnes's, who years earlier had come out at the top in the India Civil Service examination, died at the beginning of the next month, after a bright and promising career in India, and Hardy wrote an obituary notice of him in the Dorset Chronicle. The only note Hardy makes on him in addition to the printed account ~~H~~ is as follows:-

"August 13th. Tolbort lived and studied as if everything in the world were so very much worth while. But what a bright mind has gone out at one-and-forty!"

He writes elsewhere of an anecdote told him by Barnes touching his tuition of Tolbort. Barnes had relinquished his school and retired to the country rectory in which he ended his days, when Tolbort's name, and Barnes's as his school-master, appeared in the Times at the head of the Indian examination list, a wide proportion of marks separating it from the name

following. It was in the early days when these lists excited great interest. In a few mornings Mr. Barnes was deluged with letters from all parts of the country requesting him at almost any price to take innumerable sons, and produce upon them the same successful effect. 'I told them that it took two to do it', he would say, adding sadly that a popularity which would have been invaluable during the hard-working years of his life came at almost the first moment when it was no longer of use to him."

In this month of August he made a memorandum on another matter:

"Write a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says; and a list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks."

At this time too, Hardy encountered an old man named P-----, whose father, or grandfather, had been one of the keepers of the Rainbarrow Beacon, 1800 - 1815, as described in "The Dynasts", the remains of whose hut are still to be seen on the spot. It may be interesting to mention that the daughter of a travelling wax-work proprietor had some years before when exhibiting at Puddle-town entirely lost her heart to P-----'s brother, a handsome young labourer of the village, and he had married her. As her father grew old and infirm the son-in-law and his wife succeeded to the showman's business and carried it on successfully. They were a worthy and happy couple, and whenever in their rounds they came to P------'s native village the husband's old acquaintance were admitted gratis to the exhibition, which was of a highly moral and religious cast, including Solomon's Judgment, and Daniel in the Den of Lions, where the lions moved their heads,

tails, eyes, and paws terrifically, while Daniel lifted his hands in prayer. (Heads of murderers were ranged on the other side as a wholesome lesson to evil-doers) Hardy duly attended the show because the man's fore-father had kept Rainbarrows Beacon (described in "The Dynasts") and the last he saw of old P---- was in the private tent attached to the exhibition, where he was sitting as a glorified figure drinking gin-and-water with his relatives.

Not having been able when he came to Dorchester to find a house to suit him, Hardy had obtained a ≡ plot of land of the Duchy of Cornwall in Fordington Field about a mile into the country, on which to build one; and at the beginning of October marked out as a preliminary the spot where the well was to be sunk. The only drawback to the site seemed to him to be its newness. But before the well-diggers had got deeper than three feet they came upon Romano-British urns and skeletons. Hardy and his wife found that the spot was steeped in antiquity, and thought the omens gloomy; (but they did not prove so, the extreme age of the relics dissipating any sense of gruesomeness.) More of the sort were found in digging the house-foundations, and Hardy wrote an account of the remains, which he read at the Dorchester Meeting of the Dorset Field Club, 1884. It was printed in the "Proceedings" of the Club in 1890.

"November 3rd. The Athenaeum says 'The glass-stainer maintains his existence at the sacrifice of everything the painter holds dear. In place of the freedom and sweet abandonment which is nature's own charm and which the painter can achieve, the glass-stainer gives us splendour as luminous as

that of the rainbow....in patches, and stripes, and bars.'

"The above canons are interesting in their conveyance of a half truth. All art is only approximative - not exact, as the reviewer thinks; and hence the methods of all art differ from that of the glass-stainer but in degree."

"Nov. 17th. Poem. We [human beings] have reached a degree of intelligence which Nature never contemplated when framing her laws, and for which she consequently has provided no adequate satisfactions." [This, which he had adumbrated before, was clearly the germ of the poem entitled "The Mother Mourns" & others.]

"December 23. There is what we used to call 'The Birds' Bedroom' in the plantation at Rookhampton. Some large hollies grow among leafless ash, oak, birch, etc. At this time of year the birds select the hollies for roosting in, and at dusk noises not unlike the creaking of withy-chairs arise, with a busy rustling as of people going to bed in a lodging-house; accompanied by sundry shakings, adjustings, and pattings, as if they were making their beds vigorously before turning in."

* [see on back]

On the eve of the New Year 1884 Hardy planted some trees on his new property at Max Gate, Dorchester, and passed part of the January following in London, where he saw Henry James, Gosse, and Thornycroft, and talked to Alma Tadema about the Anglo-Roman remains he was finding on the site of his proposed house, over which discovery Tadema was much excited, as he was painting, or about to paint, a picture rxpressing the art of that date.

X. "Death of old Billy C—— at a great age. He used to talk enthusiastically of Lady Susan O'Brien [the daughter of Lord Ilchester, who, eloping with O'Brien the actor, as so excited London by inimitably described in Walpole's Letters & afterwards settled in Hardy's parish as beforementioned.]. 'She kept a splendid house— a cellarful of home-brewed strong beer, that would almost knock you down; every body drank as much as he liked. The head-gardener [whom Billy as a youth assisted] was drunk every morning before breakfast. There are no such houses now! On wet days we used to make a point of working opposite the drawing-room window, that she might pity us. She would send out and tell us to go indoors, and not expose ourselves to the weather so reekless.'" [A kind-hearted woman, Lady Susan.]

"February. 'Ye shall weep and mourn, and the world shall rejoice'. Such shows the natural limitation of the Christian view when the Christians were a small and despised community. The widened view of nowadays perceives that the world weeps and mourns all round.- Nevertheless, if 'the world' denotes the brutal and thoughtless merely, the text is eternally true."

"James S---, [the quaint old man already mentioned, who worked forty years for Hardy's father, and had been a smuggler], once heard a hurdlemaker bet at the "Black Dog", Broadmayne, that he would make a hurdle sooner than the other man (not a hurdler) could pull one to pieces. They put it to the test, and the hurdlemaker won the ~~net~~ stakes."

"When trees and ~~&~~ underwood are cut down, and the ground bared, three crops of flowers follow. First a sheet of yellow; they are primroses. Then a sheet of blue; they are wild hyacinths, or as we call them, graegles. Then a sheet of red; they are ragged robins, or as they are called here, robin-hoods. What have these plants been (through the scores of doing) ~~in this~~ year before the trees were felled, and how did they come there?"

"March. Write a novel entitled "Time against Two", in which the antagonism of the parents of a Romeo and Juliet does succeed in separating the couple and stamping out their love, - alas, a more probable development than the other!" [The idea is briefly used in 'The Well-Beloved']

March or April:- "Every error under the sun seems to arise

from thinking that you are right yourself because you are yourself, and other people wrong because they are not you."

"It is now spring; when, according to the poets, birds pipe, and (the householder adds) day-labourers get independent after their preternatural civility through the frost and snow.

"April 26. Curious scene. A fine poem in it:

"four girls - itinerant musicians - sisters - have been playing opposite Parmiter's in the High Street. The eldest had a fixed, old, hard face, and wore white roses in her hat. Her eyes remained on one close object, such as the buttons of her sister's dress; she played the violin. The next sister, with red roses in her hat, had rather bold dark eyes, and a coquettish smirk. She too played a violin. The next, with her hair in ringlets, beat the tambourine. The youngest, a mere child, dinged the triangle. She wore a bead necklace. All wore large brass earrings like Jews'-harps, which dangled to the time of the jig.

"I saw them again in the evening, the silvery gleams from Saunders's [silver-smith's] shop shining out upon them. They were now sublimed to a wondrous charm. The hard face of the eldest was flooded with soft solicitous thought; the coquettish one was no longer bold but archly tender; her dirty white roses were pure as snow; her sister's red ones a fine crimson: the brass earrings were golden; the iron triangle silver; the tambourine Miriam's own; the third child's face that of an angel; the fourth that of a cherub. The pretty one smiled on the second, and began to play "In the gloaming", the little voices

singing it. Now they ~~were~~ were what Nature made them, before the smear of 'civilization' had sullied their existences." An impression of a somewhat similar scene is given in the poem entitled "Music in a snowy street".

"Rural low life may reveal coarseness of considerable leaven; but that libidinousness which makes the scum of cities so noxious is not usually there."

※ [see on back]

The following letter was written to Hardy on his birthday:

"Burford Bridge,

"Box Hill.

"June 2. 1884.

"What a good day this was for Anne Benson Procter, when Thomas Hardy was born! She little knew what stores of delightful reading she would owe to the Baby of 1840.

"If she could write an Ode - or, even worse, a Sonnet!

"He has something to be thankful for. He must have read the verses - and he is so good and kind that he would have praised them.

"We go home on Wednesday next, having been here for ten days - sitting by the fire, for ~~again~~ the summer comes slowly up this way.

"Your old admirer,

"Anne B. Procter."

"June 3rd. The leaves are approaching their finished summer shape, the evergreens wear new pale suits over the old deep attire. I watered the thirsty earth at Max Gate, which drank in the liquid with a swallowing noise. In the evening I

⁂ « June 2. At Rockhampton. My birthday – 44. Alone in the plantation at 9 o'clock. A weird hour: strange faces and figures formed by dying lights. Holm leaves shine like human eyes, and the sky glimpses between the trunks are like white phantoms and cloven tongues. It is so silent and still that a footstep on the dead leaves could be heard a quarter of a mile off. Squirrels run up the trunks in fear, stamping and crying 'chut-chut-chut!" (There is not a single squirrel in that plantation now.)

entered Tayleure's Circus in Fordington Field for a short time during the performance. There is a dim haze in the tent, and the green grass in the middle, within the circular horse-track, looks amazingly fresh in the artificial light. The damp orbits of the spectators' eyes gleam in its rays. The clowns, when 'off', lounge and smoke cigarettes, and chat with ~~er~~ serious cynicism, and as if the necessity of their occupation to society at large were not to be questioned, their true domestic expression being visible under the official expression given by the paint. This sub-expression is one of good-humoured pain." [See on back] *

They were in London part of June and July, and among other places went to an evening party at Mrs Murray Smith's with Mrs Procter, where they met again Matthew Arnold, whom Hardy liked better now than he did at their first meeting; also du Maurier; also Henry James "with his nebulous gaze". Mrs Procter, though so old, "swan about through the crowd like a swan." (at Alma Tadema's, meeting an artistic crowd which included Burne-Jones; and to another)

Of Madame Judic's acting in Niniche, Hardy says, "This woman has genius. The picture of the pair of them - Judic and Lassouche - putting their faces side by side and bumping each other in making love, was the most comic phase of real art I ever saw....And yet the world calls — La great actress."

During this summer they became acquainted with Lord and Lady Portsmouth and their daughters. Lady Portsmouth (Eveline, daughter of the 3rd. Earl of Carnarvon) a woman of large social experience

⁂ Hardy seems to have had something of a craze for circuses in these years, and went to all that came to Dorchester. In one performance the equestrienne who leapt through hoops on her circuit missed her footing and fell with a thud on the turf. He followed her into the dressing-tent, and became deeply interested in her recovery. The incident seems to have some bearing on the verses of many years after entitled "~~The~~ Circus Rider and Ringmaster."

who afterwards proved to be the kindest and firmest of friends till her death, told Hardy that Ethelberta in his novel, who had been pronounced an impossible person by the reviewers, and the social manners unreal, had attracted her immensely because of her reality and naturalness, acting precisely as such women did or would act in such circumstances; and that the society scenes were just as society was, which was not the case with other novels.

"July 14. Assizes. Dorchester - The Lord Chief Justice, eminent counsel, etc, reveal more of their weaknesses and vanities here in the country than in London. Their foibles expand, being off their guard. A shabby lad on trial for setting fire to a common, holds an amusingly familiar conversation with the C.J. (Coleridge) when asked if he has anything to say. Witnesses always begin their evidence in sentences containing ornamental words, evidently prepared beforehand, but when they get into the thick of it this breaks down to struggling grammar and lamentably jumbled narrative."

"August 14. Strolling players at Dorchester in the market-field. Went to 'Othello'. A vermillion sunset fell on the West end of the booth, where, while the audience assembled, Cassio, in supposed Venetian costume, was lounging and smoking in the red light at the bottom of the van-steps behind the theatre: Othello also lounging in the same sunlight on the grass by the stage door, and touching up the black ~~en~~ of his face.

"The play begins as the dusk comes on, the theatre-lights within throwing the spectators' and the actors' profiles on the canvas, so that they are visible outside, and the immortal words spread through it into the silence around, and to the trees, and stars.

"I enter. A woman plays Montano, and her fencing with Cassio leaves much to the imagination. Desdemona's face still retains its anxiety about the supper that she has been cooking a few minutes earlier in the stove without.

"Othello is played by the proprietor, and his p speeches ca can be heard as far as to the town-pump. Emilia wears the ear-rings I saw her wearing when buying the family vegetables this morning. The tragedy goes on successfully, till the audience laughs at the beginning of the murder scene. Othello stops, and turning, says sternly to them, after an awful pause: "Is this the Nineteenth Century?" The conscience-striken audience feel the justice of the reproof, and preserve an abashed silence as he resumes. When he comes to the pillow-scene they applaud with

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tragic vehemence, to show that their hearts are in the right place after all."

August 16. Hardy took a trip to the Channel Islands from Weymouth with his brother. They went to Guernsey, Jersey and Sark; and at one of the hotels found that every man there except themselves was a commercial traveller. As they seemed so lonely they were allowed to dine with these gentlemen, and became very friendly with them. Manners at the dinner-table were highly ceremonious:- "Can I send you a cut of this boiled mutton, Mr President?" - "No thank you, Mr Vice. May I help you to beef?" - At the end of dinner:- "Gentlemen, you can leave the table." - Chorus of diners:- "Thank you, Mr President."

Conversation turned on a certain town in England, and it was defined as being "a warm place". Hardy, who had lived there, was puzzled, and said he had not noticed that it was particularly warm. The speaker scarcely condescended to reply that he did not understand the meaning they attached to the word.

On October 18th. he dined at the Mansion House with a number of other writers at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor to the Society of Authors. The ex-Lord Mayor, who was Hardy's neighbour at table, told him that during the year of office nothing but the duties of the Mayoralty could be attended to. This was probably Hardy's first dinner there, though he often dined there afterwards.

Off and on he was now writing "The Mayor of Casterbridge;" but before leaving London he agreed with the Macmillans to take

in hand later a story of twelve numbers for their magazine, no time being fixed. It came out two years later under the title of 'The Woodlanders'.

"October 20th. Query: Is not the present quasi-scientific system of writing history mere charlatism? Events and tendencies are traced as if they were rivers of voluntary activity, and courses reasoned out by those who take them from the circumstances in which natures, religions, or what-not, have found themselves. But are they not in the main the outcome of passivity - acted upon by unconscious propensity? ~~such and such persons~~ such and such a dissonant person or persons who happens to be here at such a time even he not voluntarily but from innate propensity taking it into his head to ~~be~~ himself and he not in such a way"

"November 16th. My sister Mary says that women of the past generation have faces now out of fashion. Face-expressions have their fashions like clothes."

During the general election about this time Mr John Morley wrote to Hardy from Newcastle:

"Your letter recalls literature, art, and sober reason - visitants as welcome as they are rare in the neats of electioneering." And a few days later he heard from Professor Beesly, who had been beaten at the Westminster poll:- "I suppose there is not a more hopeless seat in England. We might have made head against its Toryism alone, or the clergy, or the Baroness's legitimate influence from her alms-giving of old date there (it being her special preserve), or the special tap of philanthropy

turned on for the occasion. But all united were much too strong for us....I return to my work in much contentment."

Leslie Stephen, (like Hardy himself, quite outside politics,) wrote the same week: "I am glad to have got that book off my hands, though any vacuum in my occupations is very soon filled up (not that my Nature abhors it!) and though in many ways I am very ill-satisfied with the result. However I meant well, and I can now begin to forget it."

※ [see on back]

"December 31st. To St. Peter's belfry to the New-Year's-Eve ringing. The night-wind whiffed in through the louvres as the men prepared ~~to~~ the mufflers with tar-twine and pieces of horse-cloth. Climbed over the bells to fix the mufflers. I climbed with them and looked into the tenor bell: it is worn into a bright pit where the clapper has struck so many years, and the clapper battered with its many blows.

"The ringers now put ~~off~~ their coats and waist-coats and hats upon the chimes and clock and stand to. Old John is fragile, as if the bell would pull him up rather then he pull the rope down, his neck being withered and white as his white neck-cloth. But his manner is severe as he says, 'Tenor out?' One of the two tenor men gently eases the bell forward - that fine old E flat [?] (probably D in modern sharpened pitch), my father's admiration, unsurpassed in metal all the world over - and answers, 'Tenor's out'. Then old John tells them to 'Go!' and they start. Through long practice he rings with the least possible movement of his body, though the youngest ringers -

⁂ "December 4. A gusty wind makes the rain-drops hit the window in stars, and the sunshine flaps open and shut like a fan, flinging into the room a tin-coloured light."....

"Conjuror Mynterne [of whom mention has already been made] when consulted by Pulteney (a strapping handsome woman), told her that her husband would die on a certain day, and showed her the funeral in a glass of water. She said she could see the legs of the bearers moving along. She made her mourning. She used to impress all this on her inoffensive husband, and assure him that he would go to hell if he made the conjuror a liar. He didn't, but died on the day foretold. Oddly enough she never married again."

strong, dark-haired men with ruddy faces - soon perspire with their exertions. The red, green and white sallies bolt up through the holes like rats between the huge beams overhead.

'The grey stones of the fifteenth century masonry have many of their joints mortarless, and are carved with many initials and dates. On the sill of one louvred window stands a great pewter pot with a hinged cover and a engraved: 'For the use of the ringers 16--' [It is now in the County Museum.]

In the early part of the next year (1885) Hardy accepted a long-standing invitation to Eggesford by his friend Lady Portsmouth, whither he was to bring his work and continue it as if at home; but Mrs Hardy was unable to accompany him. He found her there surrounded by her daughters, and their cousin Lady Winifred Herbert, afterwards Lady Burghclere; making altogether a lively house-party, Lady Portsmouth apologizing for it being mostly composed of 'better halves'. Hence, though the library was placed at his disposal, and entry forbidden, that his labours should not be interrupted, very little work indeed was done while he stayed there, most of the time being spent in driving about the villages with his hosts and walking in the Park. Lord Portsmouth he found to be 'a farmer-like man with a broad Devon accent'. Lady Dorothea, one of the daughters, told him of some of the escapades of her uncle Auberon Herbert, - whom Hardy afterwards got to know very well - one of the most amusing being how he had personated a groom of his father's at a Drawing-room, and by that trick got to see a flame of his who was to be there.

He showed me a bridge over which bastards were thrown and drowned, even down to quite recent times."

formerly

"He showed me a bridge over which bastards were [illegible] and drowned"

Altogether they were an extraordinarily sympathetic group of women, and among other discussions was, of course, one on love, in which Lady Camilla informed him that "a woman is never so near being in love with a man she does not love as immediately he has left her after she has refused him."

"Lady P." tells me she never knew real anxiety till she had a family of daughters. She wants us to come to Devonshire and live near them. She says they would find a house for us. Cannot think why we live in benighted Dorset. Em. would go willingly, as it is her native county; but alas, my house at Dorchester is nearly finished.

"Easter Sunday. Evidences of art in Bible narratives. They are written with a watchful attention (though disguised) as to their effect on their reader. Their so-called simplicity is, in fact, the simplicity of the highest cunning. And one is led to inquire, when even in these latter days artistic development and arrangement are the qualities least appreciated by readers, who was there likely to appreciate the art in these chronicles at that day?

"Looking round on a well-selected shelf of fiction or history, how few stories of any length does one recognize as well told from beginning to end! The first half of this story, the last half of that, the middle of another.....The modern art of narration is yet in its infancy.

"But in these Bible lives and adventures there is the spherical completeness of perfect art. And our first, and second, feeling that they must be true because they are so impressive, becomes, as a third feeling, modified to, "Are they so very true,

after all? Is not the fact of their being so convincing, an argument, not for their actuality, but for the actuality of a consummate artist who was no more content with what Nature offered than Sophocles and Pheidias were content?"

"Friday, April 17. Wrote the last page of 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' begun at least a year ago, and frequently interrupted in the writing of each part."

"April 19th. The business of the poet and novelist is to show the sorriness underlying the grandest things, and the grandeur underlying the sorriest things."

He was in London at the end of April and probably saw Leslie Stephen there, since he makes the following remark: "Leslie Stephen as a critic. His approval is disapproval minimized."

They went to the Academy this year as usual. On the Private View Hardy remarks: "The great difference between a Private View and a public one is the loud chatter that prevails at the former, everybody knowing everybody else." In the evening of the same day they were at a party at Lady Carnarvon's, where Hardy met Lord Salisbury for the first time, and had an interesting talk with him on the art of making speeches. "whether it is best to plunge in medias res, or to adopt a developing method." In the middle of May they were at another of these parties of Lady Carnarvon's, where they met Browning again; also Mrs Jeune, (afterwards Lady St. Helier) and the usual friends whom they found there.

[redacted]

"May 28th. Waiting at the Marble Arch while Em. called a little way further on to enquire after ----'s children....This

hum of the wheel - the roar of London! What is it composed of? Hurry, speech, laughters, moans, cries of little children. The people in this tragedy laugh, sing, smoke, toss off wines, etc, make love to girls in drawing-rooms and areas; and yet are playing their parts in the tragedy just the same. Some wear jewels and feathers, some wear rags. All are caged birds; the only difference lies in the size of the cage. This too is part of the tragedy.....At last E. returned, telling me the children were ill - that little L---looked quite different, and when asked 'Don't you know me?' said, 'Not now; but I used to know you once.' How pathetic it all is!"

"Sunday May 31st. Called on Mrs Procter. Shocked to find her in mourning for Edith. Can't tell why I did not see announcement of her death. Madame M---- and Baroness ----came in while I was there. Browning also present.

"Mrs Procter was vexed with Browning and myself for sending cards to Victor Hugo's funeral to attach to wreaths.

"In the evening met Frederic Harrison, Beesly, and Dr. J.H. Bridges (a Dorset man).

During the latter half of May and through June, Hardy was reading philosophy at the British Museum, and going with his wife to some parties and dinners in the evenings - among others frequently to Mrs Jeune's, where they always met a good many people they knew, including Mrs Hardy's relations; and once or twice to Lord Houghton's and his sister Lady Galway's combina-

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tion crushes, where they scarcely knew a single soul except the host and hostess.

At one of these crushes, in the early part of 1885, probably Lady Carnarvon's, they found themselves on a particular evening amid a simmer of political excitement. It was supposed to be a non-political "small-and-early", but on their arrival the house was already full to overflowing; and a well-known Conservative peeress of that date, who had lately invited Hardy to her friendship, came up to him as if she must express her feelings to somebody, and said, "I'm ashamed of my party! They are actually all hoping that General Gordon is murdered, in order that it may ruin Gladstone!" It seems to have been this rumour of Gordon's death, which had just been circulated, that had brought so many brilliant and titled people there. Auberon Herbert, who was also there, told Hardy privately that it was true. Presently another and grimmer lady, the Dowager Countess Galway, said to him that she half-believed Gordon was still alive, because no relic, bloody rag, or any scrap of him had been produced, which from her experience of those countries she knew to be almost the invariable custom. So the crowd waited, and conjectured, and did not leave till a late hour, the truth as to Gordon's fate not being generally known till some days after.

It must have been his experiences at these nominally social but really political parties that gave rise to the following note at the same date:

"History is rather a stream than a tree. There is nothing organic in its shape, nothing systematic in its development. It flows on like a thunderstorm-rill by a road side; now a straw

turns it this way, now a tiny barrier of sand that. The offhand decision of some commonplace mind high in office at a critical moment influences the course of events for a hundred years. Consider the evenings at Lord C----'s, and the intensely average conversation on politics held there by average men who two or three weeks later were members of the Cabinet. A row of shop-keepers in Oxford Street taken just as they came would conduct the affairs of the nation as ably as these.

"Thus, judging by bulk of effect, it becomes impossible to estimate the intrinsic value of ideas, acts, material things: we are forced to appraise them by the curves of their career. There were more beautiful women in Greece than Helen; but what of them?"

At the end of the month of June Hardy was obliged to go down to Dorset to superintend the removal of his furniture from the house he had temporarily taken in Dorchester to the one he had built in the fields at Max Gate, a mile out of the town.

"What Ruskin says as to the cause of the want of imagination in works of the present age is probably true – that it is the flippant sarcasm of the time. 'Men dare not open their hearts to us if we are to broil them on a thorn fire'."

Continue as over.

This house, one mile east of Dorchester, had been about eight-
nths in building commencing November 26th. 1883, during which
rdy was constantly overlooking operations. The plot of ground
e bought from the Duchy of Cornwall, was 1¼ acres in extent, and
forty years later another half acre was added to the garden.
A visitor to Max Gate in 1886 gives the following description:
'The house that is, from its position, almost the first object
neighbourhood to catch the sun's morning rays, and the last to
ish the evening glow, is approached.....along the Wareham-
ross an open down. From this side the building appears as an
nding red-brick structure of moderate size, ~~xixixarx~~ somewhat
y built, and standing in a garden which is divided from the up-
thout by an enclosing wall.....The place is as lonely as it is
d; and it is evident that from the narrow windows of a turret
ises atthe salient angle an extensive view of the surrounding
obtained.

From the white entrance gate in the wall a short drive, planted
windward side with beech and sycamore, leads up to the house,
e being notified to the inmates by the voice of a glossy black
(Moss) who comes into view from the stable at the back as far as
in will allow him. Within, we find ourselves in a small square
loored with dark polished wood, and resembling rather a cosy
-room with a staircase in it than a hall as commonly understood.
lighted by a window of leaded panes, through which may be seen
Hill, Cane Plantation, and the elevated seamark of Culliford

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Some two or three thousand small trees, mostly Austrian pines, planted around the house by Hardy himself, and in later years grew so thickly that the house was almost entirely screened from road, and finally appeared, in summer, as if at the bottom of a green well of trees.

To the right of the front door upon entering is the drawing-room, to the left the dining-room. Above the drawing-room is the room Hardy used as his first study at Max Gate, and in this room "The Wanders" was written. Later he moved his study to the back of the , with a window facing west where "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" took . In after years another study was built over a new kitchen, and "The Dynasts" and all the later poems were written, with the nigg literary work of Hardy's life. The rather large window of the last of all his work-rooms, faced East, and the full moon over the tops of the dark pines was a familiar sight.

When Max Gate was built Hardy intended to have a vertical sun- affixed to the easternmost turret, as shown in an illustration by himself for "Wessex Poems". This design, though constantly in ind never matured in his lifetime, though at the time of his death undial was actually being made in Dorchester, from a model prepared self, more than forty years after it was first planned.

A description of ~~himself~~- his personal appearance at this time, careful observer, is as follows:

"A somewhat fair-complexioned man, a trifle below the middle- , (he was actually 5 ft. 6½ ins) of slight build, with a pleasant tful face, exceptionally broad at the temples, and fringed by a trimmed after the Elizabethan manner; (this beard was shaved off

bout 1890, and he never grew another, but had always a moustache) a
n readily sociable and genial, but one whose mien conveys the
pression that the world in his eyes has rather more of the tragedy
an the comedy about it."

His smile was of exceptional sweetness, and his eyes a clear
ue-grey. His whole aspect was almost childlike in its sincer~ity
d simplicity. When young he had abundant hair of a deep chestnut
lour, which later became a dark brown, almost black, until it
rned grey. His hands were well shaped, with deft clever fingers
d long thumbs; his shoulders particularly neat, and his gait light
d easy. He walked very rapidly. He was always a spare man, though
t actually thin, and he never in his life allowed himself to be
ighed, as he said he considered that to be unlucky.

CHAPTER XIV.

The New House and "The Woodlanders."

1885 - 1887. Aet 45 - 46.

On June 29th. the Hardys slept at Max Gate for the first time, - the house being one they were destined to occupy permanently thence onward, except during the ~~three or~~ four ~~xxxxx~~ *or five* months in each year that were spent in London or abroad. Almost the first visitor at their new house was R.L.Stevenson, till then a stranger to Hardy, who wrote from Bournemouth to announce his coming, adding characteristically: "I could have got an introduction, but my acquaintance with your mind is already of old date....If you should be busy or unwilling, the irregularity of my approach leaves you the safer retreat." He appeared two days afterwards, with his wife, wife's son, and cousin. They were on their way to Dartmoor, the air of which Stevenson had learnt would be good for his complaint. But, alas, he never reached Dartmoor, falling ill at Exeter and being detained there till he was well enough to go home again.

'September 16. Dined with [Hon. Aubrey] Spring Rice. [who lived at Dorchester.] Met there his cousin Aubrey de Vere the poet,

and Father Poole. De Vere says that his father used to say a Greek drama was the fifth act of an Elizabethan one, which of course it is, when not a sixth.

"October 17th. Called on Barnes [the Dorset poet.] Talked of old families. He told me a story of Louis Napoleon. During his residence in England he was friendly with the Damers, and used to visit at Winterborne-Came House, near Dorchester, where they lived (It was a current tradition that he wished to marry Miss Damer; also that he would dreamily remark that it was fated he should be the Emperor of the French to avenge the defeat of Waterloo). ~~EXTRA~~ It was the fashion then for the Dorchester people to parade in full dress in the South Walk on Sunday afternoons, and on one occasion the Damers with their guest came in from their house a mile off and joined in the ~~rr~~ promenade. Barnes, who kept a school in the town, had an usher from Blackmore Vale named Hann (whose people seem to have been of my mother's stock), and Barnes and his usher also promenaded. For a freak Louis Napoleon, who was walking with Colonel Damer, slipt his cane between Hann's legs when they brushed past each other in opposite directions, and nearly threw the usher down. Hann, was peppery, like all of that pedigree, my maternal line included, ~~[illegible]~~, and almost before Barnes knew what was happening had pulled off his coat, thrown it on Barnes, and was challenging Louis Napoleon to fight. The latter apologized profusely, said it was quite an accident, and laughed the affair off; so the burghers who had stood round expecting a fight resumed their walk disappointed."

"Nov. 17th - 19th. In a fit of depression, as if enveloped in a leaden cloud. Have gone back to my original plot for "The Woodlanders" after all. Am working from half-past ten a.m. to twelve p.m., to get my mind made up on the details."

"Nov. 21st. - 22nd. Sick headache."

"Tragedy. It may be put thus in brief: a tragedy exhibits a state of things in the life of an individual which unavoidably causes some natural aim or desire of his to end in a catastrophe when carried out."

"Nov. 25th. Letter from John Morley [probably about "The Woodlanders", he being then editor of Macmillan's Magazine in which it was to appear]; and one from Leslie Stephen, with remarks on books he had read between whiles. ~~any vacuum in my occupations is very soon filled up (not that my nature abhors it!~~

"December 9th. 'Everything looks so little - so ghastly little!' A local exclamation heard."

"Dec. 12. Experience unteaches – (what one at first thinks to be the rule in events)"

"Dec. 21st. The Hypocrisy of things. Nature is an arch-dissembler. A child is deceived completely; the older members of society more or less according to their penetration; though even they seldom get to realize that nothing is as it appears."

"December 31st. This evening, the end of the old year 1885 finds me sadder than many previous New Year's eves have done. Whether building this house at Max Gate was a wise expenditure of energy is one doubt, which, if resolved in the negative, is depressing enough. And there are others. But:

'This is the chief thing: Be not perturbed; for all things are according to the nature of the universal'. " [Marcus Aurelius.]

1886.- January 2nd. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" begins today in the Graphic newspaper, and Harper's Weekly. I fear it will not be so good as I meant, but after all it is not improbabilities of incident but improbabilities of character that matter."

"Cold weather brings out upon the faces of people the written marks of their habits, vices, passions, and memories, as warmth brings out on paper a writing in sympathetic ink. The drunkard looks still more a drunkard when the splotches have their margins made distinct by frost, the hectic blush becomes a stain now, the cadaverous complexion reveals the bone under, the quality of handsomeness is reduced to its lowest terms."

"Jan. 6. "Misapprehension. The shrinking soul thinks its weak place is going to be laid bare, and shows its thought by a suddenly clipped manner. The other shrinking soul thinks the clipped manner of the first to be the result of its own weakness in some way, not of its strength, and shows its fear also by its constrained air! So they withdraw from each other and misunderstand."

"4th, March. Novel-writing as an art cannot go backward. Having reached the analytic stage it must transcend it by going still further in the same direction. Why not by rendering as visible essences, spectres, &c. the abstract thoughts ~~&c~~ of the analytic school?"

"Jan 3. My art is to intensify the expression of things, as is done by Crivelli, Bellini, &c., so that the heart and inner meaning is made vividly visible."

This notion ~~idea~~ was approximately carried out, not in a novel, but through the much more appropriate medium of poetry, in the supernatural framework of "The Dynasts" as also in smaller poems. And a further note of the same date enlarges the same idea:-

"The human race to be shown as one great network or tissue, which quivers in every part when one point is shaken, like a spider's web if touched. Abstract realisms to be in the form of Spirits, Spectral figures, &c.

"The Realities to be the true realities of life, hitherto called abstractions. The old material realities to be placed behind the former, as shadowy accessories."

In the spring and summer they were again in London, staying in Bloomsbury to have the Reading Room of the Museum at hand. It was the spring during which Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill for Ireland. The first ~~But all~~ that Hardy says about it occurs in an entry dated "April 8, 9, 10, 11:—

"A critical time, politically. I never remember a debate of such absorbing interest as this on Gladstone's Bill for Irish Government. He spoke lucidly: Chamberlain with manly practical earnestness; Hartington fairly ~~forcibly~~ forcibly; Morley without much effect (for him). Morley's speech shows that in Parliament a fine intelligence is not appreciated without sword-and-buckler doggedness. Chamberlain impresses me most of all, as combining these qualities."

And on May 10th:

"Saw Gladstone enter the Houses of Parliament. The crowd was very excited, not only waving their hats and shouting and running, but leaping in the air. His head was bare, and his now bald crown showed pale and distinct over the top of Mrs Gladstone's bonnet."

On the 13th, Hardy was in the House, the debate on the Government of Ireland still continuing:-

"Gladstone was suave in replying to Bradlaugh, almost unctuous. 'Not accustomed to recognize Parliamentary debts after five years', &c. He would shake his head and smile contradictions to his opponents across the table and ~~his~~ red box, on which he wrote from time to time. Heard Morley say a few words, also Sir W. Harcourt, and Lord Hartington; a speech from Sir H. James, also from Lord G. Hamilton, Campbell-Bannerman, &c. Saw the dandy ~~section of the Liberal Party~~ party enter in evening-dress, eye-glasses, diamond rings, &c. They were a great contrast to Joseph Arch and the Irish members in their plain, simple, ill-fitting clothes. The House is a motley assembly nowadays. Gladstone's frock-coat dangled and swung as he went in and out with a white flower in his button-hole and open waistcoat. Lord Randolph's manner in turning to Dillon, the Irish member, was almost arrogant. Sir R. Cross was sturdy, like T.B. the Dorchester butcher, when he used to stand at the chopping-block on market-days. The earnestness of the Irish members who spoke was very impressive; Lord G. Hamilton was entirely wanting in earnestness; Sir H. James quite the reverse; E. Clarke direct, firm, and incisive, but inhumane.

"To realize the difficulty of the Irish question it is necessary to <u>see</u> the Irish phalanx sitting tight: it then seems as if one must go with Morley, and get rid of them at any cost.

"Morley kept trying to look used to it all, and not as if he were ~~an author~~ a consummate man of letters there by mistake. Gladstone was quite distinct from all others in the House, though he sits low in his seat from age. When he smiled one could see benevolence on his face. Large-heartedness <u>versus</u> small-heartedness is a distinct attitude which the House of Commons takes up to an observer's eye."

Though he did not enter it here Hardy often wrote elsewhere and said of Home Rule that it was a staring dilemma, of which good policy and good philanthropy were the huge horns. Policy for England required that it should not be granted; humanity to Ireland that it should. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives would honestly own up to this opposition between two moralities, but speciously insisted that humanity and policy were both on one side - of course their own. ⁂ [see on back]

"May 17th. At a curious soirée in Bond Street. Met a Hindu Buddhist, a remarkably well-educated man who ~~spoke~~ speaks English fluently. He is the coach of the Theosophical Society. Also encountered a Mr E. Maitland, author of a book called -- "The Pilgrim and the Shrine", which I remember. He mentioned also another, written, I think he said, by himself and Dr Anna Kingsford in collaboration. If he could not get on with the work on any particular night he would go to her next morning and she would supply him with the sentences, written down by her on

⁂ "May. Reading in the British Museum. Have been thinking over the dictum of Hegel – that the real is the rational and the rational the real – that real pain is compatible with a formal pleasure – that the idea is all, etc. But it doesn't help much. These venerable philosophers seem to start wrong; they cannot get away from a preposession that the world must somehow have been made to be a comfortable place for man. If I remember it was Comte who said that metaphysics was a mere sorry attempt to reconcile theology and physics."

waking, as sentences she had dreamed of without knowing why, met also Dr Anna Kingsford herself, and others; all very strange people."

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" was issued complete about the end of May. It was a story which Hardy fancied he had damaged more recklessly as an artistic whole, in the interest of the newspaper in which it appeared serially, than perhaps any other of his novels, his aiming to get an incident into almost every week's part causing him, in his own judgment, to add events to the narrative somewhat too freely. However as at this time he called his novel-writing "mere journeywork", he cared little about it as art, though it must be said in favour of the plot, as he later admitted, that it was quite coherent and organic, in spite of its complication. And others thought better of it than he did himself, as is shown by the letter R.L.Stevenson writes thereon:

" Skerrymore, Bournemouth.
[1886]

My dear Hardy:

"I have read The Mayor of Casterbridge with sincere admiration: Henchard is a great fellow, and Dorchester is touched with the hand of a master.

"Do you think you would let me try to dramatize it? I keep unusually well, and am

"Yours very sincerely,

"Robert Louis Stevenson."

writing, as sentences she had dreamed of without knowing why.

Not also Dr Anna Kingsford herself, and others: all very strange people."

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" was issued complete about the end of May. It was a story which Hardy fancied he had damaged more seriously as an artistic whole, in the interest of the newspaper in which it appeared serially, than perhaps any other of his novels. His aiming to get an incident into almost every week's part causing him to add events to the narrative somewhat too freely. However as at this time he called his novel-writing "journeywork" he cared little about it as art, though it must be said in favour of the plot and to admitted, that it was quite coherent and organic, in spite of its complication. And others thought better of it than he did himself, as is shown by the letter R.L.Stevenson writes thereon:

"Skerryvore, Pourtalo &c

My dear Hardy:

"I have read The Mayor of Casterbridge with absorbing attention: Henchard is a great fellow, and Dorncaster is thrown in with the hand of a master.

"Do you think you would not be fury to dramatize it? I keep continually well, and am

"Yours very sincerely

"Robert Louis Stevenson."

What became of this dramatic project there is no evidence to show in the Life of Stevenson, so far as is remembered by the present writer. The story in long after years became highly popular; but it is curious to find that Hardy had some difficulty in getting it issued in volume-form, Mr James Payn the publisher's reader having reported to Mr Smith that the lack of ~~getting~~ gentry among the characters made it uninteresting - a typical estimate of what was, or was supposed to be, mid-Victorian taste.

During the remainder of this month, and through June and July, they were dining and lunching out almost every day. Hardy did not take much account of these functions, though some remarks he makes are interesting. For instance he describes the charming daughter of a then popular peeress with whom he and his wife had been lunching:-

"Lady M ---- W----- is still as childlike as when I first met her. She has an instinct to <u>give</u> something which she cannot resist. Gave me a flower. She expresses, as usual, contrary opin - ions at different moments. At one time she is going to marry; then she never is: at one moment she has been ill; at

In these weeks the Hardys met "the Humphrey Wards, both amiable people," and Walter Pater "whose manner is that of one carrying weighty ideas without spilling them

another she is always well. Pities the row of poor husbands at Marshall and Snellgrove's. Gave a poor crossing sweeper a shilling; came back and found her drunk. An emotional delicate girl, in spite of what she calls her 'largeness'. i.e. her being bigly built."

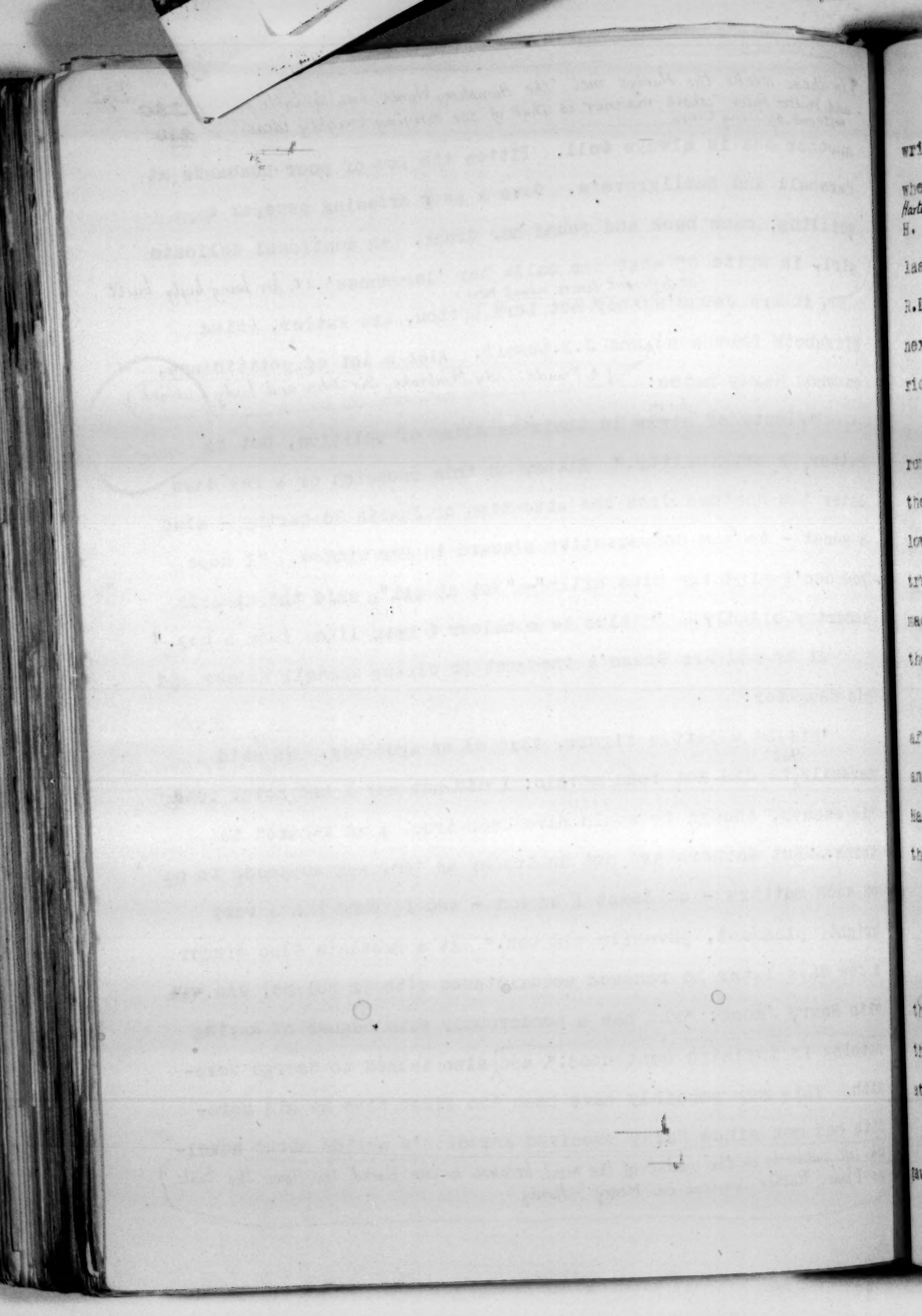
At Mrs Jeune's (at different times about now) they met Lord Lytton, Mrs Butler, (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) and J.R.Lowell. Also a lot of politicians, on whom Hardy notes: J.A. Froude, Lady Pembroke, Sir John and Lady Lubbock.

"Plenty of ~~style~~ form in their handling of politics, but no matter, or originality." Either on this occasion or a few days later the hostess drew the attention of Justin Mc Carthy - also a guest - to the Conservative placard in her window. "I hope you don't mind the blue bill?"- "Not at all", said the amiable McCarthy blandly. "Blue is a colour I have liked from a boy."

At Mr and Mrs Gosse's they met Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes and his daughter:

"His is a little figure, that of an aged boy. He said markedly that he did not read novels; I did not say I had never read his essays, though it would have been true, I am ashamed to think.....But authors are not so touchy as they are supposed to be on such matters - at least I am not - and I found him a very bright, pleasant, juvenile old man." At a Rabelais Club dinner a few days later he renewed acquaintance with Dr Holmes, and ~~wit~~ with Henry James; "who has a ponderously warm manner of saying nothing in infinite sentences;" and also talked to George Meredith. This may possibly have been the first time he and Meredith had met since Hardy received Meredith's advice about novel-

who left suddenly in the midst of the meal because he was placed low down the table, as I was. Rather comical in Henry." Hardy



writing; but it is not clear that it was so. At dinners elsewhere in these weeks he met Whistler and Charles Keene, Bret Harte, Samlourne, and others – most of them H. Reeve, Editor of the Edinburgh, all these for the first and last time; at Mr Sidney Colvin's he renewed acquaintance with R.L.Stevenson, then in London; and at ~~Lady~~ Lord Portsmouth's sat next to a genial old lady, Lady Camperdown, and "could not get rid of the feeling that I was close to a great naval engagement."

On some Wagner-music listened to at a concert at this time (when it was less familiar to the public than after, Hardy remarks: "It was Weather and ghost-music – whistling of wind and storm, the strumming of a gale on iron railings, the creaking of doors; low screams of entreaty and agony through key-holes, amid which trumpet-voices are heard. Such music, like any other, may be made to express emotion of various kinds; but it cannot express the subject or reason of that emotion."

Apropos of this it may be mentioned here that, many years after, Hardy met Grieg the famous ~~Norwegian~~ Norwegian composer and rival of Wagner, and in doing his best to talk about music Hardy explained that Wagner's compositions seemed to him like the wind-effects above described. "I would rather have the wind and rain myself," Grieg replied, severely shaking his head.

Mrs Procter, who was still strong enough to go out, came to the Hardys to tea, and among her stores of anecdotes told one that was amusing about Macaulay and Sydney Smith, who had dined at her house in years gone by:

"When Macaulay had gone she said to Sydney Smith: 'You gave him no chance at all to talk.' – 'On the contrary' said

Sydney Smith, 'I gave him several opportunities - which you took advantage of.' "

※ [See on back]

"June 23th. Called on Leslie Stephen. He is just the same or worse; as if dying to express sympathy, but suffering under some terrible curse which prevents his saying any but caustic things, and showing antipathy instead." [Hardy was not aware that Stephen was unwell, and growing deaf, — or he would not have put in this form his impression of a man he so much liked, and who had been so much to him.]

"Afterwards had a good talk with Auberon Herbert at Lady Portsmouth's. He said that the clue to Gladstone's faults was personal vanity. His niece Lady Winifred Herbert, who was present, said that politics had revealed themselves to her as a horror of hate. Nevertheless she insisted that to listen to our conversation on the same horror was not an infliction."

Mr George Gissing, finding that Hardy was in London this summer, had asked if he might call upon him for some advice about novel-writing; which he did. Sending one of his own novels afterwards, Gissing writes at the end of June:

"It is possible you will find "The Unclassed" detestable. I myself should not dare to read it now; it is too saturated with bygone miseries of every kind.....May I add in one word what very real pleasure it has given me to meet and speak with you? I have not been the least careful of your readers, and in your books I have constantly found refreshment and onward help. That aid is much needed now-a-days by anyone who wishes to pursue

·※· ¶ It was during this summer that the Hardys either began or renewed their acquaintance with Mrs Henry Reeve and her sister Miss Gollop, whose family was an old Dorset one; and with Reeve himself, the well-known editor of the Edinburgh Review & of the famous Greville Memoirs. Notwithstanding a slight pompousness of manner he attracted the younger man by his wide experience of Continental men of letters, musicians, & princes, and of English affairs, political and journalistic.

literature as distinct from the profession of letters. In literature my interests begin and end; I hope to make my life and all its acquirements subservient to my ideal of artistic creation. The end of it all may prove ineffectual, but as well spend one's strength thus as in another way. The misery of it is that, writing for English people, one may not be thorough: reticences and superficialities have so often to fill places where one is willing to put in honest work."

⊕ [see on back]

Hardy by this time had quite resigned himself to novel-writing as a trade, which he had never wanted to carry on as such. He now went about the business mechanically. He was in court a part of the time during which the Crawford-Dilke case was proceeding. He makes no comment on the case itself, but a general remark on the Court:-

"The personality which fills the court is that of the witness. The judge's personality during the cross-examination contracts to his corporeal dimensions merely. So do they all save that of the pervasive witness aforesaid....The witness is also the fool of the court....The witness's little peculiarities supersede those of all the other personages together. He is at once king and victim.

"As to the architecture of the courts, there are everywhere religious art-forces masquerading as law symbols! The leaf, flower, fret, suggested by spiritual emotion, are pressed into the service of social strife."

The remainder of his spare time in London this year appears to have been spent in the British Museum Library and elsewhere considering the question of "The Dynasts"

☒ "July 11. Met and talked to Browning at Mrs Procter's again, and a day or two later at Mrs Skirrow's, where was also Oscar Wilde, etc. Also met on the 16th at Mrs Robinson's (Mary R's mother) my very remote consanguinean Iza Duffus Hardy, with some others with whom we had returned from the Macmillan's garden-party the day before.

"In Rotten Row.– Every now & then each woman, however interesting, puts on her battle-face.

In evening to bookstalls in Holywell Street known to me so many years ago."

At the end of July they returned to Max Gate where he went on with "The Woodlanders;" and in ~~September~~ October they paid another visit to Lady Portsmouth ~~a~~ in Devon, where they had a pleasant week, visiting local scenes and surroundings down to the kennels, (Lord Portsmouth being Master of Hounds), and the dogs' cemetery. "Lord Portsmouth made his whipper-in tell ~~Em~~ Emma the story of the hunted fox that ran up the old woman's clock-case, adding corroborative words with much gravity as the story proceeded, "& enjoying it more than she did, though he had heard it 100 times.

In October the Dorset poet ~~di~~ William Barnes died. Hardy had known him ever since his schoolmastering time in South Street, Dorchester, next door to the architect under whom Hardy had served his years of pupillage. In 1864 Barnes had retired from school-~~keeping~~-keeping, and accepted the living of Winterborne Came-cum-Whitcombe, the rectory house being, by chance, not half a mile ~~away~~ from the only spot Hardy could find convenient for building a dwelling on. Hardy's walk across the fields to attend the poet's funeral was marked by the singular incident to which he alludes in the poems entitled "The Last signal". He also wrote an obituary notice of his friend for the Athenaeum, which was afterwards drawn upon for details of his life in the Dictionary of National Biography. It was not ~~until~~ till many years after that he made and edited a selection of Barnes's poems.

At the beginning of ~~September~~ December he attended a meeting in Dorchester for considering a memorial to the poet. Various ideas were broached - a middle-Gothic cross, a Runic cross, to stand ~~where~~ - at the branching roads near his residence; -

~~but ultimately other counsel prevailed, and a bronze statue was selected, and executed by Mr Roscoe Mullins.~~ ¶The beginning of December covers this entry:

"I often view society-gatherings, people in the street, in a room, or elsewhere, as if they were beings in a somnamubulistic state, making their motions automatically - not realizing what they mean."

And a few days later another, when going to London:

"December 7th. Winter. The landscape has turned from a painting to an engraving: the birds that love worms fall back upon berries: the back parts of homesteads assume, in the general nakedness of the trees, a humiliating ~~distinctness~~ squalidness as to their details that has not been contemplated by their ~~xxxxx~~ occupiers.

"A man I met in the train says in a tone of bitter regret that he wore out seven sets of horseshoes in riding from Sturminster Newton to Weymouth, when courting a young woman at the latter place. He did not say whether he won and married her, or not; but I fancy he did.

"At the Society of British Artists there is good technique in abundance; but ideas for subjects are lacking. The impressionist school is strong. It is even more suggestive in the direction of literature than in that of art. As usual it is pushed to absurdity by some. But their principle is, as I understand it, that what you carry away with you from a scene is the true feature to grasp; or in other words, what appeals to your own individual eye and heart in particular amid much that does

not so appeal, and which you therefore omit to record.

"Talked ~~on~~ to Bob Stevenson - Louis's cousin - at the Savile. A more solid character than Louis.

" Called on Mrs Jeune. She was in a rich pinky-red gown, and looked handsome as we sat by the firelight en tête-à-tête she was, curiously enough, an example of Whistler's study in red that I had seen in the morning at the Gallery.

"To Lady Carnarvon's 'small and early'. Weather too wretched for Em. to go. Snow falling: the cabman drove me furiously - I don't know why. The familiar man with the lantern at the door. Her drawing-room was differently arranged from its method during her summer crushes. They seemed glad to see me. Lady Winifred told me she was going to be married on the 10th. of January at the Savoy Chapel, with other details of the wedding. She was serious and thoughtful - I fancied a little careworn. Said she was not going to let her honeymoon interfere with her reading, and means to carry a parcel of books. Spoke of her betrothed as "He" - as a workman speaks of his employer - never mentioning his name. Wants me to call my heroine "Winifred," but it is too late to alter it.

"Talked to Lady Carnarvon, who looked remarkably pretty, about the trees at Highclere in relation to my work in hand [The Woodlanders]. Lord C. told me he had filled several book-shelves with books all written by members of his own family - from Sir Philip Sidney, who was his mother's mother's mother's, &c. brother, downwards.

"The last time, I suppose, that I shall see friendly Winifred Herbert pouring out tea from the big tea-pot in that house, as I have seen her do so many times. Lady Carnarvon went about the room weaving little webs of sympathy between her guests."

So came the end of 1886.

January 1887 was uneventful at Max Gate, and the only remark its occupier makes during the month is the following:

"After looking at the landscape by Bonnington in our drawing room [given to Mrs Hardy by T.Wcolner. R.A. the sculptor] I feel that Nature is played out as a Beauty, but not as a Mystery. I don't want to see landscapes, i.e., scenic paintings of them, because I don't want to see the original realities - as optical effects, that is. I want to see the deeper reality underlying the scenic, the expression of what are sometimes called abstract imaginings.

"The 'simply natural' is interesting no longer. The much-decried, mad, late-Turner rendering is now necessary to create my interest. The exact truth as to material fact ceases to be of importance ~~in~~ in art - it is a student's style - the style of a period when the mind is serene and unawakened to the tragical mysteries of life; when it does not bring anything to the object that coalesces with and translates the qualities that are already there, - half hidden, it may be - and the two united are depicted as the All."

"Feb. 4th. 8.20 p.m. Finished 'The Woodlanders.' Thought

I should feel glad, but I do not particularly, - though relieved."

"February 6th. Sunday. To see my father. It was three men whom he last saw flogged in Dorchester by the Town-pump - about 1830. He happened to go in from Stinsford about mid-day. Some soldiers coming down the street from the Barracks interfered, and swore at Davis [Jack Ketch] because he did not 'flog fair'; that is to say he waited between each lash for the flesh to recover sensation, whereas, as they knew from experience, by striking quickly the flesh remained numb through several strokes."

"February 13th. You may regard a throng of people as containing a certain small minority who have sensitive souls; these, and the aspects of these, being what is worth observing. So you divide them into the mentally unquickened, mechanical, soulless; and the living, throbbing, suffering, vital. In other words into souls and machines, ether and clay.

"I was thinking a night or two ago that people are somnambulists - that the material is not the real - only the visible, the real being invisible optically, That it is because we are in a somnamubulistic hallucination that we think the real to be what we see as real." "Faces. The features to beholders so commonplace are to their possessor lineaments of striking, hopeful, high estimation."

Having now some leisure, and the spring drawing near, Hardy carried into effect an idea that he had long entertained, and on Monday, March 14. 1887, left Dorchester with Mrs Hardy for London on their way to Italy, the day before "The Woodlanders" was published by the Messrs Macmillan.

CHAPTER XV.

Italy.

1887 - Aet. 46.

The month had been mild hitherto, but no sooner had they started than the weather turned to snow; and a snow-storm persistently accompanied them across the Channel and southward beyond. They broke the journey at Aix-les-Bains, at which place they arrived past midnight, and the snow being by this time deep a path was cleared with spades for them to the fly in waiting, which two horses, aided by ~~###~~ men turning the wheels, dragged with difficulty up the hill to the Hôtel Château Durieux - an old fashioned place with stone floors and wide fireplaces. They were the only people there - the first visitors of the season, and in spite of a huge fire in their bed-room they found the next morning a cone of snow within each casement, and a snow film on the floor sufficient to show their tracks in moving about. Hardy used to speak of a curious atmospheric effect next morning. He was ~~sy~~ surprised that the windows of the room they occupied -one of the best - should command the view of a commonplace paddock only, with a few broken rails and sheds. But presently "what had seemed like the sky evolved a scene which uncurtained itself high up in the midst of the aerial expanse, as in a magic lantern, and vast mountains appeared there, tantalizingly with-

drawing again as if they had been a mere illusion."

They stayed here a day or two, "the mountains showing again coquettish signs of uncovering themselves, and again coquettishly pulling down their veil."

Leaving for Turin they stayed there awhile, then duly reached Genoa, concerning the first aspect of which from the train Hardy wrote a long time after the lines entitled "Genoa and the Mediterranean", though that city - so pre-eminently the city of marble, - nobly redeemed its character during their stay. "even little doorways in slums" when they visited its palaces — notably the Palazzo Doria —

At Pisa after visiting the Cathedral and Baptistery they stood ~~high up~~ at the top of the leaning tower during a peal of the bells, which shook it under their feet, and saw the sun ~~first~~ set from one of the bridges over the Arno, as Shelley had probably seen it from the same bridge many a time. Thence they proceeded to Florence, where they were met by a long inhabitant of that city, Lucy Baxter, the daughter of the poet Barnes, married and settled there since Hardy had known her in girlhood, and who wrote under the name of "Leader Scott". She had obtained for them lodgings at the Villa Trollope, in the Piazza dell' Indipendenza; and there they remained all the time they were in Florence. Their Florentine experiences onward were much like those of other people visiting for the first time the buildings, pictures, and historic sites of that city. They were fortunately able to see the old Market just before its destruction. Having gone through the galleries and churches of Florence they drove out and visited another English resident in the country near, and also went over the Certosa di Val d' Ema. Then they travelled on to Rome, their first glimpse of it being ~~across the~~ of the Dome of St Peter's across the stagnant flats,

by "melancholy olives and cheerful lemons"

of the Campagna.

They put up at the Hôtel d'Allemagne, in the Via de Condotti, a street opposite the Piazza di Spagna and the steps descending from the church of SS. Trinità de'Monti, on the south side of which stands the house where Keats died. Hardy liked to watch of an evening, when the streets below were immersed in shade, the figures ascending and descending these steps in the sunset glow, the front of the church orange in the same light; and also the house hard by, in which no mind could conjecture what had been lost to English literature in the early part of the same century that saw him there.

After some days spent in the Holy City Hardy began to feel, he frequently said, its measureless layers of history to lie upon him like a physical weight. The time of their visit was not so long after the peeling of the Coliseum and other ruins of their vast accumulations of parasitic growths, which, though Hardy as an architect defended the much deplored process on the score of its absolute necessity if the walls were to be preserved, he yet wished had not been taken in hand till after his inspection of them. This made the ruins of the ancient city, the "altae moenia Romae" as he called them, from the Aeneid, more gaunt to the vision and more depressing to the mind than they had been to visitors when covered with greenery, and accounts for his allusions to the city in the poems on Rome written after his return, as exhibiting "ochreous gauntness", "umbered walls", and so forth.

He mentions in a note the dustiness of the Pincio:

"Dust rising in clouds from the windy drive to the top, whitening the leaves of the evergreen oaks, and making the pale splotches on the trunks of the plane trees yet paler. The busts of illustrious Romans seem to require hats and goggles as a protection. But in the sheltered gardens beneath palms spread, and oranges still hang on the trees."

There was a great spurt of building going on at this time, on which he remarks, "I wonder how anybody can have any zest to erect a new building in Rome, in the overpowering presence of decay on the mangy and rotting walls of old erections, originally of fifty times the strength of the new." This sentiment was embodied in the sonnet called "Building a new street in the Ancient Quarter." *the weariness being the effect of the deadly fatiguing size of St. Peter's;*

A visit to the graves of Shelley and Keats was also the inspiration of more verses, *-probably not written till later-* his nearly falling asleep in the Sala delle Muse of the Vatican *was* the source of another poem, and the musical incident which, as he once said, took him by surprise when investigating the remains of Caligula's palace, that of another.

"The quality of the faces in the streets of Rome: Satyrs: Emperors: Faustinas.

Two or three slightly unpleasant occurrences chequered their stay in Rome, but were not of serious moment. One was that when Hardy was descending the Via di Aracoeli, carrying a small old painting he had just bought in a slum at the back of the * Capitoline Hill, three men prepared to close on him as if to rob him, apparently mistaking him for a wealthy man owing to his wearing a fur-edged coat. They could see that both his hands

were occupied in holding the picture, but what they seemed not to be perceiving was that he was not alone, Mrs Hardy being on the opposite side of the narrow way. She cried out to her husband to be aware, and with her usual courage rushed across at the back of the men, who disappeared as if by magic.

Another risk, of ~~what~~ which however they were not conscious at the moment, was one incurred by herself, who in her eagerness for exploration lingered for rather a long time in the underground dens of the Coliseum. An attack of malaria in a mild form followed, which went off in a few days; but with, to them, the singular result that at the same date in spring for three or four years afterwards the same feverishness returned, in decreasing strength, till it finally left off appearing.

The third was nothing more than amusing, it being that the priest who conducted them through the Catacombs of S. Callistus, and had seemed puzzled about the way, was a new man who had himself got lost in them for some hours the day before.

Hardy's notes of Rome were of a very jumbled and confusing kind. But probably from a surviving architectural instinct he made a few measurements in the "Via Appia Antica", ~~what~~ He also noticed that the pavement of the fashionable promenade, the Corso, was two feet six inches wide. Of a different kind was his note that -where he was obsessed by a vision of a chained file of prisoners plodding wearily along towards Rome, one of the most haggard of whom was to be famous through the ages as the founder of Pauline Christianity.

"The monk who showed us the hole in which stood Saint Peter's Cross in the Church of S.Pietro in Montorio, and fetched up a pinch of clean implying it had been there ever since the apostle's crucifixion, sand from it, was a man of cynical humour, and

gave me an indescribably funny glance from the tail of his eye as if to say: "You see well enough what an imposture it all is!" I have noticed this sly humour in some more of these Roman monks, such as the one who sent me on alone into the vaults of the Cappuccini [among the thousands of skulls there], not knowing that I was aware of them, and therefore not startled at the ghastly scene. Perhaps there is something in my appearance which makes them think me a humourist also."

On the Roman pictures and statuary the only remark he makes except in verse is: "Paintings. In Roman art the kernel of truth has acquired a thick rind of affectation: e.g., I find that pictures by Giotto have been touched up thoroughly, so that what you see is not Giotto at all, but the over-lying renovations. (A disappointing sight.) Alas for this 'wronged great soul of an ancient master'!" (The remark, though written at Rome, seems to refer more particularly to Florence.)

By curious chance Hardy was present at a wedding at the church of S. Lorenzo-in-Lucina, and was vexed with himself that he did not recollect till afterwards that it was the church of Pompilia's marriage in "The Ring and the Book". But he was on the whole more interested in Pagan than in Christian Rome, of the latter preferring churches in which he could detect columns from ancient temples. Christian Rome, he said, was so rambling and stratified that to comprehend it in a single visit was like trying to read Gibbon through at a sitting. So that, for instance, standing on the meagre remains of the Via Sacra then recently uncovered, he seemed to catch more echoes of the inquisitive bore's

conversation there with the poet Horace than of worship from the huge basilicas hard by, which were in point of time many centuries nearer to him. But he was careful to remind one to whom he spoke about this that it was really a question of familiarity, time being nothing beside knowledge, and that he happened to remember the scene in the Satires ~~that~~ which he, like so many schoolboys, had read, while his mind was a blank on the most august ceremonial of the Middle-Age Christian services in the Basilica Julia or the Basilica Constantine.

"April. Our spirits. As we get older they are less subject to steep gradients than in youth. We lower the elevations, and fill the hollows with sustained judgments."

While here he received among other letters one from Mrs Procter containing the following ~~xxxx~~ remarks:

"It is very kind of you to think of me in Rome, and stretch out a friendly hand. Perhaps, as you are living amidst the Ancient, there is a propriety in thinking of the Oldish, and, I must say, the truest, friend you have.-----

"We are still in Winter: to-day a bitter East wind, and tiles and chimney pots flying about. Never have we had so long a season of cold weather - all our Money gone in Coals and Gas.

"I have been displeased, so much as one ever is by a Man whom you care nothing about, by an Article written by a Dr Wendell Holmes the American. He comes here, and then says, 'the most wonderful thing I saw in England were the Old Ladies - they are so active, and tough, like Old Macaws' - Now am I like an

old Macaw? - He might have said Parrots.

"Then Mr Thackeray's letters! [to Mrs Brookfield]; so common, so vulgar! You will see them in Scribner's Magazine. - He was never in love with me, but the 200 letters he wrote me were very superior to these."

It was with a sense of having grasped very little of its history that he left the city, though with some relief, which may have been partly physical and partly mental.

Returning to Florence on "a soft green misty evening following rain", he found the scenery soothing after the gauntness of Rome. On a day of warm sun he sat down for a long time, he said, on the steps of the Lanzi, in the Piazza della Signoria, while his wife was sketching, near; ~~for a long time,~~ and thought of many things:

"It is three in the afternoon, and the faces of the buildings are steeped in afternoon stagnation. The figure of Neptune is looking an intense white against the ~~green~~ brown-grey ~~houses~~ houses behind, and the bronze forms round the basin [of the fountain] are starred with rays on their noses, elbows, knees, bosoms and shoulders. The shade from the Loggia dei Lanzi falls half across the Piazza. Turning my head there rise the three great arches with their sculptures, then those in the middle of the Loggia, then the row of six at the back with their uplifted fingers, as if ----" [sentence unfinished]

"In the Caffe near there is a patter of speech, and on the pavement outside a noise of hoofs. The reflection from that statue of Neptune throws a secondary light into the Caffe.

"Everybody is thinking, even amid these art examples from various ages, that this present age is the ultimate climax and upshot of the previous ages, and not a link in a chain of them..

"In a work of art it is the accident which charms, not the intention; that we ~~only~~ love and admire. Instance the amber tones that pervade the folds of drapery in ancient marbles, the deadened polish of the surfaces, and the cracks and the scratches."

In visiting Fiesole they met with a mishap which might have ended in a serious accident. With Mrs Baxter they had journeyed out from Florence to the foot of the hill on which the little town stands, and were about to walk up the height, when on second thoughts they entered a jimcrack omnibus that plied to the top. The driver went to have a drink before starting, and left the omnibus untended, only one of the two horses being put to. The horse immediately started with the three inside at a furious pace towards Florence. The highway was dotted with heaps of large stones for repair, but he avoided them by a miracle, until the steam-tram from Florence appeared a little way ahead, and a collision seemed inevitable. Two workmen, however, seeing the danger, descended from the roof of a house and stopping in front of the horse stopped it. They again attempted Fiesole, and climbed up - this time on foot despite all invitations from flymen.

In a sonnet ~~on~~ on Fiesole called "In the old Theatre" Hardy makes use of an incident that occurred while ~~they were~~ he was sitting in the stone Amphitheatre on the summit of the hill.

the Easter ceremony of the Scoppio del Carro,

A few more looks at Florence, including a visit to Mrs Browning's tomb, and to the supposed scene in the Piazza dell' Annunziata of one of Browning's finest poems, "The Statue and the Bust", ended their visit to this half-English city, after seeing Siena and they left for Bologna, Ferrara, and Venice by the railway across the Appennines, not forgetting to gaze at the Euganean Hills so inseparable from thoughts of Shelley. It is rather noticeable that two such differing poets as Browning and Shelley, in their writings, their mentality, and their lives, should have so mingled in Hardy's thoughts during this Italian tour, almost to the exclusion of other English poets equally, or nearly so, associated with Italy, with whose works he was just as well acquainted.

Hardy seems to have found more pleasure in Venice than in any Italian city previously visited, in spite of bad weather during a part of his stay there. Byron of course was introduced here among the other phantom-poets marshalled through his brain in front of the sea-queen's historic succession of scenes.

A wet windy morning accompanied their first curious examination of the Ducal Palace, "the shining ferri of the gondolas curtesying down and up against the wharf wall, and the gondoliers standing looking on at us. The wet draught sweeps through the ~~cell~~ colonnade by Munster's shop, not a soul being within it but Munster, whose face brightens at sight of us like that of a man on a desert island.....The dumb boy who showed us the way to the Rialto has haunted us silently ever since.

"The Hall of the Great Council is saturated with Doge-domry,

The faces of the Doges pictured on the frieze float out into the air of the room in front of me. 'We know nothing of you', say these spectres. 'Who may you be, pray?' The draught brushing past seems like inquiring touches by their cold hands, feeling, feeling like blind people what you are. Yes: here to this visionary place I solidly bring in my person Dorchester and Wessex life; and they may well ask why do I do it....Yet there is a connection. The bell of the Campanile of S. Marco strikes the hour, and its sound has exactly that tin-tray timbre given out by the bells of Longpuddle and Weatherbury, showing that they are of precisely the same-proportioned alloy."

Hardy had been, for many reasons, keen to see St. Marks; ~~an~~ and he formed his own opinion of it:

"Well. There is surely some conventional ecstacy, exaggeration, - shall I say humbug? - in what Ruskin writes about this, if I remember, (though I have not read him lately), when the church is looked at as a whole. One architectural defect nothing can get over - its squatness as seen from the natural point of view - the glassy marble pavement of the Grand Piazza. Second, its weak, flexuous, constructional lines. Then, the ~~Sec-~~ fantastic Oriental character of its details makes it barbaric in its general impression, in spite of their great beauty.

"Mosaics, mosaics, mosaics, gilding, gilding, everywhere inside and out. The domes like inverted china-bowls within - all gilt also.

"This being said, see what good things are left to say - of its art, of its history! That floor, of every colour and rich device, is worn into undulations by the infinite multitudes of feet that have trodden it, and <u>what</u> feet there have been among the rest!

"A commonplace man stoops in a dark corner where he strikes a common match, and shows us - what - a lost article? - a purse, pipe, or tobacco-pouch? no; shows us - drags from the depths of time as by a miracle - wonderful diaphanous alabaster pillars that were once in Solomon's temple."

On Venice generally he makes the following desultory remarks:- "When it rains in Italy it makes one shrink and shiver; it is so far more serious a matter than in England. We have our stern gray stone and brick walls, and weathered copings, and buttress-slopes, to fend such. But here there are exposed to the decaying rain, marbles, and frescoes, and tesserae, and gildings, and endless things - driving one to implore mentally that all these treasures may be put under a glass case!

When the weather was finer:

"~~Venice~~ Venice is composed of blue and sunlight. Hence I incline, after all, to "sun-girt" rather than "sea-girt", which I once upheld." [In Shelley's poem, 'Many a green isle needs must be']

"Venice requires <u>heat</u> to complete the picture of her. Heat is an artistic part of the portrait of all southern towns."

They were most kindly received and entertained during their

brief stay by friends to whom they had introductions. (Browning's friend Mrs Bronson showed them things; and In respect of an evening party given for them by Mrs Daniel Curtis at the Palazzo Barbaro, it could not be said that "silent rows the songless gondolier", several boats lit by lanterns pausing in front of the open windows on the Grand Canal while their rowers and the singers they brought serenaded the guests within. But alas, it was true that "Tasso's echoes were no more", the music being that of the latest popular song of the date:

"Fu-ni-cu-li-fu-ni-cu-la,
Fu-ni-cu-li-cu-la!"

However, the scene was picturesque, Hardy used to say - the dark shapes of the gondoliers creeping near to them silently, like cats or other nocturnal animals, the gleam of a ferro here and there: then the lanterns suddenly lighting up over the heads of the singers, throwing a diffused light on their faces and forms; a sky as of black velvet stretching above with its star points, as the notes flapped back from the dilapidated palaces behind with a hollow and almost sepulchural echo, as if from a vault.

Quoting Byron brings to the mind a regret which Hardy sometimes expressed, that though he possibly encountered some old native man or woman of fourscore or over who could remember Byron's residence at the Spinelli and Mocenigo palaces, he never questioned any likely one among them on the point, though once in special he stood on the Riva degli Schiavoni beside such an aged personage whose appearance made him feel her to be an instance of such recollection.

He was curious to know if any descendants of the powerful

Doges were left in decayed modern Venice. Mr Curtis told him that there were some in Venetian society still - poor, but proud, though not offensively so. But the majority were extinct, their palaces being ruinous. Going ~~xxxxxxx~~ on to Mrs Bronson's immediately afterwards the Contessa M----- called: she was a great beauty, having the well-defined hues and contours of foreigners in the south; and she turned out to be one of the very descendants Hardy had inquired about. When asked afterwards how she was dressed he said in a green velvet jacket with fluffy tags, a grey hat and feathers, a white veil with seed pearls, and a light figured skirt of a yellowish colour. She had a charming manner, her mind flying from one subject to another like a child's as she spoke her pretty attempts at English. "But I li--eek mooh to do it!...." "Si, si!"...."Oh noh, noh!"

However, Hardy was not altogether listening, he afterwards recalled. This correct, modest, modern lady, the friend of his English and American acquaintance in Venice, and now his own, was to him primarily the symbol and relic of the bygone ancient families; and the chief effect, he said, of her good looks and pretty ~~xxxx~~ voice on him was to carry him at one spring back to those behind the centuries, who here

'took their pleasure when the sea was warm in May,
Balls and masks began at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow....'

It is not known whether the Italian Contessa in "A Group of Noble Dames" was suggested by her; but there are resemblances.

Then they left Venice. - "The Riva degli Schiavoni is interested along its whole length in our departure, just as nautical people at ports always are, and as we left the station we could see the tops of the Alps floating in the sky above the ~~e~~ fog." They had been unable to follow Ruskin's excellent advice to approach Venice by water, but they had seen it from the water a good deal while there.

"The Cathedral, Milan, - Yes, perhaps it is architectural filagree: and yet I admire it. The vaulting of the interior is infinite quadrilles in carved-work. A momentary vexation comes when I am reminded that it is not real - even a disgust. And yet I admire. The sense of space alone demands admiration, being beyond that expressed anywhere except at St. Peter's."

The cheerful scenes of life and gaiety here after the poetical decay of Venice came as the greatest possible contrast, and a not unwelcome change. Here Hardy's mind reverted to Napoleon, particularly when he was sitting in the sun with his wife on the roof of the Cathedral, and regarding the city in vistas between the flying buttresses. It was while here on the roof, he thought in after years, though he was not quite sure, that he conceived the Milan Cathedral scene in "The Dynasts".

Hardy had lately been obsessed by an old French tune of his father's, "The Bridge of Lodi", owing to his having drawn near the spot of that famous Napoleonic struggle; and at a large music-shop in the Gallery of Victor Emmanuel he enquired about it; as may be expected his whimsical questioning met with no

success. He felt it could meet with none, and yet went on with his search. At dinner at the Grand Hôtel de Milan that evening, where the Hardys had put up, they became friendly with a young Scotch officer of Foot returning from India, and Hardy told him about Lodi, and how he could not get the old tune.

"The Bridge of Lodi?" said the Scotchman (apparently a sort of Farfrae). "Ay, but I've never heard of it!"

"But you've heard of the battle, anyhow?", says the astonished Hardy.

"Nay, and I never have whatever!" says the young soldier.

Hardy then proceeded to describe the conflict, and by degrees his companion rose to an enthusiasm for Lodi greater than Hardy's own. When the latter said he would like to go and see the spot his friend cried "And I'll go too!".

The next morning they started, leaving Mrs Hardy at the hotel; and passing through levels of fat meads and blooming fruit-trees reached the little town of their quest, and more especially the historic bridge itself - much changed, but at any rate sufficiently well denoting the scene of Napoleon's exploits in the earlier and better days of his career. Over the quiet flowing of the Adda the two re-enacted the fight, and the "Little Corporal's" dramatic victory over the Austrians.

The pleasant jingle in "Wessex Poems" named after the bridge, and written some time after the excursion to the scene, fully enough describes the visit, but the young Scotch lieutenant from India is not mentioned, though his zest by this time had grown more than equal to Hardy's, - the latter's becoming somewhat damped at finding that the most persevering inquiries at Lodi

failed to elicit any tradition of the event, and the furthest search to furnish any photograph of the town and river.

They returned to England by way of Como and the St Gothard, one of the remarks Hardy makes on the former place being on the vying of "the young greens with the old greens, the greens of yesterday and the greens of yesteryear." It was too early in the year for Lucerne, and they stayed there only a day. Passing through Paris they went to see the crown jewels that chanced just then to be on exhibition, previous to their sale.

PART IV.

Between Town and Country.

CHAPTER XVI.

London Friends, Paris, and Short Stories.

1887 - 1888. Aet 47 - 48.

Reaching London Hardy attended the annual dinner of the Royal
emy. He remarks thereon:

'The watching presence of so many ~~pictures~~ portraits gives a distinct
racter to this dinner....In speaking, the Duke of Cambridge could
decide whether he had ended his speech or not, and so tagged and
ged on a bit more, and a bit more, till the sentences were like acrobats hanging
from a trapèze. Lord Salisbury's satire was rather too serious
after dinner. Huxley began well but ended disastrously; the
Bishop was dreary; Morley tried to look a regular dining-out
-of-the-world, but really looked what he is by nature, the student.
rybody ~~walked~~ afterwards walked about, the Prince of Wales
luded, remaining till 12. I spoke to a good many; was apparently unknown to
ood many more I knew. At these times men do not want to talk to their
ls, but to their superiors."

On the Sunday after the Hardys again met Browning at Mrs Procter's,
being full of Italy Hardy alluded to "The Statue and the Bust"
ich he ~~always~~ often thought one of the finest of Browning's poems); and
rved that, looking at "the empty shrine" opposite the ~~statue~~ figure of

tinand in the Piazza SS. Annunziata, he had wondered where the
had gone to, and had been informed by an officious waiter stand-
at a neighbouring door that he remembered seeing it in its place;
(after which he gave) further details about it, for which information he was gratefully
(interesting)
rded. Browning smiled and said, "I invented it."

Shortly afterwards they settled till the end of July at a house
mpden-Hill Road.

Speaking of this date Hardy said that in looking for ~~rooms~~ a place to
at for the season he called at a house-agent's as usual, ~~and~~ where, not
ing the man at the desk who had been there a day or two before,
who knew his wants in flats and apartments, he inquired for the
and was told he was out. Saying he would call again in an hour
left. On coming back he was told he was still out. He called
or two afterwards, and the answer then was that the clerk he
was away.

"But you said yesterday he was only out", exclaimed Hardy. His
ant looked round him as if not wishing to be overheard, and
ed:

"Well, strictly he is not out, but in."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"Because you can't speak to him. He's dead and buried."

May. Met Lowell at Lady Carnarvon's. Also Lady Winifred Byng
first time since her marriage. Lady Camilla her cousin asked
a roguish whisper if I did not think Winifred looked gloomy. Talked
Rosamond C—. She (tells me she) is in trouble about the colour of her hair; but it is certainly not red
says. Lady—, whose eyes had a wild look, declares she has not slept for two months,

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dy Rosamond C—. She (Tells me she) is in trouble about the colour of her hair; but it is certainly not red
says. Lady —, whose eyes had a wild look, declares she has not slept for two months,

~~since she met with an accident out hunting~~

~~Lady Margt W—— looked pretty in gauzy muslin - going to a ball, she told me.~~

"May 29. Instance of a wrong (i.e. selfish) philosophy in poetry:-

' Thrice happy he who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain .....
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses at noon.'

Thomson. "

"End of May. Read Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' -- worthless. Also some of Calderon's Plays -- Fitzgerald's translation.

"June 2. The forty-seventh birthday of Thomas the Unworthy.

"June 8. Met at a dinner at the Savile Club: Goschen Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Lytton, A.J.Balfour, and others.

"June 9. At dinner at (Juliet) Lady Pollock's, Sir F. told Emma that he had danced in the same quadrille with a gentleman who had danced with Marie Antoinette.

"Sir Patrick Colquhoun said that Lord Strath---- (illegible) told him he was once dining with Rogers when Sir Philip Francis was present. The conversation turned on "Junius". Rogers said he would ask Sir Philip point-blank if he really were the man, so going to him he said 'Sir Philip, I want to ask you a question.' - Sir P. 'At your peril, Sir!' Rogers retreated saying 'He's not only Junius, but Junius Brutus!'

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"He also told us that Lord S----- once related to him how George III met him on Richmond Hill, and said to him: 'Eton boy, what are you doing here?'-----'Taking a walk, Sir'. ----- 'What form are you in?'--- 'The sixth'. ---'Then you

have that which I couldn't give you'. ---(Characteristic.)"

"Sunday. To Mrs Procter's. Browning there. He was sleepy. In telling a story would break off, forgetting what he was going to say.

On the 21st. was Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and Hardy took his wife to see the procession from the Savile Club in Piccadilly. - "The Queen was very jolly-looking. The general opinion is that there will certainly never be another jubilee in England; anyhow, probably never such a gathering of royal personages again."

"25. At a concert at Prince's Hall I saw Souls outside Bodies."

"26. We were at Mrs Procter's when Browning came in as usual. He seemed galled at not having been invited to the Abbey (Jubilee) ceremony. He says that so far from receiving (as stated in the Pall Mall) an invitation even so late as 24 hours before, he received absolutely no invitation from the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Lathom) at all. The Dean offered him one of his own family tickets, but B. did not care to go on such terms, so went off to Oxford to stay with Jowett. People who were present say there were crowds of Court-servants and other nobodies there. An eminent actor had 25 tickets sent him .....Millais, Huxley, Arnold, Spencer, etc. had none. Althogether Literature, Art, and Science had been unmistake-

ably snubbed, and they should turn republican forthwith."

An interesting comment on the reign of Queen Victoria!

The remainder of the London season in the brilliant Jubilee-year was passed by the Hardys gaily enough. At some houses the scene was made very radiant by the presence of so many Indian princes in their jewelled robes. At a certain reception Hardy was rather struck by one of the Indian dignitaries (who seems to have been the Anniwalia of Kapurthalla); remarking of him:-

"In his mass of jewels and white turban and tunic he stood and sat apart amid the babble and gaiety, evidently feeling himself <u>alone</u>, and having too much character to pretend to belong to and throw himself into a thoughtless world of chit-chat and pleasure which he understood nothing of."

June 30th. Talked to Matthew Arnold at the Royal Academy <u>Soiree</u>. Also to Lang, du Maurier, Thorneycrofts, Mrs Jeune &c."

"With E. to lunch at Lady Stanley's (of Alderley). Met there Lord Halifax, Lady Airlie, Hon. Maude Stanley, her brother Monsignor Stanley, and others. An exciting ~~party~~ family dispute supervened, in which they took no notice of us guests at all."

But Hardy does not comment much on these society-gatherings, his thoughts running upon other subjects, as is shown by the following memorandum made on the same day as the

above. (It must always be borne in mind that these memoran on people and things were made by him only as personal opinions for private consideration, which he meant to destroy, and not for publication; an issue which has come about by his having been asked when old if he would object to their being printed, as there was no harm in them, and his saying passively that he did not mind.)

"July 14. It is the on-going -- i.e., the 'becoming'- of the world that produces its sadness. If the world stood still at a felicitous moment there would be no sadness in it. The sun and the moon standing still on Ajalon was not a catastrophe for Israel, but a type of Paradise."

"He also told us that Lord S--- once related to him how George III met him on Richmond Hill, and said to him: 'Eton boy, what are you doing here?'--'Taking a walk, Sir.' -- 'What form are you in?'-- 'The sixth'.-- 'Then you have that which I couldn't give you',-- (Characteristic.)"

"14th. To Lady Carnarvon's with E. The dullest and stupidest of all her parties this season. A Rajah there. Talked to Lady Winifred, Lady Camilla Wallop, &c. Introduced to her sister Lady Kath: Milnes-Gaskell. The latter the prettiest of all Lady Portsmouth's daughters. Round luminous enquiring eyes. Lady Winifred puts on the married woman already."

"Sunday. To Mrs Procter's. Browning there. He was sleepy. In telling a story would break off, forgetting what he was going to say.

~~"18. To dinner at Mansion House."~~

On the 21st. was Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and Hardy took his wife to see the procession from the Savile Club in Piccadilly. - "The Queen was very jolly-looking. The general opinion is that there will certainly never be another jubillee in England; anyhow, probably never such a gathering of royal personages again."

"25. At a concert at Prince's Hall I saw Souls outside Bodies."

"26. We were at Mrs Procter's when Browning came in as usual. He seemed galled at not having been invited to the Abbey (Jubilee) ceremony. He says that so far from receiving (as stated in the Pall Mall) an invitation even so late as 24 hours before, he received absolutely no invitation from the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Lathom) at all. The Dean offered him one of his own family tickets, but B. did not care to go on such terms, so went off to Oxford, to stay with Jowett. People who were present say there were crowds of Court-servants and other nobodies there. An eminent actor had 25 tickets sent him .... Millais, Huxley, Arnold, Spencer, etc. had none. Altogether Literature, Art, and Science had been unmistakeably snubbed, and they should turn republican forthwith."

An interesting comment on the reign of Queen Victoria!

The remainder of this London season in the brilliant Jubilee-year was passed by the Hardys gaily enough, ~~at dinners, orushes, luncheons and other functions, where the~~ y ~~encountered a great many people of every sort, title, and fame. At one dinner Lord Lytton's, he entered the adjoining house by mistake, the door standing open and the hall being brilliantly lighted, and did not discover his error till he got upstairs. At some houses such as Lady Halifax's, and the Hon. Reynell Ingram's,~~ At some houses the scene was made very radiant by the presence of so many Indian princes in their jewelled robes. At the last mentioned reception he was rather struck by one of the Indian dignitaries (who seems to have been the Anniwalia of Kapurthalla); remarking of him:—

"In his mass of jewels and white turban and tunic he stood and sat apart amid the babble and gaiety, evidently feeling himself alone, and having too much character to pretend to belong to and throw himself into a thoughtless world of chit-chat and pleasure which he understood nothing of."

"June 30th. Talked to Matthew Arnold at the Royal Academy Soiree. Also to Lang, du Maurier, Thorneycrofts, Mrs Jeune &c."

"July 1. Dined at the House of Commons with Justin McCarthy. Met T.P. O'Connor, Dillon, &c. Sat on Terrace after dinner."

"With E. to lunch at Lady Stanley's (of Alderley). Met there Lord Hamifax, Lady Airlie, Hon. Maude Stanley, her brother Monsignor Stanley, and others. An exciting family dispute supervened, in which they took no notice of us guests at all."

But Hardy does not comment much on these society-gatherings, his thoughts running upon other subjects, as is shown by the following memorandum made on the same day as the above. (It must always be borne in mind that these memoranda on people and things were made by him only as personal opinions for private consideration, which he meant to destroy, and not for publication; an issue which has come about by his having been asked when old if he would object to their being printed, as there was no harm in them, and his saying passively that he did not mind.)

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In August he was back again at Max Gate, and there remarks on the difference between children who grow up in solitary country places and those who grow up in towns - the former being imaginative, dreamy, and credulous of vague mysteries; giving as the reason that "The Unknown comes within so short a radius from themselves by comparison with the city-bred."

At the end of the month Mr Edmund Gosse wrote to inform Hardy among other things that R.L.Stevenson was off to Colorado as a last chance, adding in the course of a humorous letter: I hope your spirits have been pretty good this summer. I have been scarcely fit for human society, I have

been so deep in the dumps. I wonder whether climate has anything to do with it? It is the proper thing nowadays to attribute to physical causes all the phenomena which people used to call spiritual. But I am not sure. One may be dyspeptic and yet perfectly cheerful, and one may be quite well and yet no fit company for a churchyard worm. For the last week I should not have ventured to say unto a flea, 'Thou art my sister'".

"Sept. 3. Mother tells me of a woman she knew named Nanny P----, who when she married would never be called by her husband's name 'because she was too proud', she said; and to the end of their lives the couple were spoken of as "Nanny P---- and John C---".

"September 25. My grandmother used to say that when sitting at home at Bockhampton she had heard the tranter 'beat out the tune' on the floor with his feet when dancing at a party in his own house, which was a hundred yards or more away from here."

"Oct. 2. Looked at the thorn bushes by Rushy Pond [on an exposed spot of the heath]. In their wrath with the gales their forms resemble men's in like mood.

"A variant of the superstitions attached to pigeon's hearts is that, when the counteracting process is going on, the person who has bewitched the other enters. In the case of a woman in a village near here who ~~has~~ was working the spell at midnight a neighbour knocked at the door and said: 'Do ye come in and see My little maid. She is so ill that I don't like to bide with her alone!'"

"October 7. During the funeral of H.S., the rector's son at

West Stafford, the cows looked mournfully over the churchyard wall from the adjoining barton, resting their clammy chins on the coping; and clattered their horns in a farewell volley."

*[see on back]

"December 11. Those who invent vices indulge in them with more judgment and restraint than those who imitate vices invented by others."

"Dec. 31. A silent New Year's Eve - no bell, or band, or voice.

"The year has been a fairly friendly one to me. It showed me and Em the south of Europe - Italy, above all Rome, - and it brought us back unharmed and much illuminated. It has given me some new acquaintances, too, and enabled me to hold my own in fiction, whatever that may be worth, by the completion of "The Woodlanders".

⊕ [see on back]

" Jan. 3. 1888. Different purposes, different men. Those in the city for money-making are not the same men as they were when at home the previous evening. Nor are these the same as they were when lying awake in the small hours.

"Jan. 5. Be rather curious than anxious about your own career; for whatever result may accrue to its intellectual and social value, it will make little difference to your personal well-being. A naturalist's interest in the hatching of a queer egg or germ is the utmost introspective consideration you should allow yourself.

"Jan. 7. On New Year's Eve and day I sent off five copies of the magazine containing a story of mine, and three letters - all eight to friends by way of New Year's greeting and good

".

※ ¶ Another outline scheme for "The Dynasts" was shaped in November, in which Napoleon was represented as haunted by an Evil Genius or Familiar, whose existence he has to confess to his wives. This was abandoned, and another tried in which Napoleon by means of necromancy becomes possessed of an insight enabling him to see the thoughts of opposing generals. This does not seem to have come to anything either.

But in December he quotes from Addison:

"In the description of Paradise the poet [Milton] has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak, inactive parts of the fable." And although Hardy did not slavishly adopt this rule in "The Dynasts", it is apparent that he had it in mind, in concentrating the "ornaments of diction" in particular places, thus following Coleridge in holding that a long poem should not attempt to be poetical all through. [return to preceding page]

⊕ "Books read or pieces looked at this year:

Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe
Homer, Virgil, Molière, Scott.
The Cid, Nibelungen, Crusoe, Don Quixote
Aristophanes, Theocritus, Boccaccio.
Cant? Tales, Sha's Sonnets, Lycidas
Malory. Vic. of W. Ode to West Wind. Ode to Grecian Urn,
Christabel, Wye above Tintern.
Chapman's Iliad, Ld Derby's ditto. Worsley's Odyssey.

[return to preceding page]

wishes. Not a single reply. Mem.: never send New Year's letters &c., again."

[Two were dying: one ultimately replied. The story was either "The Withered Arm", in Blackwood, or "The Waiting Supper" in Murray's Magazine, both of which appeared about this time.]

"Apprehension is a great element in imagination. It is a semi-madness, which sees enemies, etc., in inanimate objects.

"Jan. 14. A 'sensation-novel' is possible in which the sensationalism is not casuality but evolution; not physical but psychical....The difference between the latter kind of novel and the novel of physical sensationalism - i.e., personal adventure, etc., - is this: that whereas in the physical the adventure itself is the subject of interest, the psychical results being passed over as commonplace, in the psychical the casuality or adventure is held to be of no intrinsic interest, but the effect upon the faculties is the important matter to be depicted."

"Jan. 24. I find that my politics really are neither Tory nor Radical. I may be called an Intrinsicalist. I am against privilege derived from accident of any kind, and am therefore equally opposed to aristocratic privilege and democratic privilege (By the latter I mean the arrogant assumption that the only labour is hand-labour - a worse arrogance than that of the aristocrat, - the taxing of the worthy to help those masses of the population who will not help themselves when they might, etc.) Opportunity should be equal for all, but those who will not avail themselves

of it should be cared for merely - not be a burden to, nor the rulers over, those who do avail themselves thereof."

"Feb. 5th. Heard a story of a farmer who was "overlooked" [malignantly affected] by himself. He used to go and examine his stock every morning before breakfast with anxious scrutiny. The animals pined away. He went to a conjuror or white witch, who told him he had no enemy; that the evil was of his own causing, the eye of a fasting man being very blasting: that he should eat a dew-bit' before going to survey any possession about which he had hopes."

In the latter part of this month there arrived the following:

"The Rev. Dr. A.B.Grosart ventures to address Mr Hardy on a problem that is of life and death; personally, and in relation to young eager intellects for whom he is responsible.....Dr Grosart finds abundant evidence that the facts and mysteries of nature and human nature have come urgently before Mr Hardy's penetrative brain."

He enumerated some of the horrors of human and animal life, particularly parasitic, and added:

"The problem is how to reconcile these with the absolute goodness and non-limitation of God."

Hardy replied: "Mr Hardy regrets that he is unable to suggest any hypothesis which would reconcile the existence of such evils as Dr Grosart describes with the idea of omnipotent goodness. Perhaps Dr Grosart might be helped to a provisional

view of the universe by the recently published Life of Darwin, and the works of # Herbert Spencer and other agnostics."

He met Leslie Stephen shortly after, and Stephen told him that he too had received a similar letter from Grosart, to which he had replied that as the reverend doctor was a professor of theology, and he himself only a layman, he should have thought it was the doctor's business to explain the difficulty to his correspondent, and not his to explain it to the doctor.

Two or three days later the Bishop (Wordsworth) of Salisbury wrote to Hardy for his views on the migration of the peasantry "which is of considerable social importance and has a very distinct bearing on the work of the Church," adding that Hardy with his very accurate knowledge of the custom was well qualified to be the historian of its causes and its results. "Are they good or bad morally and in respect of religion, respectability, etc., to men, women, and children." Hardy's answer cannot be discovered, but he is known to have held that these modern migrations are fatal to local traditions and to cottage horticulture. Labourers formerly, knowing they were permanent residents, would plant apple-trees and fruit-bushes with zealous care, to profit from them: but now they scarce ever plant one, knowing they will be finding a home elsewhere in a year or two; or if they do happen to plant any, digging them up and selling them before leaving! Hence the lack of picturesqueness in modern labourers' dwellings.

"March 1. Youthful recollections of four village beauties: 1. Elizabeth B---, and her red hair [She seems to appear] in the poem called 'Lizbie Brown', and was a game-keeper's daughter, a year or

two
older than Hardy himself.]

"3. Emily D----, and her mere prettiness.

"3. Rachel H---, and her rich colour, and vanity, and frailty, and (clever artificial dimple-making. [She is probably in some respects the original of Arabella in "Jude the Obscure"]

"4. Alice P---" *and her mass of flaxen curls."*

⊗[See on back]

"March 8. British Museum Reading Room. Souls are gliding about more in a sort of dream - screened somewhat by their bodies, but imaginable, behind them. Dissolution is gnawing at them all, slightly hampered by renovations. In the great circle of the library Time is looking into Space. Coughs are floating in the same great vault, mixing with the rustle of book-leaves risen from the dead, and the touches of footsteps on the floor."

"March 28. On returning to London after an absence I find the people of my acquaintance abraded, their hair disappearing; also ~~and~~ their flesh, by degrees.

"People who to ones-self are transient singularities are to themselves the permanent condition, the inevitable, the normal, the rest of mankind being to them the singularity. Think, that those,(to us) strange transitory phenomena, their personalities, are with them always, at their going to bed, at their uprising!

"Footsteps, cabs, &c. are continually passing our lodgings. And every echo, pit-pat, and rumble that makes up the general noise has behind it a motive, a prepossession, a hope, a fear, a fixed thought forward; perhaps more - a joy, a sorrow, a love, a

⊗"March. At the Temperance Hotel. The people who stay here appear to include religious enthusiasts of all sorts. They talk the old faiths with such new fervours and original aspects that such faiths seem again arresting. They open fresh views of Christianity by turning it in reverse positions, as Gerôme the painter did by painting the shadow of the Crucifixion instead of the Crucifixion itself as former painters had done.

"In the street outside I heard a man coaxing money from a prostitute in slang language, his arm round her waist. The outside was a commentary on the inside.

The Times ^Speaks quite truly of his 'enthusiasm for the nobler & detestation of the meaner elements in humanity.' "

revenge.

"London appears not to <u>see itself.</u> Each individual is conscious of <u>himself</u>, but nobody conscious of themselves collectively, except perhaps some poor gaper who stares round ~~in~~ with a half-idiotic ~~stare.~~ ~~appearance~~ aspect.

"There is no consciousness here of where anything comes from or goes to - only that it is present.

"In the City. The fiendish precision or mechanism of town-life is what makes it so intolerable to the sick and infirm. Like an acrobat performing on a succession of swinging trapezes, as long as you are at particular points at ~~present~~ precise instants, everything glides as if afloat; but if you are not up to time ---"

"April 16. News of Matthew Arnold's death which occurred yesterday. ... [X see on back]

"April 21. Dr. Quain told me some curious medical stories when we were dining at Mary Jeune's. He said it was a mistake for anyone to have so many doctors as the German Emperor has, because neither feels ~~any responsibility~~ responsible. Gave an account of Queen Adelaide, who died through her physicians' ignorance of her malady, one of them, Dr Chambers, remarking, when asked why he did not investigate her disorder, 'Damn it, I wasn't going to pull about the Queen.' - she being such a prude that she would never have forgiven him for making an examination that as it proved would have saved her life.

"Mary Jeune says that when she tries to convey some sort of moral or religious teaching to the East-end poor, so as to change their views from wrong to right, it ends by their convincing her that their view is the right one - not by her convincing them."

"April 23. To Alma Tadema's musical afternoon. Heckmann Quartett. The architecture of his house is incomplete without

X. "April 19. Scenes in ordinary life. What are insipid at 20 become interesting at 30, and tragic at 40."

sunlight and warmth. Hence the dripping wintry afternoon without mocked his marble basin and brass steps and quilted blinds and silver apse."

"April 26. Thought in bed last night that Byron's 'Childe Harold will live in the history of English poetry not so much because of the beauty of parts of it, which is great, but because of its good fortune in being an accretion of descriptive poems by the most fascinating personality in the world - for the English - not a common plebeian, but a romantically wicked noble lord. It affects even Arnold's judgment. ~~a little.~~"

"April 28. A short story of a young man - 'who could not go to Oxford' - His struggles and ultimate failure. Suicide. [Probably the germ of 'Jude the Obscure'] There is something [in this] the world ought to be shown, and I am the one to show it to them - though I was not altogether hindered going, at least to Cambridge, and could have gone up easily at five-and-twenty."

"In Regent Street, which commemorates the Prince Regent. It is in the fitness of things that The Promenade of Prostitutes should be here. One can imagine <u>his shade</u> stalking up and down every night, smiling approvingly."

"May 13. Lord Houghton tells me today at lunch at Lady Catherine Gaskell's of a young lady who gave a full description of a ball to her neighbour during the Chapel Royal service by calling out as many details as she could get in. at each response in the Litany. Also of Lord ---- who saves

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"In Regent Street, which commemorates the Prince Regent. It is in the fitness of things that The Promenade or Prostitutes should be here. One can imagine old Rhode strolling up and down every night, smiling approvingly."

"May 12. Lord Houghton tells me today at lunch at Lady Catherine Ussakoff's of a young lady who gave a full description of a ball to her neighbour at the Chapel Royal service by mistake at noon [illegible] in the library. Also of Lord ---- who saves

all
his old tooth-brushes affectionately.

"The Gaskells said that Lord and Lady Lymington and themselves went to the city in an omnibus, and one of them nearly sat on an Irishwoman's baby. G. apologized, when she exclaimed "Och, 'twas not you: 'twas the ugly one!" (pointing to Lord L. G.)

"Lady C. says that the central position of St. James's Square (where their home is) enables her to see so many more people. When she first comes to Town she feels a perfect lump the first fortnight - she knows nothing of the new phrases, and does not understand the social telegraphy and allusions."

May 28. They went to Paris via London and Calais:- and stayed in the Rue du Commandant Riviere several weeks, noticing on their arrival as they always did "the sour smell of a foreign city."

June 4. and 7. At the Salon. "Was arrested by the sensational picture called The Death of Jezebel by Gabriel Guays, a horrible tragedy, and justly so, telling its story in a flash."

"--- 10. To Longchamps and the Grand Prix de Paris. Roar from the course as I got near. It was Pandemonium: not a blade of grass: half overshoe in dust: the ground covered with halves of white, yellow, and blue tickets: bookmakers with staring names and addresses, in the very mockery of honesty. The starter spoke to the jockeys entirely in English, & most of the cursing and swearing was done in English likewise, & done well. The horses passed in a volley, so close together that it seemed they must be striking each other. Excitement. Cries of 'Vive la France' (a French horse having won.)

"11. To the Embassy. Bon Marché with Em. Walked to l'Etoile in twilight. The enormous arch stood up to its knees in lamplight, dark above against the deep blue of the upper sky. Went under and read some names of victories which were never won.

"12. To see the tombs of St.Denis with E. *A Lantern at the slit on one side of the vault shows the coffins to us at the opposite slit.*"

"13. Exhibition of Victor Hugo's manuscripts and drawings. *Thence to one of the Correctional Courts: heard two or three trivial cases. Afterwards to the Salle des Conférences*

"14. Sunny morning. View from l'Etoile. Fresh, after rain; air clear. Could see distinctly far away along the Avenue de la Grande Armée - down into the hollow and on to rising ground beyond, where the road tapers to an obelisk standing there. Also could see far along the Avenue Wagram. In the afternoon I went to the Archives Nationales. Found them much more interesting than I had expected. As it was not a public day the attendant showed me round alone which, with the gloomy wet afternoon, made the relics more solemn, so that, mentally, I seemed close to those keys from the Bastile, those letters of the Kings of France, those Edicts, and those corridors of white boxes, each containing one year's shady documents of a past monarchy."

Next day, coming out of the Bourse, he learned of the death of the Emperor of Germany.

On returning to London Hardy had a rheumatic attack which kept him in bed two or three days, after which they entered lodgings at Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, where they remained till the third week in July. Walter Pater sometimes called on them from over the way. *told them the story of George III anent the row of houses they were living in.* Acquaintance was renewed with various friends, among them, after a dozen years of silence, (Miss Thackeray, *with Mrs Ritchie later Lady* ~~now Mrs Richmond~~ Ritchie. "Talked of the value of life, and

use, as is well known, have their fronts ornamented with the stone festooning of their date, and the King would exclaim when returning from Weymouth, "Ah - there are the dish-clouts - now I know I shall soon be home."

its interest. She admits that her interest in the future lies largely in the fact that she has children, and says that when she calls on L.S[tephen], and his wife she feels like a ghost, who arouses sad feelings in the person visited."

As to the above remark on the value of life, Hardy writes whimsically a day or two later:-

"I have attempted many modes [of finding it] . For my part, if there is any way of getting a melancholy satisfaction out of life it lies in dying, so to speak, before one is out of the flesh; by which I mean putting on the manners of ghosts, wandering in their haunts, and taking their views of surrounding things. To think of life as passing away is a sadness; to think of it as past is at least tolerable. Hence even when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a spectre not solid enough to influence my environment; only fit to behold and say, as another spectre said: 'Peace be unto you' "

"July 3. Called on [Eveline] Lady Portsmouth with Em. Found her alone and stayed to tea. Looked more like a model countess than ever I have seen her do before, her black brocaded silk fitting her well and suiting her eminently. She is not one of those marble people who can be depended upon for their appearance at a particular moment, but like all mobile characters uncertain as to aspect. She is one of the few, very few, women of her own rank for whom I would make a sacrifice: a woman too of talent, part of whose talent consists in concealing that she has any."

"July 5. A letter lies on the red velvet cover of the table; staring up by reason of the contrast. I cover it over, that it may not hit my eyes so hard."

"July 7. One o'clock a.m. (I got out of bed, attracted by) The never-ending procession [of market-carts to Covent Garden] as seen from our bedroom windows,

Phillimore Place. Chains rattle, and each cart cracks under its weight of pyramid of vegetables."

"July 8. A service at St Mary Abbots, Kensington. The red plumes and ribbon in two (stylish) girls' hats (in the foreground) match the red robes of the ~~those~~ persons round Christ on the Cross in the east window. The pale crucified figure rises up from a parterre of London bonnets and artificial hair-coils, as viewed from the back where I am. The sky over Jerusalem seems to have some connection with the corn-flowers in a fashionable hat that bobs about in front of the city of David ~~it~~...When the congregation rises there is a rustling of silks like that of the Devils' wings in Paradise Lost. Every woman then, even if she had forgotten it before, has a single thought to the folds of her clothes. They pray in the litany as if under enchantment. Their real life is spinning on beneath this apparent one of calm, like the District Railway-trains under ~~the gardens by the Thames p~~ ground just by — throbbing, rushing, hot, concerned with next week, last week. Could these true scenes in which this congregation is living be brought into church bodily with the personages, there would be a churchful of jostling phantasmagorias crowded like a heap of soap bubbles, infinitely intersecting, but each seeing only his own. That bald-headed man is surrounded by the interior of the Stock Exchange; that girl by the jeweller's shop in which she purchased yesterday. Through this bizarre world of thought circulates the recitative of the parson - a thin solitary note without cadence or change of intensity - and ~~that gets~~ getting lost like a bee in the clerestory."

"July 9. To 'The Taming of the Shrew'. A spirited unconventional performance, revitalizing an old subject. The brutal mediaeval view of the sex which animates the comedy does not bore us by its obsoleteness, the Shrew of Miss Ada Rehan being such a real shrew. Her attitude of sad, impotent resignation, when her husband wears out her endurance, in which she stands motionless and almost unconscious of what is going on around her, was well done. At first she hears the cracks of the whip with indifference; at length she ~~hears the cracks~~ begins to shrink at the sound of them, and when he literally whips the domestics out of the room she hides away. At first not looking at him in his tantrums, she gets to steal glances at him, with an awe-struck arrested attention. The scene in which the sun-and-moon argument comes in contained the best of acting. Drew's aspect of inner humorous opinion, lively eye, and made-up mind, is eminently suited to the husband's character."

"Reading H.James's 'Reverberator'. After this kind of work one feels inclined to be purposely careless in detail. The great novels of the future will certainly not concern themselves with the minutiae of manners... James's subjects are those one could be interested in at moments when there is nothing larger ~~better~~ to think of."

" 11 July. At the Savile. [Sir] Herbert Stephen declares that he met S---r, (another member of the Club) in Piccadilly a few minutes ago, going away from the direction of the club, house door and that S---r nodded to him; then arriving quickly at the Club he saw S---r seated in

the back room. S--r, who is present during the telling, listens to this story of his wraith, and as H.S. repeats it to the other members, becomes quite uncomfortable at the weirdness of it. H.S. adds that he believes S---r is in the back room still, and S--r says he is afraid to go in to himself."

"13 July. After being in the street:- What was it on the faces of those horses? - Resignation. Their eyes looked at me, haunted me. The absoluteness of their resignation was terrible. When afterwards I heard their tramp as I ~~a~~ lay in bed, the ghosts of their eyes came in to me, saying, "Where is your justice, O man and ruler?"

"Lady Portsmouth told me at a dinner party last night that once she sat between Macaulay and Henry Layard in dining at Lord Lansdowne's, and whenever one of them had got the ear of the table the other turned to her and talked, to show that the absolute vacuity of his rival's discourse had to be filled in somehow with any rubbish at hand.

"Lord Portsmouth says that it was his direct ancestor who went down to Devon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, raised a levy, sailed to Ireland, conquered Desmond King of Munster (?), cut off his head, and sent it to the Queen.

"14 July. Was much struck with Gladstone's appearance at Petrie's (Flinders) Egyptian Exhibition. The full curves of his Roman face and his cochin-china-egg complexion was not at all like his pallor when I last saw him, and there was an utter absence of

any expression of senility or mental weakness. - We dined at Walter Pater's. Met Miss —, an Amazon; more, an Atalanta; most, a Faustine. Smokes: Handsome girl: cruel small mouth: she's of the class of interesting women one would be afraid to marry."

Here follow long lists of books read, or looked into, or intended to be read, during the year.

CHAPTER XVII

More town Friends and a novel's dismemberment.

1888 - 1889. Aet 48 - 49.

Returning to Dorchester two days later, he notes down:- "Thought of the determination to enjoy. We see it ~~in~~ in all nature, from the leaf on the tree to the titled lady at the ball ...It is achieved, of a sort, under superhuman difficulties. Like pent-up water it will find a chink of possibility somewhere. Even the most oppressed of men and animals find it, so that out of a thousand there is hardly one who has not a sun of some sort for his soul."

"August 5. To find beauty in ugliness is the province of the poet."

"-8. The air is close, the sunshine suddenly disappears, and a bad kind of sea-fog comes up, smelling like a laundry or wash-house."

"19. Sent a story to H.Quilter. By request, for his Magazine, entitled 'A Tragedy of Two Ambitions.'

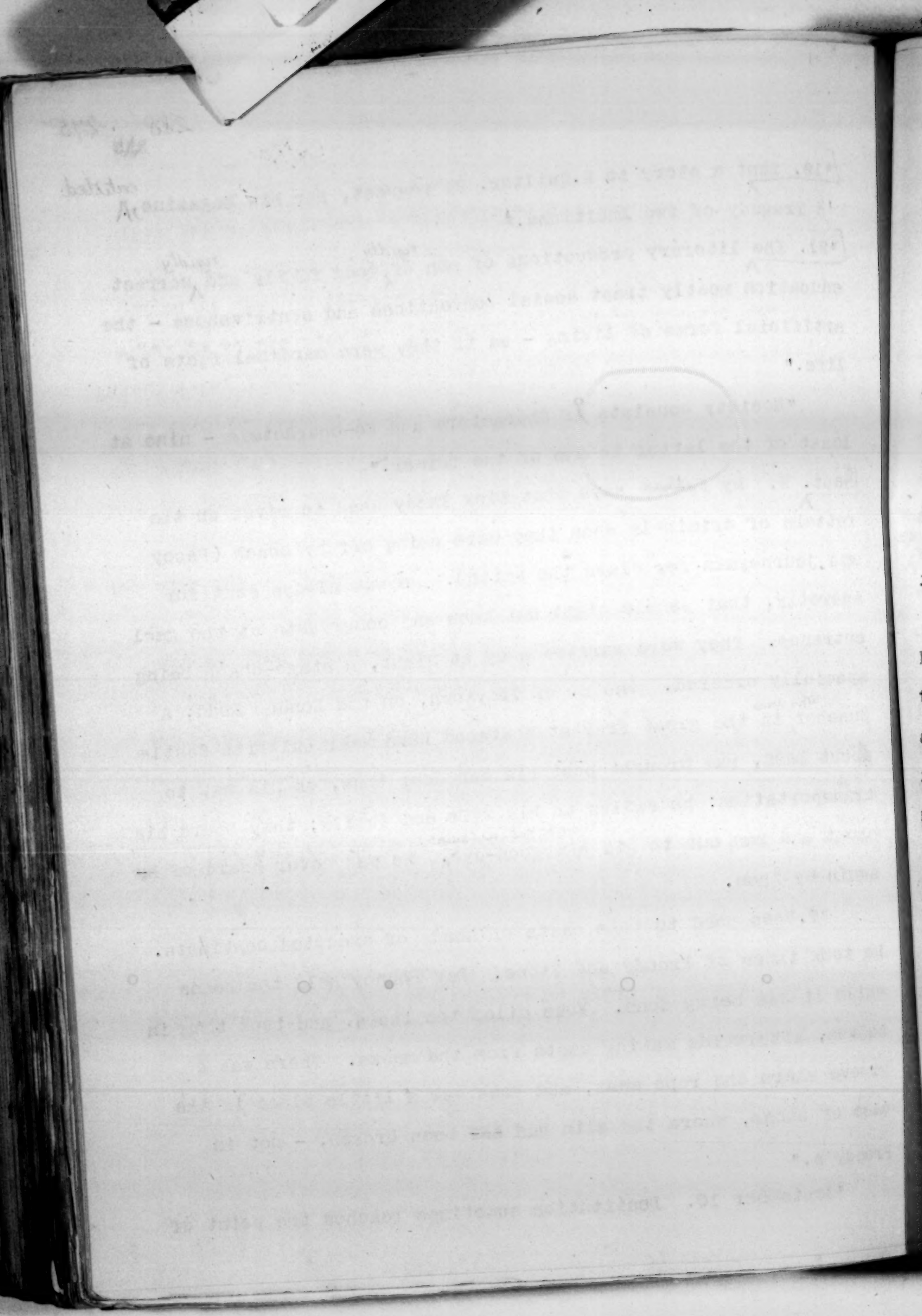
"21. The literary productions of men rigidly of good family and rigidly correct education mostly treat social conventions and contrivances - the artificial forms of living - as if they were cardinal facts of life."

"Society consists of Characters and No-characters - nine at least of the latter to one of the former."

"Sept. 9. My ~~Father~~ says that Dick Facey used to rivet on the fetters of criminals when they were going off by coach (Facey was journeyman for Clare the smith). He was always sent for secretly, that people might not know and congregate at the gaol entrance. They were carried away at night, a stage-coach being specially ordered. One K. of Troytown, on the London Road, a poacher who was in the great fray at Westwood Barn near Lulworth Castle about 1825, was brought past his own door thus, on his way to transportation: he called to his wife and family; they heard his shout and ran out to bid him good-bye as he sat in chains. He was never heard of ~~by~~ again by them.

"T.Voss used to take casts of heads of executed convicts. He took those of Preedy and Stone. Dan Pouncy held the heads while it was being done. Voss oiled the faces, and took them in halves, afterwards making casts from the masks. There was a groove where the rope went, and Voss saw a little blood in the case of Stone, where the skin had ~~xxx~~ been broken, - not in Preedy's."

"September 10. Destitution sometimes reaches the point of



grandeur in its pathetic grimness: e.g., as shown in the statement of the lodging-house keeper in the Whitechapel murder:-

" 'He had seen her in the lodging-house as late as half-past one o'clock or two that morning. He knew her as an unfortunate, and that she generally frequented Stratford for a living. He asked her for her lodging-money, when she said, "I have not got it. I am weak and ill, and have been in the infirmary." He told her that she knew the rules, whereupon she went out to get some money.' (Times report.)

"~~Think of that,~~ O Richest City in the world! 'She knew the rules.' "

"September 15. Visited the old White Horse Inn, Maiden Newton. Mullioned windows, queer old bedrooms. Fireplace in the late Perpendicular style. The landlady tells me that the attic was closed up for many years, and that on opening it they found a suit of clothes, supposed to be those of a man who was murdered." [This fine old Tudor inn is now pulled down] .

white line

"September 30. 'The Valley of the Great Dairies' - Froom.
'The Valley of the Little Dairies.'-Blackmoor.

'In the afternoon by train to Evershot. Walked to Woolcombe, a property once owned by a -I think the senior - branch of the Hardys. Woolcombe House was to the left of where the dairy now is. On by the lane and path to Bubb-Down. Looking east you see High Stoy and the escarpment ~~behind~~ below it. The Vale of Blackmoor is almost entirely green, every hedge being studded with trees.

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On the left you see to an immense distance, including Shaftesbury.

"The decline and fall of the Hardys much in evidence hereabout. An instance: Becky S.'s mother's sister married one of the Hardys of this branch, who was considered to have demeaned himself by the marriage. 'All Woolcombe and Froom Quintin belonged to them at one time', Becky used to say proudly. She might have added Up-Sydling and Toller Welme. This particular couple had an enormous lot of children. I remember when young seeing the man - tall and then - walking beside a horse and common spring-trap, and my mother pointing him out to me and saying he represented what was once the leading branch of the family. So we go down, down, down."

"October 7. The besetting sin of modern literature is its insincerity. Half its utterances are qualified, even contradicted, by an aside, and this particularly in morals and religion.. When dogma has to be balanced ± on its feet by such hair-splitting as the late Mr M.Arnold's it must be in a very bad way."

"Oct. 15 - 21. Has the tradition that Cerne-Abbas men have no whiskers any foundation in the fact of their being descendants of a family or tribe or clan who have not intermarried with neighbours on account of their isolation? They are said to be hot-tempered people.

"Stephen B. says that he has 'never had the nerve' to be a bearer at a funeral. Now his brother George, who has plenty of nerve, has borne many neighbours to their graves.

"If you look beneath the surface of any farce you see a tragedy; and, on the contrary, if you blind yourslef to the deeper issues of a tragedy you see a farce."

"My mother says that my [paternal] grandmother told her she was ~~xx~~ ironing her best muslin gown (then worn by young women at any season) when news came that the Queen of France was beheaded. She put down her iron, and stood still, ~~she was so concerned.~~ so greatly affecting her mind. the event She remembered the pattern of the gown so well that she would recognize it in a moment." Hardy himself said that one hot and thundery Summer in his childhood she remarked to him: "It was like this in the French Revolution. I remember, ~~xxxxxxxx~~."

⊠ [See on back]

Among the letters received by Hardy for the New Year (1889) was one from Mr Gosse, who wrote thanking him for "A Tragedy of Two Ambitions", which he thought one of the most thrilling and most complete stories Hardy had written - "I walked under the moral burden of it for the remainder of the day. ... I am truly happy - being an old faded leaf and disembowelled bloater and wet rag myself - to find your genius ever so fresh and springing."

They were in London the first week of the Year, concerning which Hardy remarks:

"On arriving in London I notice more and more that it (viz. London proper - the central parts) is becoming a vast hotel or caravan, having no connection with Middlesex — whole streets which were not so very long ago mostly of private residences consisting entirely of lodging-houses and having a slatternly look about them."

"Called on Lady ----. She is a slim girl still, and ~~xxx~~

⊠ "Dec. 10. .... He, she, had blundered; but not as the Prime Cause had blundered. He, she, had sinned; but not as the Prime Cause had sinned. He, she, was ashamed and sorry; but not as the Prime Cause would be ashamed and sorry if it knew." (The reference is unexplained.)

continually tells her age, and speaks practically of 'before I was married'. Tells humorously of how she and Lord --- her father, who is a nervous man, got to the church too soon, and ~~dri~~ drove drearily up and down the Thames Embankment till the right time. She has just now the fad of adoring art. When she can no longer endure the ugliness of London she goes down to the National Gallery and sits in front of the great Titian.

"Business seems very dull just now in some shops. Em/ being unwell, I went to a druggist's for a simple remedy. The master-druggist went and poured out the liquid, while the assistant got the bottle, and the shop-boy stood waiting with string and sealing-wax."

"January 8. To the City. Omnibus horses, Ludgate Hill. The greasy state of the streets caused constant slipping. The poor creatures struggled and struggled but could not start the omnibus. A man next me said: 'It must take all heart and hope out of them! I shall get out.' He did; but the whole remaining selfish twenty-five of us sat on. The horses despairingly got us up the hill at last. I <u>ought</u> to have taken off my hat to him and said: 'Sir, though I was not stirred by your humane impulse I will profit by your good example'; and have followed him. If Em. had been there she would have done it. I should like to know that man; but we shall never meet again!"

"Jan. 9. At the Old Masters, Royal Academy. Turner's water-colours: each is a ~~xxxxx~~ landscape <u>plus</u> a man's soul....What he

paints chiefly is <u>light as modified by objects</u> . He first recognizes the impossibility of really reproducing on canvas all that is in a landscape; then gives for that which cannot be reproduced a something else which shall have upon the spectator an approximative effect to that of the real. He said, in his maddest and greatest days: 'What pictorial drug can I dose man with, which shall affect his eyes somewhat in the manner of this reality which I cannot carry to him?' - and set to make such strange mixtures as he was tending towards in 'Rain, Steam and Speed,' 'The Burial of Wilkie', 'Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus', 'Approach to Venice', 'Snowstorm and a Steamboat', etc. Hence, one may say, Art is the secret of how to produce by a false thing the effect of a true.....

"I am struck by the red glow of Romney's backgrounds, and his red flesh shades.....Watteau paints claws for hands. They are unnatural - hideous sometimes.....Then the pictures of Sir Joshua, in which middle-aged people sit out of doors without hats on damp stone seats under porticoes, and expose themselves imprudently to draughts and chills, as if they had lost their senses.....Besides the above there were also the Holls, and the works of other recent English painters, such as Maclise.....

"How Time begins to lift the veil and show us by degrees the truly great men among these, as distinct from the vaunted and the fashionable. The false glow thrown on them by their generation dies down, and we see them as they are." [See on back. X]

"Feb. 6. (After reading Plato's dialogue "Cratylus"): A

·X· "Jan. 28. A.P. the landscape painter here. He gave as a reason for living in London & mixing a good deal with people (intellectual I presume) that you can let them do your thinking for you. A practice that will be disastrous to A.P.'s brush, I fear!"

very good way of looking at things would be to regard everything as having an actual or false name, and an intrinsic or true name, to ascertain which all endeavour should be made... The fact is that nearly all things are falsely, or rather inadequately, named."

"Feb. 19. The story of a face which goes through three generations or more, would make a fine novel or poem of the passage of Time. The differences in personality to be ignored."

[This idea was to some extent carried out in the novel "The Well-Beloved", the poem entitled "Heredity" etc.]

"Feb. 26. In time one might get to regard every object, and every action, as composed, not of this or that material, this or that ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ movement, but of the qualities pleasure and pain in varying proportions."

"March 1. In a Botticelli the soul is outside the body, permeating its spectator with its emotions. In a ~~Reuben~~ Rubens the flesh is without, and the soul (possibly) within. The very odour of the flesh is distinguishable in the latter."

March 4. A Village story recalled to me yesterday:-

"Mary L. a handsome ~~girl~~ Wench, had come to B., leaving a lover at A., her native parish. W.K. fell in love with her at the new place. The old lover, who was a shoemaker, smelling a rat, came anxiously to see her, with a present of a dainty pair of shoes he had made. He met her by chance at the pathway stile, but alas, on the arm of the other lover. In the rage of love the two men fought for her till they were

out of breath, she looking on and holding both their hats the while; till W.K., wiping his face, said: Now, Polly. which of we two do you love best? Say it out straight!' She would not state then, but said she would consider (the hussy!). The young man to whom she had been fickle left her indignantly - throwing the shoes at her and her new lover as he went. She never saw or heard of him again, and accepted the other. But she kept the shoes, (and was married in them.) I knew her well as an old woman."

"March 15. What has been written cannot be blotted. Each new style of novel must be the old with added ideas, not an ignoring and avoidance of the old. And so of religion, and a good many other things!

"April 5. London. Four million forlorn hopes!"

"April 7. A woeful fact - that the human race is too extremely developed for its corporeal conditions, the nerves being evolved to an activity abnormal in such an ± environment. Even the higher animals are in excess in this respect. It may be questioned if Nature, or what we call Nature, so far back as when she crossed the line from invertebrates to vertebrates, did not exceed her mission. This planet does not supply the materials for happiness to higher existences. Other planets may, though one can hardly see how."

A day or two later brought him a long and interesting letter from J. Addington Symonds at Davos Platz concerning "The Return of the Native", which he had just met with and read, and

dwelling enthusiastically on "its vigour and its freshness and its charm". The last week in April they went off to London & again for a few months, staying at the West Central Hotel till they could find something more permanent, which this year chanced to be two furnished floors in Monmouth Road, Bayswater.

"May 5. Morning. Sunday. To Bow Church Cheapside with Em. The classic architecture, especially now that it has been regilt and painted, makes one feel in Rome. About twenty or thirty people present. When you enter, the curate from the reading-desk and the rector from the chancel almost smile a greeting as they look up in their surplices, so glad are they that you have condescended to visit them in their loneliness."

"That which, socially, is a great tragedy, may be in Nature no alarming circumstance."

"May 12. Evening. Sunday. To St. James's, Westmoreland Street, with Em. Heard Haweis - a small lame figure who could with difficulty climb into the pulpit. His black hair, black beard, hollow cheeks and black gown, made him look like one of the skeletons in the church of the ✱ Capuchines, Rome. The subject of his discourse was Cain and Abel, his first proposition being that Cain had excellent qualities, and was the larger character of the twain, though Abel might have been the better man in some things. Yet, he reminded us, good people are very irritating sometimes, and the occasion was probably one of agricultural depression like the present, so that Cain said to himself: 'Tis this year as it was last year, and all my labour ~~wated~~ wasted!' (titter from the congregation). Altogether the

effect was comical. But one sympathised with the preacher, he was so weak, and quite in a perspiration when he had finished.

"May 20. Called on the Alma Tademas. Tadema is like a school-boy, with untidy hair, a sturdy inquiring ~~face~~ look, and bustling manner. I like this phase of him better than his man-of-the-world phase. He introduced me to M. Taine, a kindly, nicely trimmed old man with a slightly bent head."

Earlier in the year Hardy had asked one of the Miss Sheridans, a daughter of Mr and Mrs A.Brinsley Sheridan, *Hardy's neighbours at* of Frampton Court, *Dorset* if she could sing to him "How oft, Louisa!" the once celebrated song in her ancestor's comic opera "The Duenna" (It was not a woman's song by the way). His literary sense was shocked by her telling him that she had never heard of it, since he himself had ~~sent~~ sung it as a ~~boy~~. *(youth, having in fact been in love with a Louisa himself.)* Now he was in London he remembered that he had promised it to her, and looked for a copy, but, much to his surprise, to find one seemed beyond his power. At last he called at a second-hand music-shop that used to stand where the Oxford Circus Tube-Station now is, and repeated hopelessly, "How oft, Louisa?" The shop was kept by an old man who was sitting on an office stool in a rusty dress-suit and very tall hat, and at the sound of the words he threw himself back in his seat, spread ~~his~~ his arms like an opera-singer, and sang in a withered voice by way of answer:

"'How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne!'

"Ah, that carries me back to times that will never return!" he added. "Yes; when I was a young man it was my favourite song. As to my having it, why, certainly, it is here somewhere. But I could not find it in a week." Hardy left him singing it, promising to return again.

When his shop was pulled down the delightful old man disappeared, and though Hardy searched for him afterwards he never saw him any more.

"May 29. That girl in the omnibus had one of those faces of marvellous beauty which are seen casually in the streets, but never among one's friends. It was perfect in its softened classicality:- a Greek face translated into English. Moreover she was fair, and her hair pale chestnut. Where do these women come from? Who marries them? Who knows them?"

They went to picture-galleries, concerts, French plays, and the usual lunches and dinners during the season; and in June Hardy ran down to Dorchester for a day or two, on which occasion, taking a walk in the W meadows, he remarks: "The birds are so passionately happy that they introduce variations into their songs to an outrageous degree - which are not always improvements."

In London anew: "One difference between the manners of the intellectual middle class and of the nobility is that the latter have more flexibility, almost a dependence on their encompassment, as if they were waiting upon future events; while the former are direct, and energetic, and crude, as if they were manufacturing a future to please them."

"June 29. Em had an afternoon party. The same evening we dined at Mrs Jeune's [Lady St Helier], meeting the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Coleridge, [Hon.] Evelyn Ashley, Sir George Russell and Lady Russell, Mr Long (painter), Mr Nelson Page (American), and others. Lady Coleridge could honestly claim to be a beauty. Responsive and open in manner. Really fine eyes. She told me about going on circuit, and sitting in court half-an-hour to please her husband, who, if she does not, says that she takes no interest in his duties. When Lord Coleridge and she had left the ladies discussed her age. Mr and Mrs Jeune went on to the Duchess of Abercorn's."

a July 9.
A Love lives on propinquity, but dies of contact."

"July 14. Sunday. Centenary of the fall of the Bastille. Went ~~et~~ to Newton Hall to hear Frederic Harrison lecture on the French Revolution. The audience sang 'The Marseillaise'. Very impressive."

"July 17 - 23. We lunched here and there this week and earlier, meeting a dozen people at Lady Catherine Gaskell's; Mrs Fawcett and Lord Greenock at Lord Portsmouth's; and Lady Metcalfe at Mrs Reeve's, Rutland Gate, (Reeve has a humorous face, as if copied from a print by Rowlandson). Also met Lady Rothschild at Mrs Jeune's; an amply-membered, pleasant woman, unfashionably dressed ~~e~~ in brown silk. She and I talked a good deal - about wit, and the nude in art ~~&~~ (of all things). H----~~s~~ with his underground voice was also there. Also ~~Mr~~ Mallock, in a painfully fashionable frock coat, who would keep talking to Lady ---

about 'the Duchess's ball last night'. Miss Amélie Rives was the pretty woman of the party - a fair, pink, golden-haired creature, but not quite ethereal enough, suggesting a flesh-surface too palpably. A girlish, almost childish laugh, showing beautiful young teeth.

"In the afternoon at Macmillan's I talked to Mr Craik, who spoke very justly of what he called 'sane criticism' - instancing John Morley's and Leslie Stephen's.

"Of the people I have met this summer, the lady whose mouth recalls more fully than any other beauty's the Elizabethan metaphor 'Her lips are roses full of snow' (or is it Lodge's?) id Mrs H. T---- whom I talked to at Gosse's dinner." X [see on back]

About this time Hardy was asked by a writer of some experience in adapting novels for the theatre — Mr J. T. Grein — if he would grant permission for "The Woodlanders" to be so adapted. In his reply he says:

"You have probably observed that the ending of the story - hinted rather than stated - is that the heroine is doomed to an unhappy life with an inconstant husband. I could not accentuate this strongly in the book, by reason of the conventions of the libraries, etc., Since the story was written, however, truth to character is not considered quite such a crime in literature as it was formerly; and it is therefore a question for you whether you will accent this ending, or prefer to obscure it."

It appears that nothing arose out of the dramatization, it becoming obvious that no English manager at this date would venture to

⁂ ¶ " July 24. B. Museum.

Εἰ δέ τι πρεσβύτερον; etc. Soph. Oed. Tyr. 1365

('and if there be a woe surpassing woes it hath become the portion of Oedipus' - Jebb. Cf. Tennyson: 'a deeper deep'.)

~~There does not appear to be any possible personal reason for his grieving this at this moment.~~

defy the formalities to such an extent as was required by the novel, in which some of the situations were approximately of the kind afterwards introduced to English playgoers by translations from Ibsen. In fact Hardy foreseeing this difficulty, had taken but little interest in the dramatization, as in other cases though it is believed to have been a good one.

At the end of the month they gave up their rooms in ~~Monmouth Road~~ Bayswater and returned to Dorchester; where during August Hardy settled down daily to writing the new story he had conceived, which was "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", though it had not as yet been christened. During the month he jots down as a casual thought:

"When a married woman who has a lover kills her husband, she does not really wish to kill the husband; she wishes to kill the situation. Of course in Clytaemnestra's case it was not exactly so, since there was the added grievance of Iphigenia, which half-justified her.

"Sept. 21. For carrying out that idea of Napoleon, the Empress, Pitt, Fox, &c., I feel continually that I require a larger canvas.....A spectral tone must be adopted.....Royal ghosts.....Title: "A Drama of Kings". [He did not use it, however; preferring "The Dynasts".]

"Oct. 13. Three wooden-legged men used to dance a three-handed reel at Broadmayne, so my father says."

In November Leslie Stephen wrote concerning a Dorset character for the Dictionary of National Biography, then in full progress under his hands:

"I only beg that you will not get into ~~a~~ the Dictionary yourself. You can avoid it by living a couple of years - hardly a great price to pay for the exemption. But I will not answer for my grandson, who will probably edit a supplement."

About the same time Hardy answered some questions by Mr Gosse:

" 'Oak-apple day' is exotic; 'sic-sac day' or 'shic-sac day', being what the peasantry call it.

" 'Ich'. This and kindred words, e.g.- 'Ich woll', 'er woll', etc. are still used by old people in N.W.Dorset and Somerset. (vide Gammer Oliver's conversation in 'The Woodlanders', which is an attempted reproduction). I heard 'Ich' only last Sunday; but it is dying rapidly."

However, the business immediately in hand was the new story "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", for the serial use of which Hardy had three requests, if not more, on his list; and in October as much of it as was written was offered to the first who had asked for it, the Editor of Murray's Magazine. It was declined and returned to him in the middle of November virtually on the score of its improper explicitness. It was at once sent on to the second, the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine, and on the 25th. was declined by him for practically the same reason. Hardy would now have much preferred to finish the story and bring it out in volume form only, but there were reasons why he could not afford to do this; and he adopted a plan till then, it is believed, unprecented in the annals of fiction. This was not to offer the novel

intact to the third editor on his list, (his experience with the ~~the~~ first two editors having taught him that it would be useless to send it to the third as it stood) but to send it up with some chapters or parts of chapters cut out, and instead of destroying these to publish them, or much of them, elsewhere, if practicable, as episodic adventures of anonymous personages, (which in fact was done with the omission of a few paragraphs); till they could, be put back in their places at the printing of the whole in volume form. In addition several passages were modified. Hardy had never the slightest respect for his own writing, particularly in prose, and he carried out this unceremonious concession to conventionality without compunction and with cynical amusement, knowing the novel was moral enough and to spare. But the work was sheer drudgery, the modified passages having to be written in coloured ink, that the originals might be easily restored, and he frequently asserted that it would have been almost easier for him to write a new story altogether. Hence the labour brought no profit. He resolved to get away from the supply of family fiction to magazines as soon as he conveniently could do so.

However, the treatment was a complete success, and the mutilated novel was accepted by the Editor of the Graphic, the third editor on Hardy's list, and an arrangement come to for beginning it in the ~~A~~ pages of that paper in July 1891. It may be mentioned that no complaint ~~A~~ of impropriety in its cut-down form was made by readers, except by one gentleman with a family of daughters, who

thought the blood-stain on the ceiling indecent - Hardy could never understand why.

"Dec. 1. It was the custom at Stinsford down to 1820 or so to take a corpse to church on the ~~st~~ Sunday of the funeral, and let it remain in the nave through the service, after which the burial took place. The people liked the custom, and always tried to keep a corpse till Sunday. The funeral psalms were used for the psalms of the day, and the funeral chapter for the second lesson."

"Dec. 13. Read in the papers that Browning died at Venice yesterday. Buried in Westminster Abbey Dec. 31.

" 'Incidents in the development of a soul: little ~~elso~~ else is worth study.' - Browning.

"What the <u>Athenaeum</u> says is true, though not all the truth, that intellectual subtlety is the disturbing element in his art."

Among other poems written about this time was the one called "At Middle-field Gate in February", describing the field-women of the author's childhood. On the present writer once asking Hardy the names of those he calls the "bevy now underground", he said they were Unity Sargent, Susan ~~Squibbs~~ Chamberlain, Esther ~~Hart~~ Oliver, Emma Shipton, Anna Barratt, Elizabeth Hurden, Eliza Trevis, Ann West and others, who had been young women about twenty when he was a child.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Observations on people and things.

1890 - Aet. 49 - 50.

"Jan. 5. Looking over old Punches. Am struck with the frequent wrong direction of satire & of commendation, when seen by the light of later days"

"March --- A staid, worn, weak man at the railway station. His back, his legs, his hands, his face, were longing to be out of the world. His brain was not longing to be, because, like the brain of most people, it was the last part of his body to realize a situation.

"In the train on the way to London. Wrote the first four or six lines of 'Not a line of her writing have I'. It was a curious instance of sympathetic telepathy. The woman whom I was thinking of - a cousin - was dying at the time, and I quite in ignorance of it. She died six days later. The remainder of the piece was not written till after her death.

"March 15. With E. to a crush at the Jeune's to meet the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Young Princess Mary also there. Duchess in black velvet with long black sleeves and a few diamonds. She bears a likeness to the Queen. The daughter is a pretty young woman in skim-milk-blue muslin, [afterwards Queen Mary.] Lady Burdett Coutts was in a head-dress that was a castellated façade of diamonds; she has strongly marked features. Met Mrs T. and her

"Jan. 29. I have been looking for God 50 years, and I think that if he had existed I should have discovered him. As an external personality, of course - the only true meaning of the word."

great eyes in a corner of the rooms, as if washed up by the surging crowd. The most beautiful woman present. ... But these women! If put into rough wrappers in a turnip-field, where would their beauty be?

"At lunch at ~~Mrs~~ Mary Jeune's next day I found she had a cough and feverish flush, though she was as bright as ever. She told me that at the end of her reception it seemed as if she had a red-hot ball in her throat."

He observes later in respect of such scenes as these: "Society, collectively, has neither seen what any ordinary person can see, read what every ordinary person has read, nor thought what every ordinary person has thought."

"March - April:-

"Altruism, or The Golden Rule, or whatever 'Love your Neighbour as Yourself' may be called, will ultimately be brought about I think by the pain we see in others reacting on ourselves, as if we and they were a part of one body. Mankind, in fact, may be, and possibly will be, viewed as members of one corporeal frame."

"Tories will often do by way of ~~impulsive~~ exception to their ~~supposed~~ principles more extreme acts of democratism or broad-mindedness than Radicals ~~will~~ do by ~~way of~~ rule - such as help on promising plebeians, tolerate wild beliefs, etc."

"Art consists in so depicting the common events of life as to bring out the features which illustrate the author's idiosyncratic mode of regard; making old incidents and things seem as new.

"Easter. Sir George Douglas came. Went to Barnes's grave with him; next day to Portland. Lunched at the Mermaid. Next day Mrs Algernon Sheridan, the Misses Fetherstonhaugh, Mr R.D.Thornton, &c., came to lunch. Douglas left.

"In an article on Ibsen in the Fortnightly the writer says that his manner is wrong. That the drama, like the novel, should not be for edification. In this I think the writer errs. It should be so, but the edified should not perceive the edification. Ibsen's edifying is too obvious."

"April 26. - View the Prime Cause/or Invariable Antecedent as 'It' and recount Its doings." [This was done in 'The Dynasts'.]

In May the Hardys were again resident in London, and went their customary round of picture-viewing, luncheons, calls, dinners, and receptions. At the Academy he reminds himself of old Academy exhibitions, e.g., the years in which there was a rail round Frith's pictures, and of the curious ~~crowd~~ effect upon an observer of the fashionable crowd - seeming like people moving about under enchantment, or as somnambulists. At an evening service at St. George's Hanover Square, "everything looks the Modern World: the electric light and old theology seem strange companions; and the sermon was as if addressed to native tribes of primitive simplicity, and not to the Nineteenth-Century English." Coming out of church he went into the Criterion for supper, where, first going to the second floor, he stumbled into a room whence proceeded "low laughter and murmurs, the light of lamps with pink shades; where the men were all in

evening clothes, ringed and studded, and the women much uncovered in the neck and heavilly jewelled, their glazed and lamp-blacked eyes wandering." He descended and had his supper in the grill-room.

"May 9. MS. of 'A Group of Noble Dames' sent to The Graphic as promised."

"In the streets I see patient hundreds, labouring on, and boxes on wheels packed with men and women. There are charcoal trees in the squares. A man says: 'When one is half-drunk London seems a wonderfully enjoyable place, with its lamps, and cabs moving like fire-flies.' Yes, man has done more with his materials than God has done with his."

"A physician cannot cure a disease, but he can change its mode of expression."

"May 15. Coming home from seeing Irving in 'The Bells'. Between 11 & 12. The At Mr Gosse's this month they met Miss Balestier - an attractive and thoughtful young woman on her first visit to England from America, who remarked to him that it was so reposeful over here; "In America you feel at night, 'I must be quick and sleep; there is not much time to give to it'. She afterwards became Mrs Rudyard Kipling. About the same date Hardy also met - it is probable for the first time - Mr Kipling himself. "He talked about the East, and he well said that the East is the world, both in numbers and in experiences. It has passed through our present bustling stages, and has become quiescent. He told curious details of Indian life."

Hardy ~~He~~ remarks that June 2. is his fiftieth birthday: and

4,000,000 suggest their existence now, when one sees the brilliancy about Piccadilly Circus, ~~at this~~ and discerns the kiln-dried features around."

during the month went frequently to the Savile Club, sometimes dining there with acquaintances, among others J.H.Middleton the friend of William Morris. ~~He~~ Hardy used to find fault with Middleton as having no sense of life as such; as one who would talk, for instance, about bishops' copes and mitres with an earnest, serious, anxious manner, as if there were no cakes and ale in the world, or laughter and tears, or human misery beyond tears. His sense of art had caused him to lose all sense of relativity, and of art's subsidiary relation to existence.

~~In a note to Hardy on other matters at this time Mr Gosse remarks: "Such a ridiculous thing [illegible] has happened with regard to the poem dedicated to you as 'T.H' in my new book. An absurd poetaster, whom I scarcely know, has written me a profuse letter of thanks!! His name is T---H--- and he thinks I must mean him"~~

This season also Hardy seems to have had a humour for going the round of the music-halls, and pronounces ~~them~~ upon the beauties "whose lustrous eyes and pearly countenances show that they owe their attractions to art", that they are seldom well-formed physically; notes the "round-hatted young men gaping at the stage, with receding chins and rudimentary mouths;" and comments upon the odd fact that though there were so many obvious drunkards around him, the character on the stage which always gave the most delight was that of a drunkard imitated. At Bizet's opera of "Carmen" he was struck, as he had been struck before, with the manner in which people conducted themselves on the operatic stage; that of being "possessed, maudlin,

distraught, as if they lived on a planet whose atmosphere was intoxicating." At a ballet at the ~~Alambr~~ Alhambra he noticed "the air of docile obedience on the faces of some of the dancing women, a passive resignation like that of a plodding horse, as if long accustomed to correction. Also marks of fatigue. The morality of actresses, dancers, &c., cannot be judged by the same standard as that of people who lead slower lives. Living in a throbbing atmosphere they are perforce throbbed by it in spite of themselves. We should either put down these places altogether because of their effect upon the performers, or forgive the performers as irresponsibles ..... The Première Danseuse strokes each calf with the sole of her other foot like a fly,- on her mouth hanging a perpetual smile."

⁂ [See on back]

In the same month he met Mr (afterwards Sir) H.M.Stanley the explorer at a dinner given by the publishers of his travels. Hardy does not seem to have been much attracted by his personality. He observed that Stanley was shorter than himself, "with a disdainful curve on his mouth and look in his eye which would soon become resentment". He made a speech in ~~somewhat bad~~ the worst taste, in Hardy's opinion, being to the effect that everybody who had had to do with producing his book were, rightly, delighted with the honour. At the same dinner Hardy talked to du Chaillu, who had also spoken a few words, Hardy asked him: "Why ~~don't~~ did n't you claim more credit for finding those dwarfs?" The good-natured Du Chaillu said with a twinkle: "Noh, noh! It is his dinner." ⊕ [see on back]

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X "June 23. Called on Arthur Locker [editor] at The Graphic office in answer to his letter. He says he does not object to the stories [A Group of Noble Dames] but the Directors do. Here's a pretty job! Must smooth down those Directors somehow I suppose."

⊕ Hardy also made the acquaintance of the Bishop of Ripon at that dinner, from what he says: "He [the Bishop] has a nice face — a sort of ingenuous archness in it — as if he would be quite willing to let supernaturalism down easy if he could."

At the police courts, where just at this time he occasionally spent half an hour, being still compelled to get novel-padding, he noticed that "the public" appeared to be mostly represented by grimy gentlemen who had had previous experience of the courts from a position in the dock: that there were people sitting round an anteroom ~~at one~~ of the courts as if waiting for the doctor; that the character of the witness usually deteriorated ± under cross-examination; and that the magistrate (S, spectacles) as a rule endeavoured to ~~present~~ flash out a strictly just manner combined with as much generosity as justice would allow.

On the last day of the month he wound up his series of visits to London entertainments and law-offices with the remark, "Am getting tired of investigating life at music-halls and police-courts." About the same time he lost his friend Lord Carnarvon, who had written with prophetic insight when proposing him for the Athenaeum that it would have been better if his proposer had been a younger man. Before leaving London he met Miss Ada Rehan, for whom he had a great liking, and, in some of her parts, admiration, that of the Shrew being of course one of them. He says of her: "A kindly natured, winning woman with really a heart. Em is quite in love with her, I fear she is wearing herself out with too hard work." Two days later they were present at the Lyceum to see her as "Rosalind" in "As you like it". She was not so real ~~and massive~~ - indeed could not be - in the character as in The Shrew. Before starting Hardy wrote: "Am going with E. to see Rosalind, after not seeing her for more than twenty years. This time she is composed of Ada

Rehan." After going he added: "At the end of the second act I went round, and found her alone, in a highly strung throbbing state - and rather despondent. 'O yes - it goes smoothly', she said. 'But I am in a whirlwind .... Well, it is an old thing, and Mr Daly liked to produce it! ' I endeavoured to assure her that it was going to be satisfactory, and perhaps succeeded, for in the remaining acts she played full of spirit." It is possible that the dramatic poem entitled "The Two Rosalinds" was suggested by this performance combined with some other; but there is no certainty about this, and dates and other characteristics do not quite accord.

Mrs Hardy had to leave London shortly after, on account of the illness and death of her father ~~at Plymouth;~~ but her husband had promised to write an Epilogue to be spoken by Miss Rehan at a performance on behalf of Mrs Jeune's Holiday Fund for Children. So he remained in London till he had written it, and it had been duly delivered. He did not go himself to the performance, but in the evening of the same day was present at a debate at the St James's Hall between Messrs Hyndman and Bradlaugh, in which he was much struck by the extraordinarily force in the features of the latter. ¶ "July 24. Mary Jeune delighted with the verses: says Miss Rehan's hand shook so much when she read them that she seemed scarcely able to follow them." ~~After meeting a few more people, including Sir Henry Thompson, Lord Pembroke, Lady Waterlow, and Mr Nelson Page, he returned to Dorset, having the day before been to a military exhibition where he mused over Colonel Champion's sword, which had never been unsheathed since the Battle of Inkermann when, wounded, he sheathed it and it had stuck to the scabbard immoveable afterwards.~~

"August 5. - Reflections on Art. Art is a changing of the actual proportions and order of things, so as to bring out more forcibly than might otherwise be done that feature in them which appeals most strongly to the idiosyncrasy of the artist. The changing, or distortion, may be of two kinds: (1) The kind which increases the sense of vraisemblance: (2) That which diminishes it. (1) is high art:(2) is low art.

"High art may choose to depict evil as well as good, without losing its quality. Its choice of evil, however, must be limited by the sense of worthiness." A continuation of the same note was made a little later, and can be given here:-

"Art is a disproportioning - (i.e., distorting, throwing out of proportion) - of realities, to show more clearly the features that matter in those realities, which, if merely copied or reported inventorially, might possibly be observed, but would more probably be overlooked. Hence 'realism' is not Art.

"August 8 to 17. With E. to Weymouth and back. Alfred Parsons, R.A., came. Went to see some Sir Joshuas and Pinturicchios belonging to Pearce-Edgcumbe. Then drove to Weymouth over Ridgway Hill with Parsons. Lunch at the Royal". This was the Old Royal Hotel, now pulled down, where George III and his daughters had used to dance at the town assemblies, a red cord dividing the royal dancers from the townspeople. The sockets for the standards bearing the cord were still visible in the floor while the building was standing.

Later in this month of August Hardy started with his brother

for Paris by way of Southampton and Havre, leaving the former port at night, when "the Jersey boat and ours were almost overwhelmed by the enormous bulk of the 'Magdalena' (Brazil and River Plate.) - the white figure of her at the ship's head stretching into the blue-black sky above us." The journey was undertaken by Hardy solely on his brother's account and they merely went the usual round of sight-seeing. As was the case with Hardy almost always, a strangely bizarre effect was noticed by him at the Moulin Rouge - in those days a very popular place of entertainment. As everybody knows, or knew, it was close to the cemetery of Montmartre, being, it seems, only divided therefrom by a wall and erection or two, and as he stood somewhere in the building looking down at the young women dancing the cancan, and grimacing at the men, it appears that he could see through some back windows over their heads to the last resting-place of so many of similar gay Parisians silent under the moonlight, and, as he notes, to near the grave of Heinrich Heine.

Coming back towards Havre he sees "A Cleopatra in the railway carriage. Her French husband sits opposite, and seems to study her; to keep wondering why he married her; and why she married him. She is a good-natured amative creature by her voice, and her heavy moist lips."

The Autumn was passed in the country, visiting and entertaining neighbours, and attending garden-parties. In September to their great grief their watch-dog "Moss" died - an affectionate retriever whose grave can still be seen at Max Gate.

In the latter part of this year, having finished adapting "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" for the serial issue, he seems to

have dipped into a good many books - mostly the satirists: including Horace, Martial, Lucian, "the Voltaire of Paganism," Voltaire himself, Cervantes, Le Sage, Moliere, Dryden, Fielding, Smollett, Swift, Byron, Heine, Carlyle, Thackeray, Satires and Profanities by James Thomson, and Weismann's Essays on Heredity.

In December, staying in London, Hardy chanced to find himself in political circles for a time, though he never sought them. At one house he was a fellow-guest with Mr Goschen (afterwards Lord), then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the "I forgot Goschen" story was still going about. At another house just afterwards he chanced to converse with the then Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill's mother; "She expressed her grief at what had happened to her son, though her hostess had told her flatly it was his own doing. She deplores that young men like --- should stand in the fore-front of the Tory party, and her son should be nowhere. She says he has learnt by bitter experience, and would take any subordinate position ~~position~~ the Government might offer him. Poor woman - I was sorry for her, as she really suffers about it. Parnell, however, was the main thing talked about, and not Randolph." * [see on back]

"Dec. 18. Mr E.Clodd this morning gives an excellently neat answer to my question why the superstitions of a remote Asiatic and a Dorset labourer are the same:- 'The attitude of man', he says, 'at corresponding levels of culture, before like phenomena, is pretty much the same, your Dorset peasants representing the persistence of the barbaric idea which confuses

※ ¶ "Dec. 4. I am more than ever convinced that persons are successively various persons, according as each special strand in their characters is brought uppermost by circumstances."

"Dec 8 onwards. Lodging at the Jeunes. Lord Rowton, who is great on lodging-houses, says I am her 'dosser.'"

persons and things; and founds wide generalizations on the slenderest analogies."

" (This 'barbaric idea which confuses persons and things' is, by the way, also common to the highest imaginative genius - that of the poet)"

~~"Was reminded yesterday of Thackeray's 'How these women love one another!' when going out through the hall at W--- House between the X---s waiting there for their carriage, Em being in front of me and rather well-dressed, I beheld Mrs X---- looking up with green gimlet eyes at Em as she passed by unconscious."~~

at the same time as

"Christmas Day. --- While thinking of resuming ~~the~~ 'the viewless wings of poesy' before dawn this morning, new horizons seemed to open, and worrying pettinesses to disappear."

" Heard today an old country tradition; that if a woman goes off her own premises before being churched, -e.g., crosses a road that forms the boundary of her residence - she may be made to do penance, or be excommunicated. I cannot explain this, but it reminds me of what old Mr Hibbs of Bere Regis told me lately; that a native of that place, now ninety, says he remembers a young woman doing penance in Bere Church for singing scandalous songs about 'a great lady.' The girl stood in a white sheet while she went through 'the service of penance', whatever that was." [see on back]

Next day they lunched with a remote cousin of Hardy's on the maternal side - Dr Christopher Childs, M.A., of Weymouth - to meet his brother and sister-in-law Mr and Mrs Borlase Childs on a visit from Cornwall, and heard from Borlase Childs (whose grandfather had married into the Borlase family) some traditions of his and Hardy's common

⊗ ¶ "Also heard another curious story. Mil [Amelia] C— had an illegitimate child by the parish doctor. She christened him all the doctor's names, which happened to be a mouthful – Frederick Washington Ingen – and always called him by the three names complete. Moreover the doctor had a squint, and to identify him still more fully as the father she hung a bobbin from the baby's cap between his eyes, and so trained him to squint likewise".

ancestors, on which Hardy remarks : "The Christopher Childs, brother of my ~~grandfather~~ great-grandmother, who left Dorset, was a Jacobite, which accounted for the fall in their fortunes. There is also a tradition - that I had heard before from my mother - that one of the family added the "s" to the name, and that it was connected with the Josiah Child who founded Child's Bank, and with the family of Lord Jersey. I doubt the first statement, and have no real evidence of the latter."

" New Year's Eve. Looked out of doors just before twelve, and was confronted by the toneless white of the snow spread in front, against which stood the row of pines breathing out: 'Tis no better with us than with the rest of creation, you see!' I could not hear the church bells."

CHAPTER XIX.

The novel "Tess" restored and published.

1891. Aet. 50 -51.

At the beginning of January he was at home arranging "A Group of Noble Dames" for publication in a volume. He was also in London a part of the month, where he saw "what is called sunshine up here - a red-hot bullet hanging in a livid atmosphere - reflected from window-panes in the form of bleared copper eyes, and inflaming the sheets of plate glass with smears of gory light. A drab snow mingled itself with liquid horsedung, and in the river puddings of ice moved slowly on. The steamers were moored, with snow on their gangways. A captain, in sad solitude, smoked his pipe against the bulk-head of the cabin stairs. The lack of traffic made the water like a stream through a deserted metropolis. In the City George Peabody sat comfortably in his easy chair, with snow on the folds of his ample waistcoat, the top of his bare head, and shoulders, and knees."

After seeing Irving at the Lyceum, and admiring the staging :- "But, after all, scenic perfection such as this only banishes one plane further back the jarring point between illusion and disillusion. You must have it somewhere, (and begin calling in 'make believe' forthwith,) and it may as well be soon as late - immediate as postponed - and no elaborate scenery be attempted.

"I don't care about the fashionable first night at ~~the~~ a play: it is so insincere, meretricious; the ~~artificial~~ stageiness behind the footlights seems to flow over upon the audience."

On the ~~21~~ Sunday following a number of people dined at the house where Hardy was staying. "The Marchioness of Tweeddale looked well in geranium red. Presently Ellen Terry arrived - diaphanous - a sort of balsam or sea-anemone, without shadow. Also Irving, Sir Henry Thompson, Evelyn Ashley, Lady Dorothy [Nevill], Justin Mc Carthy, and many others. Ellen Terry was like a machine in which, if you press a spring, all the works fly open. E.Ashley.'s laugh is like a clap, or report; it was so loud that it woke the children asleep on the third floor. Lady Dorothy said she collected death's-heads - (what did she mean?). Ashley told me about his electioneering experiences. The spectacle of another guest - a Judge of the Supreme Court - telling ~~stories~~ broad stories with a broad laugh in a broad accent, after the ladies had gone, reminded one of Baron Nicholson of 'Judge-and-Jury' fame. 'Tom' Hughes and Miss Hughes came in after dinner. Miss Hilda Gorst said that at dinner we made such a noise at our end of the table that at her end they wondered what we had to amuse us so much. (That's how it always seems.) ...A great crush of people afterwards, till at one o'clock they dwindled away, leaving nothing but us, blank, on the wide polished floor."

At the end of the month he and his wife were at a ball at Mrs Sheridan's at Frampton Court, Dorset, where he saw a friend

of his "waltzing round with a face of ambition, not of slightest pleasure, as if he were saying to himself 'this has to be done'. We are all inveterate joy-makers: some do it more successfully than others; and the actual fabrication is hardly pleasure."

"Feb: 10. [see on back] X.

On the 21st. Hardy notes that Mrs Hardy rode on horse-back for what turned out to be the last time in her life. (happily) It was to Mrs Sheridan's, Frampton, & a train crossed a bridge overhead, causing the mare to rear; but not throwing her rider. In March they were again in London, and attended a party at (Very few horses could,) Mrs Jeune's to meet the Prince and Princess Christian and their two daughters, but do not seem to have done anything beyond this. A deep snow came on shortly after, but they had got home. It was in ~~deep~~ drifts:-

"Sculptured, scooped, gouged, pared, trowelled, moulded, by the wind. Em. says it is architectural.... A person aged 50 is an old man in winter and a young man in summer.....Was told by J.A. of a poor young fellow who is dying of consumption, so that he has to sit up in the night, and to get up because he cannot sleep. Yet he described to my informant that one night he had such a funny dream of pigs knocking down a thatcher's ladder that he lay awake laughing uncontrollably."

In the same month Hardy erected what he called "The Druid Stone" on the lawn at Max Gate. This was a large block they discovered about three feet underground in the garden, and the labour of getting it from the hole where it had lain for perhaps two thousand years was a heavy one even for seven men with levers and other appliances.—"It was a primitive problem in mechanics, and the scene was such a one as may have occurred in building

※ Newman, & Carlyle. The former's was a feminine nature, which first decides, & then finds reasons for having decided. He was an enthusiast with the absurd reputation of a logician and reasoner. Carlyle was a poet with the reputation of a philosopher. Neither was truly a <u>thinker</u>." [return to preceding page]

the Tower of Babel." Round the stone, which had been lying flat, they had found a quantity of ashes and half charred bones.

Though Hardy was at this time putting the finishing touches to "Tess" he was thinking of "A Birds'-Eye View of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century ... It may be called 'A Drama of the Times of the First Napoleon'. " He does not appear to have done more than think of it at this date.

In April he was at a morning performance at the old Olympic Theatre of that once popular play "The Stranger" by Kotzebue; and he "thought of the eyes and ears that had followed the acting first and last, including Thackeray's". Miss Winifred Emery was Mrs Haller on this occasion. During his time in London he notes the difference between English and French stage-dancing; ~~The French~~ "The English girls dance as if they had learned dancing; the French as if dancing had produced them." He also while in Town dined at the Lushingtons* and went to hear Spurgeon preach, for the first and last time. As Spurgeon ~~He~~ died soon after he was glad he had gone the preacher having been a great force in his day, though it had been spent for many years. He witnessed the performance of "Hedda Gabler" at the Vaudeville, on which he remarks that it seems to him that the rule for stage~~-scenery~~ nowadays ~~is~~ should be to have no scene which would not be physically possible ~~at~~ in the time of acting. [An idea carried out years after in "The Queen of Cornwall".]

*"and looked at the portrait of Lushington's father who had known Byron's secret."

The Hardys were now as usual looking for a place in which to spend three or four months in London. Much as they disliked handling other people's furniture, taking on their breakages, cracks, and stains, and paying for them at the end of the season

as if they had made them themselves, there was no help for it in their inability to afford a London house or flat all the year round. "The dirty house-fronts, leaning gate-piers, rusty gates, broken bells, Doré monstrosities of womankind who showed us the rooms, left Em[illegible] nearly fainting, and at one place she could not stay for the drawing-room floor to be exhibited." They found a flat at last in Mandeville Place, just about the time that Hardy learnt of his being elected to the Athenaeum Club by the Committee under Rule 2.

"April 28. Talking to Kipling today at the Savile he said that he once ~~[illegible]~~ as an experiment took the ideas of some mature writer or speaker (on Indian politics, I think,) and translating them into his own language used them as his. They were pronounced to be the crude ideas of an immature boy."

The Royal Academy this year struck Hardy as containing some good colouring but no creative power, and that as visitors went by names only, the new geniuses, even if there were any, were ~~the most~~ likely to be overlooked. He recalled in respect of the fair spring and summer landscapes that "They were not pictures of <u>this</u> spring and summer, although they seem to be so. All this green grass and fresh leafage perished yesterday; after withering and falling it is gone like a dream."

In the Gallery of the English Art Club:- "If I were a painter I would paint a picture of a room as viewed by a mouse from a chink under the skirting."

Hardy's friend Dr (afterwards Sir) Joshua Fitch took him

over Whitelands Training College for schoolmistresses, where it was the custom in those days, and may be now, to choose a May Queen every year, a custom originated by Ruskin. Hardy did not, however, make any observation on this, but merely: "A community of women, especially young women, inspires not reverence but protective tenderness in the breast of one who views them. Their belief in circumstances, in convention, in the rightness of things which you know to be not only wrong but damnably wrong, makes the heart ache, even when they are waspish and hard.....You feel how entirely [illegible]--the difference of their ideas from yours is of the nature of misunderstanding .... There is much that is pathetic about these girls, and I wouldn't have missed the visit for anything. How far nobler in its aspirations is the life here than the life of those I met at the crush two nights back!"

Piccadilly at night. - "A girl held a long-stemmed narcissus to my nose as we went by each other. At the Circus among all the wily crew of harlots there was a little innocent family standing waiting, I suppose for an omnibus. How pure they looked! A man on a stretcher, with a bloody bandage round his head, was wheeled past by two policemen, stragglers following. Such is Piccadilly."

He used to see Piccadilly under other aspects however, for the next day, Sunday, he attended the service at St James's - as he did off and on for many years - because it was the church his mother had been accustomed to go to when as a young woman she was living for some months in London. "The preacher said

that only five per cent of the inhabitants entered a church, according to the Bishop of London. On coming out there was a drizzle across the electric lights, and the paper-boys were shouting, not, 'Go to church!' but, 'Wee-naw of the French Oaks!' "

Next day - wet - at the British Museum: "Crowds parading and gaily traipsing round the mummies, thinking to-day is for ever, and the girls casting sly glances at young men across the swathed dust of Mycerinus[?]. They pass with flippant comments the illuminated MSS. - the labours of years - and stand under Ramesis the Great, joking. Democratic government may be justice to man, but it will probably merge in proletarian, and when these people are our masters it will lead to more of this contempt, and possibly be the utter ruin of art and literature!.....Looking, when I came out, at the Oxford Music Hall, an hour before the time of opening, there was already a queue."

- "May 3. Sunday. Em & I lunch at the Jeunes to see the house they.... ※ [see on back]

During this month of May he was much impressed by a visit paid with his friend Dr (later Sir) T.Clifford Allbutt, then a commissioner in Lunacy, to a large private lunatic asylum, where he had intended to stay only a quarter of an hour, but became so interested in the pathos of the cases that he remained the greater part of the day. He talked to "the gentleman who was staying there of his own will, to expose the devices of the Commissioners; to the old man who offers snuff to everybody; to the scholar of high literary aims, as sane in his conversation as any of us; to the artist whose great trouble was that he could not hear the birds sing; 'which as you will see, Mr Hardy, is hard on a man of my temperament;' and, on the women's side,

* have just moved into – 79 Harley St. Sun came in hot upon us through the back windows, the blinds not being yet up. Frederic Harrison called afterwards. He is leaving London to live in the country."

listened to their stories of their seduction; to the Jewess who sang to us; to the young woman who, with eyes brimming with reproach, said to the doctor, 'When are you going to let me out of this?'" [~~He~~ Hardy appealed for a re-examination of her, which was done afterwards.] "Then came the ladies who thought themselves queens - less touching cases, as they were quite happy, - one of them, who was really a Plantagenet by descent, perversely insisted on being considered a Stuart. All the women seemed prematurely dried, faded, flétries."

In June he visited Stockwell Training College. - "A pretty custom among the girls here is that of each senior student choosing a daughter from the list of junior girls who are coming. The senior is mother to the daughter for the whole year, and looks after her. Sometimes the pair get fond of each other; at other times not. I gather that they are chosen blindly before arrival, from the names only. There must be singular expectancies, confrontings, and excitements resulting therefrom."

In July he took Mrs Hardy to the balcony of the Athenaeum Club to see the German Emperor William II pass to the City; the next day he met W.E.Henley at the Savile, and the day after they had a surprise visit at their flat from Lady Camilla Gurdon and Sir Brampton, whom they thought in the country. "She came bounding in, in her old ~~impetuous~~ spontaneous way. She is still Raffaelesque, but paler." On the 13th., lunching at Lady Wynford's, Grosvenor Square, Hardy discovered, or thought he did, that the

"He is paler, & his once brown locks are getting iron gray":

ceiling of the drawing-room contained oval paintings by Angelica Kauffmann, and that the house was built by the Adams; ※ [See on back] In the same week, on a visit with his wife to G.F.Watts the painter, he was much struck with his host; "that old small man with a grey coat and black velvet skull-cap, who, when he saw one of his picture-frames pressing against a figure on canvas, moved it away gently, as if the figure could feel."

Dining at the Milnes-Gaskells in Hereford Gardens Hardy judged that Lady Catherine had at this date "less of Raffaelle, and more of Rubens than her sister Camilla, with a dash of coquetry and pride added; also quite a 'Tess' mouth and eyes: with these two beauties she can afford to be indifferent about the remainder of her face. She told me that the //----s of Newstead have buried the skulls that Byron used to drink from, but that the place seems to throw 'a sort of doom on the family'. I then told her of the tragic Damers of the last century, who owned Abbey property, and thought she rather shrank from what I said; I afterwards remembered to my dismay that her own place was an Abbey". Hardy, however, found later that this was only a moment's mood, she being as free from superstitions as any woman. At Max Gate there are still growing violets sent by her years ago from Wenlock.

"19 July. Note the weight of a landau and pair, the coachman in his grey great-coat, footman ditto. All this mass of matter is moved along with brute force and clatter through a street congested and obstructed, to bear the petite figure of

※ "I was amused by Ld. Wynford, who told me he would not live in Dorset for £50,000 a year, and wanted me to smoke cigarettes made of tobacco from Lebanon — 'same as smoked by Laurence Oliphant.' Wynford's nose is two sides of a spherical triangle in profile."

the owner's ~~wife~~ young wife in violet velvet and silver trimming, slim, small; who could be easily carried under a man's arm, and who, if held up by the hair and slipped out of her clothes, carriage, etc. etc., aforesaid, would not be much larger than a skinned rabbit, and of less use.

"At Mary Jeune's lunch to-day sat between a pair of beauties. - Mrs A.G --- with her violet eyes, was the more seductive; Mrs R.C -- the more vivacious. The latter in yellow: the former in pale brown, and more venust and warm-blooded than Mrs C ---, who is large-eyed, somewhat slight, with quick impulsive motions, and who neglects the dishes and the coffee because possessed by some idea." At another luncheon or dinner at this time "the talk was entirely political - of when the next election would be - or the probable Prime Minister - of ins and outs - of Lord This and the Duke of That - everything except the people for whose existence alone these politicians exist. Their welfare is never once thought of."

The same week, "After a day of headache, went to I----'s Hotel to supper. This is one of the few old taverns remaining in London, whose frequenters after theatre-closing know each other, and talk across from table to table. The head waiter is called William. There is always something homely when the waiter is called William. He talks of his affairs to the guests, as the guests talk of theirs to him. He has whiskers of the rare old mutton-chop pattern, and a manner of confidence. He has shaved so many years that his face is of a bluish soap—

colour, and if wetted and rubbed would raise a lather of itself. ..... Shakespeare is largely quoted at the tables; especially 'How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot.' Theatrical affairs are discussed neither from the point of view of the audience~~s~~, nor of the actors, but from a third point - that of the recaller of past appearances.

"Old-fashioned country couples also come in, their fathers having recommended the tavern from recollections of the early part of the century. They talk on innocently-friendly terms with the theatrical young men, and handsome ladies who enter with them as their ~~wives~~ 'husbands' after the play."

They annexed to their London campaign this year a visit to Sir Brampton and Lady Camilla Gurdon at Grundesburgh Hall, Suffolk - a house standing amid green slopes timbered with old oaks. The attraction was its possession of the most old-fashioned and delightful ~~bid~~ - probably Elizabethan - garden with high buttressed walls that Hardy had ever seen, which happily had been left unimproved and unchanged, owing to the Hall having been used merely as a farm-house for a century ot two, and hence neglected. The vegetables were planted in the middle of square plots surrounded by broad green alleys, and screened by thickets and palisades of tall flowers, "so that one does not know any ~~s~~ vegetables are there."

Hardy spent a good deal of time in August and the autumn correcting "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" for its volume form, which process consisted in restoring to their places the passages

(That Tess should put on the jewels was Mrs Hardy's suggestion.

and chapters of the original MS. that had been omitted from the serial publication. The name "Talbothays", given to the dairy, was based on that of a farm belonging to his father, which, however had no house on it at that time.

In September he and his wife paid a visit to his friend Sir George Douglas at Springwood Park, in fulfilment of a long promise, passing on their way north by the coast-line near Holy Isle or Lindisfarne, at that moment glowing reddish on a deep blue sea under the evening sun, with all the romance of "Marmion" about its aspect. It was the place which he afterwards urged Swinburne to make his head-quarters, as being specially suited for him - a Northumbrian - an idea which Swinburne was much attracted by, though he owned that "to his great shame" he had never been on the isle. They had a very charming time in Scotland, visiting many Scott scenes, including Edie Ochiltree's grave, and one that Hardy had ~~seen~~ always been anxious to see - Smaylho'me Tower - the setting of the "Eve of St. John" - a ballad which was among the verse he liked better than any of Scott's prose. At Springwood they met at dinner one evening old Mr Usher, aged 81, who had known Scott and Lady Scott well, and whose father had sold Sir Scott the land called Huntley Burn. He said that when he was a boy Scott asked him to sing, which he did; and Scott was so pleased that he gave him a pony. When Hardy wondered why Lady Scott should have taken the poet's fancy, Mr Usher replied grimly, "She wadna' ha' taken mine!"

They finished this autumn visit by a little tour to Durham,

Whitby, Scarborough, York, and Peterborough. At the last-mentioned place the verger "told us of a lady's body found in excavating, of which the neck and ~~+~~ bosoms glistened, being coated with a species of enamel. She had been maid of honour to Catherine of Arragon who lies near... In the train there was a woman of various ages - hands old, frame middle-aged, and face young. What her mean age was I had no conception of."

"October 28. It is the incompleteness that is loved, when love is sterling and ~~tu~~ true. This is what differentiates the real one from the imaginary, the practicable from the impossible, the Love who returns the kiss from the Vision that melts away. A man sees the Diana or the Venus in his beloved, but what he loves is the difference."

Sir Charles Cave was the judge at the Dorset assizes this autumn, and Hardy dined with him and Mr Frith his marshall while ~~they~~ they were in the town. Cave told him, among other things, that when he and Sir J.F.Stephen, also on the bench, were struggling young men the latter came to him and said a man was going to be hanged at the Old Bailey, jocularly remarking as an excuse for proposing to go and see it: "Who knows; we may be judges some day; and it will be well to have learnt how the last sentence of the law is carried out."

During the first week in November the Revd. Dr Robertson Nicoll, Editor of The Bookman, forwarded particulars of a discussion in the papers on whether national recognition should be given to eminent men of letters. Hardy's reply was:

"I daresay it would be very interesting that literature should be honoured by the state. But I don't see how it could be satisfactorily done. The highest flights of the pen are mostly the excursions and revelations of souls unreconciled to life, while the natural tendency of a government would be to encourage acquiescence in life as it is. However, I have not thought much about the matter."

The end of the year was saddened for Hardy and his wife by the deaths of two or three relations in quick succession, one of them being Mrs Hardy's mother. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles: a Pure Woman faithfully Presented", was published complete about the last day of ~~September~~ November, with what results Hardy could scarcely have foreseen, since the book, notwithstanding its exceptional popularity, was the beginning of the end of his career as a novelist.

(Query) End of Vol. I.

(November 1891.)

As the year drew to its close an incident that took place during the publication of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" as a serial in the Graphic might have prepared him for certain events that were to follow. The editor objected to the description of Angel Clare carrying in his arms, across a flooded lane, Tess and her three dairymaid companions. He suggested that it would be more decorous and suitable for the pages of a periodical intended for family reading if the damsels were wheeled across the lane on a wheelbarrow.

Chapter xxxvii

1921 _ 1925. Act 80 to 85.

Adventures in the Drama.

The New Year 1921 found Hardy sitting up to hear the bells, which he had not done for some time.

Early in January he was searching through the registers of Stinsford for records of a family named Knight, connected with his own. He found several interesting entries that repaid his search. Many generations of this family are buried in nameless graves in Stinsford Churchyard.

Sir James Barrie paid him a brief visit on May 11th, staying at Max Gate for one night, and visiting Hardy's birthplace at Bockhampton on the morning of May 12th. The same day Hardy learned of the death of a friend, an elder brother of the confidant and guide of his youth and early manhood. In his notebook Hardy writes:

" May 11th. Charles Moule died. He is the last of "the seven brethren."

" May 27th. Was going to London this week but did not, on account of the death of Barrie's adopted son.

On June 2nd he notes that his birthday was remembered by the newspapers, and that he received an address from younger writers. Accompanying this was a fine copy of the first edition of Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St Agnes and other poems by John Keats, in the original boards with the half-title and eight pages of advertisements.

The idea had originated with Mr St John Ervine, who summoned a committee to consider the nature of the Tribute. The address was signed by a hundred and six younger writers, and ran as follows.

Dear Mr Hardy,

"We, who are your younger comrades

in the craft of letters wish on this your eighty-first birthday to do honour to ourselves by praising your work, and to thank you for the example of high endeavour and achievement which you have set before us. In your novels and poems you have given us a tragic vision of life which is informed by your knowledge of character and relieved by the charity of your humour, and sweetened by your sympathy with human suffering and endurance. We have learned from you that the proud heart can subdue the hardest fate, even in submitting to it. When Mr,Justice Shallow sought to instruct Sir John Falstaff in the choice of soldiers, the knight said: "Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit , Master Shallow." So would you have answered him, for in all that you have written you have shown the spirit of man, nourished by tradition and sustained by pride, persisting through defeat.

You have inspired us both by your work and by the manner in which it was done. The craftsman in you calls for our admiration as surely as the artist, and few writers have observed so closely as you have the Host's instruction in the Canterbury Tales:

> Your tarmes, your colours, and your figures,
> Keep them in store, till so be ye indite
> High style, as when that men to kinges write.

From your first book to your last, you have written in the "high style, as when that men to kinges write," and you have crowned a great prose with a noble poetry.

We thank you, Sir, for all that you have written, especially for The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge, Tess of the d'Urbervilles, Jude the Obscure, Far from the Madding Crowd, Under the Greenwood Tree and the Wessex Poems, but most of all, perhaps, for The Dynasts.

We beg that you will accept the copy of the first edition of Lamia by John Keats which accompanies this letter, and with it, accept also our grateful homage.

We are, dear Mr.Hardy,
Your faithful comrades.

A few days later, on June 9th, he motored to Sturminster Newton with his wife and Mr Cecil Hanbury to see a performance by the Hardy Players in the Castle ruins. Afterwards he went to Riverside, the house where he had written "The Return of the Native".

On the 16th June Mr de la Mare arrived for a brief visit of two nights. The following day he walked to Stinsford with Hardy and was much interested in hearing about the various graves, and in reading a poem that Hardy had just lately written "Voices from things growing in a Country Churchyard". The first verse of the poem runs thus:-

" These flowers are I, poor Fanny Hurd,
Sir or Madam,
A little girl here sepultured.
Once I flit-fluttered like a bird
Above the grass, as now I wave
In daisy shapes above my grave,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily!

Fanny Hurd's real name was Fanny Hurden, and Hardy remembered her as a delicate gentle child who went to School with him. She died when she was about eighteen and her grave and a head-stone with her name, is to be seen in Stinsford Churchyard. The others mentioned in this poem were known to him by name and repute. He had discovered the story of Eve Greensleeves, of the poem, during his researches in the copy of Stinsford Register in January of this year. She was Eve Trevelyan.

Early in July a company of film actors arrived in Dorchester for the purpose of preparing a film of " The Mayor of Casterbridge". Hardy met them outside The King's Arms, the hotel associated with the novel. Although the actors had their faces coloured yellow and were dressed in the fashion of some eighty years earlier Hardy observed, to his surprise, that the townsfolk passed by on their ordinary affairs and seemed not to notice the strange spectacle, nor did any interest seem aroused when Hardy drove through the town with the actors to Maiden Castle, that ancient earthwork which formed the background to one part of the film.

About this time he went to St Peter's Church, to a morning service, for the purpose of hearing sung by the choir the morning hymn " Awake my Soul" to Barthelemon's setting. This had been arranged for him by his friend the Rector of St Peters. Church music, as has been shown, had appealed strongly to Hardy from his earliest years. On the 23rd July a sonnet "Barthelemon at Vauxhall" appeared in the Times. The subject of this has been in his mind for many years. He had often imagined the weary musician, returning from his nightly occupation of making music for a riotous throng, lingering on

Westminster Bridge to see the rising sun and being thence inspired to the composition of music to be heard hereafter in places so different from Vauxhall.

In the same month he opened a bazaar in aid of the Dorset County Hospital and in the evening of that day he was driven into Dorchester again to see some dancing in the Borough Gardens. Of this he writes,

"Saw "The Lancers" danced (for probably the last time) at my request. Home at 10: outside our gate full moon over cottage: band still heard playing"

At the beginning of September Hardy stood sponsor at the christening of the infant daughter of Mr & Mrs Cecil Hanbury of Kingston Maurward. Three days later he was again at Stinsford Church, attending the evening service. In his notebook he records: " A beautiful evening. Evening Hymn Tallis".

During the latter half of September Hardy was sitting to his friend Mr Ouless for his portrait, which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. On October 14th he received a visit from Mr & Mrs John Masefield, who brought with them a gift: a full-rigged ship made by John Masefield himself. This ship had been named by its maker "The Triumph", and was much valued by Hardy who showed it with much pride to nearly every caller at Max Gate, with the story of how it arrived.

Four days later Hardy writes: "October 18. In afternoon to Stinsford with F. A matchless October: Sunshine, mist and turning leaves.

The first month of 1922 found him writing an energetic preface to a volume of poems entitled "Late Lyrics and Earlier", the M.S. of which he forwarded to the publishers on January 23rd. Some of his friends regretted this preface, thinking that it betrayed an oversensitiveness to criticism that it were better the world should not know. But sensitiveness was one of Hardy's chief characteristics without which his poems would never have been written, nor indeed,the greatest of his novels.

He used to say that it was not so much the force of the blow that counted, as the nature of the material that received the blow.

An interesting point in this preface was his attitude towards religion. Through the years 1920 to 1925 Hardy was interested in conjectures on rationalizing the English Church. There had been rumours for some years of a revised Liturgy, and his hopes were accordingly raised by the thought of making the Established Church comprehensive enough to include the majority of thinkers of the previous hundred years who had lost all belief in the supernatural. When the new Prayer Book

appeared however his hopes were doomed to disappointment, and he found that the revision had not been in a rationalistic direction, but in a retrograde direction, and from that time he lost all expectation of seeing the Church a representative one of modern thinking minds. The point is dwelt upon at some length in the preface, called an "apology", to "Late Lyrics and Earlier".

In April he received a visit from ~~Sir James~~ J.M. Barrie who stayed at Max Gate for one night. The 23rd May saw the publication of "Late Lyrics and Earlier", and on the following day he motored to Sturminster Newton to call at the house where he had spent some of the early years of his first marriage, and where he wrote "The Return of the Native". Two days later he notes: "Visited Stinsford and Higher Bockhampton. House at the latter shabby, and garden. Just went through into heath, and up plantation to top of garden."

It was becoming increasingly painful to Hardy to visit this old home of his, and often when he left he said that he would go there no more.

On the 29th May he copied some old notes made before he had contemplated writing "The Dynasts".

"We - the people = Humanity, a collective personality - (Thus "we" could be engaged in the battle of Hohenlinden, say, and in the battle of Waterloo) - dwell with genial humour on "our" getting into a rage for we knew

not what.

The intelligence of this collective personality Humanity is pervasive, ubiquitous, like that of God. Hence e.g. on the one hand we could hear the roar of the cannon, discern the rush of the battalions, on the other hear the voice of a man protesting, etc.

Title "self-slaughter"; divided against ourselves".

Now these 3 (or 3,000) whirling through space at the rate of 40 miles a second - (God's view). "Some of our family who " (the we of one nation speaking of the "we" of another.)

A battle. Army as sonambulists - not knowing what it is for.

"We were called "Artillery" etc. "We were so under the spell of habit that" (drill).

It is now necessary to call the reader's attention to those of us who were harnessed and collared in blue and brass...

Poem - the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. (Stated as by a god to the gods - i.e. as God's story.)

Poem I - First Cause, omniscient, not omnipotent - limtiations, difficulties etc, from being only able to work by Law (His only failing is lack of foresight.)

" We will now ask the reader to look eastward with

us... at what the contingent of us out that way were doing.

Poem. A spectral force seen acting in a man (e.g.Napoleon) and he acting under it - a pathetic sight - this compulsion.

Patriotism, if aggressive and at the expense of other countries, is a vice: if in sympathy with them, a virtue.

From these notes it will be seen how "The Dynasts" had been slowly developing in his mind. Unfortunately they are not dated, but there is in existence a note-book filled with details of the Napoleonic wars, and reflection upon the same, having been written at the time he was gathering material for "The Trumpet Major" which was first published in 1880.

During July ~~he~~ Hardy had visits from many friends. Florence Henniker came early in the month, and went for a delightful drive with him and his wife in Blackmore Vale, and to Sherborne, the scene of "The Woodlanders". Later Siegfried Sassoon arrived with Edmund Blunden, and then E.M.Forster who accompanied him to an amateur performance of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" on the lawn of Trinity Rectory.

In August he was well enough to cycle (no small feat for a man of 82) with his wife to Talbothays to visit his brother and his sister.

On 11th August he writes in his note-book: "In Newman Flower's car with him and his wife and boy and F. to

Sturminster Newton, and back by Bishop's Caundell, Glanville's Woolton, Middlemarsh, and Dogberry Gate, where we lunched. Walked to top of High Story with Flower, (probably for the last time) thence back home. A beautiful drive."

"October 12th. Walked across Boucher's Close to Ewelease Stile". (Boucher's Close is a green wooded meadow next to Stinsford Vicarage, and the Ewelease stile is the one whereon, more than fifty years before this date he had sat and read the review of "Desperate Remedies" in The Spectator.

Early in November he was visited by Mrs Henry Allhusen, his friend from her girlhood, when she was Miss Dorothy Stanley, daughter of Lady Jeune, afterwards Lady St Helier. With Mrs Allhusen and her daughter Elizabeth he motored to Dogberry Gate and other beautiful parts of Dorset.

A few days later came a letter from the Pro-Provost of Queen's College Oxford, to say that it had been decided to elect him to an Honorary Fellowship, which he accepted, an announcement to that effect being made in the Times on the 20th of the month.

Another entry in the note-book:-

"November 27th. E's death-day, ten years ago. Went with F. and tidied her tomb and carried flowers for her and the other two tombs."

"New Year's Eve. Henry and Kate came to 1 o'clock dinner, stayed to tea, left 5.30. Did not sit up".

Early in January 1923 Hardy was appointed Governor of the Grammar School for three years.

"February 26th. A story (rather than a poem) might be written in the first person, in which "I" am supposed to live through the centuries in my ancestors, in one person, the particular line of descent chosen being that in which qualities are most continuous (from an old note).

A few days after this entry, is the following:

"April 5th. In to-day's Times:

"Henniker. - on the 4th April, 1923, of heart failure, the Honourable Mrs Arthur Henniker. R.I.P."

After a friendship of 30 years!

"April 10th.

F.Henniker buried today at 1 o'clock at Thornham Magna. Eye. Suffolk."

During the month of April Hardy finished the rough draft of his poetical play "The Queen of Cornwall", and in May he made, with infinite care, his last Drawing, an imaginary view of Tintagel Castle. This is delicately drawn, an amazing feat for a man in his 83rd year, and it indicates his architectural tastes and early training. It was used as an illustration when "The Queen of Cornwall" was published.

In April, replying to a letter from Mr John Galsworthy, he writes:

"... The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation for the world: and though I was decidedly premature when I wrote at the beginning of the South African War that I hoped to see patriotism not confined to realms, but circling the earth, I still maintain that such sentiments ought to prevail.

Whether they will do so before the year 10,000 is of course what sceptics may doubt."

Towards the end of May Mr and Mrs Walter de la Mare stayed at Max Gate for two nights, and early in June, the day after Hardy's birthday, Mr and Mrs Granville-Barker came to see him, bringing with them friends he had not seen for many years, Mr and Mrs Max Beerbohm.

On June 3rd the following tributes from Mr Edmund Gosse and Mr Alfrd Noyes appeared in "The Sunday Times".

TO THOMAS HARDY.

ON HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

According to the laws of the Brahminical religion, the man who reaches his 84th year becomes, by that occurence, a Saint.

Yesterday was the birthday of St Thomas of Max Gate. On behalf of the readers of the "Sunday Times" I greet with benediction the poet who is, without dispute, the head of the literary profession in England, and (as I believe) the first of living men of letters in the world.

On my own behalf I greet with emotion the friend of five and forty years. Happy is the country which can boast of such a presence in this mellow length of years. "Venerable" he is: but I prefer to call him "veteran", our commander-in-chief in the war against ignorance and dullness.

May he be with us through future birthdays as he is now, with powers unimpaired and sympathies unblunted.

Edmund Gosse.

A breath of hope, for those who have known despair;
Of victory, for those who have drunk defeat;
Of harvest, when the wounded fields lie bare,
Or but a mist of green foreruns the wheat;

A breath of love, when all we loved lies dead;
Of beauty, too remote for tongue to tell;
Of joy, when sorrow veiled and bowed the head;
Of Heaven, for those that daily walked in Hell;-

His music breathes it, for his wrestling soul
Through agonies of denial postulates
All that young eyes affirm. He proves his goal
Divine, because he mourns the fast-barred gates;

And by his grief for love and hope brought low;
Proves that the Highest ne'er would have it so.

Alfred Noyes.

"June 10th. Relativty. That things and events always were, are, and will be (e.g. Emma, Mother and Father are living still in the past)".

"June 21st. Went with F. on board the Queen Elizabeth, on a visit to Sir John de Robeck, Lady de Robeck, and Admiral W.W. Fisher". More than once, upon the invitation of Admiral Fisher, he had had a pleasant time on board a battle ship off Portland.

On June 25th Hardy and his wife went to Oxford by road to stay at Queen's College for two nights. This was the last long journey that Hardy was to make, and the last time that he was to sleep away from Max Gate. It was a delightful drive, by way of Salisbury, Hungerford, and Wantage. At Salisbury they stopped for a little while to look at the Cathedral, as Hardy always loved doing, and at various old buildings including the Training College which he had visited more than fifty years before when his two sisters were students there, and which is faithfully described in "Jude the Obscure".

They paused also at Fawley, that pleasant Berkshire village described in the same novel under the name of Marygreen. Here some of Hardy's ancestors were buried, and he searched fruitlessly for their graves in the little churchyard. His father's mother, the gentle kindly grandmother who lived with the family at Bockhampton during Hardy's childhood, had spent the first thirteen years of her life here as an orphan child, and her memories of Fawley were so poignant that she never cared

to return to the place after she had left it as a ~~very~~ young girl. The surname of Jude was taken from this place.

So well had their journey been timed that on their arrival at Oxford they found awaiting them under the entrance gateway of Queen's Mr Godfrey Elton who was to be their ~~kind~~ cicerone during the visit.

On the next morning, June 27th, the Hardy's bade farewell to Oxford and to their friend Mr Elton, who had done so much to make their visit pleasant. They motored back to Max Gate by way of Newbury, Winchester, and Ringwood, having lunch in a

grassy glade in the New Forest in the simple way that Hardy so much preferred.

This occasion was an outstanding one during the last years of Hardy's life.

On July 2oth the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Dorchester, being part of an extended tour through the Duchy of Cornwall, which included parts of Dorset. The Prince was to open the new Drill Hall for the Dorset Territorials, and Hardy was invited to meet him there, and to drive back through Dorchester to Max Gate where the Prince and the party accompanying him were to lunch.

It was a hot day and the whole episode might well have proved fatiguing and irksome to a man of Hardy's years and retiring nature, but owing to the thoughtfulness of the Prince and his simple and friendly manner, in essentials so like Hardy's own, all passed off quite pleasantly, The Prince and Hardy passed through dense and cheering throngs, a triumphal progress all the way.

At lunch, beside the Prince and the Hardys there were present Lord Shaftesbury, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Peacock, and Messrs Pronofort and Wilson, the Duchy Stewards. After wards ~~lunch~~ the Prince had a friendly talk with Hardy in the garden, before leaving to visit certain Duchy farms in Dorchester. The main characteristic of the visit was its easy informality.

The next few months saw a certain activity on Hardy's

part. He visited several friends either for lunch or tea as he did not go out in the evening except for a short walk, nor did he again sleep away from Max Gate. Many friends from a distance also called upon him, including his ever faithful and affectionate friend Lady St Helier, who travelled from Newbury to Max Gate on October 3rd, this being their last meeting.

On November 15th the poetic drama "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" was published. Hardy's plan in writing this is clearly given in a letter to a friend:

"The unities are strictly preserved, whatever virtue there may be in that. I, myself am old fashioned enough to think there <u>is</u> a virtue in it, if it can be done without artificiality. The only other case I remember attempting it in was "The Return of the Native". The original events could have been enacted in the time taken by the performance, and they continue unbroken throughout. The change of persons on the stage is called a change of scene, there being no change of background.

"My temerity in pulling together into the space of an hour events that in the traditional stories covered a long time will doubtless be criticized, if it is noticed. But there are so many versions of the famous romance that I felt free to adapt it to my purpose in any way -- as, in fact, the Greek dramatists did in their plays notably Euripides .

"Wishing it to be thoroughly English I have dropped the name of Chorus for the conventional onlookers, and called

them Chanters, though they play the part of a Greek Chorus to some extent. I have also called them Ghosts (I don't for the moment recall an instance of this in a Greek play). Whether the lady ghosts in our performance here will submit to have their faces whitened I don't know!

"I have tried to avoid turning the rude personages of say, the fifth century into respectable Victorians, as was done by Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, etc. On the other hand it would have been impossible to present them as they really were, with their barbaric manners and surroundings."

On the 28th of the same month the play was produced by the Hardy Players at the Corn Exchange at Dorchester. The great difficulties which the play presented to amateur actors, unaccustomed to reciting blank verse, who were at their best in rustic comedy, were more or less overcome, but naturally a poetic drama did not make a wide appeal. However the performance, and particularly the rehearsals, gave Hardy considerable pleasure.

On December 10th the death was announced of Sir Frederick Treves, Hardy's fellow townsman, the eminent surgeon. Frederick Treves as a child had attended the same school as Hardy's elder sister Mary, and it was from the shop of Treve's father that Hardy as a boy purchased his first ~~little~~ writing-desk. The care which he took of all his possessions during his whole life, is shown by the fact that this ~~little~~ desk was

in his study without a mark or scratch upon it at the time of his death. Because of the early association and the love which they both bore to the county there was a strong link between these two Dorset men.

On the last day but one of the year Mr and Mrs G. Bernard Shaw and Colonel T.E.Laurence lunched with the Hardy's and spent several hours with them, ~~to Hardy's great pleasure.~~ The following entry in his note-book ends his brief chronicle of the years doings:

"31st. New years Eve. ~~To Weymouth to lunch with Mr and Mrs St John Ervine at the Royal Hotel.~~ Did not sit up. Heard the bells in the evening.

1924.

"January 2. Attended Frederick Treves's funeral at St Peters. Very wet day. Sad procession to the cemetery. Casket in a little white grave.

Lord Dawson of Penn and Mr Newman Flower came out to tea afterwards."

On the 5th January a poem by Hardy "In Memoriam.F.T." appeared in the Times, a last tribute to an old friend.

During February "The Queen of Cornwall" was performed in London by the Hardy Players of Dorchester, but it was not altogether a sucess, partly owing to the only building available having no stage suitable for the performance, a rather small concert platform having to be used.

On March 7th Hardy notes:
"To Stinsford with F.(E first met 54 years ago)".
And later,on April 3, "Mother died 20 years ago today."

Among the many letters which arrived on June 2nd, the 84th anniversary of his birth, was one from a son of the Baptist Minister, Mr Perkins, whom, in his youth, Hardy had so respected. This correspondent was one of the young men who had met him at the Baptist Chapel at the Eastern end of the town for a prayer-meeting which was hindered by the arrival of a circus. More than sixty years had elapsed since Hardy had had any contact with this friend of his youth, and for a little while he was strongly tempted to get into touch with him again. However too wide a gulf of time lay between and, as might have been told in one of his poems, the gesture was never made and the days slipped on into oblivion.

On June 11th Mr Rutland Broughton arrived at Max Gate for a visit of two days, the purpose of which was to consult Hardy about a plan he had for setting "The Queen of Cornwall" to music. Hardy was greatly interested, though he had heard no modern compositions, not even the immensely popular "Faerie Song" from "The Immortal Hour"."The Blue Danube", "The Morgenblatten Waltz", and the Overture to William Tell interested him more strongly, and also church music, mainly on account of the association with his early days.

But he found Mr Broughton a stimulating companion, and was interested in his political views, though he could not

share them. After Mr Broughton's departure he said with conviction "If I had talked to him for a few hours I would soon have converted him."

One feature of this visit was a drive the Hardy's took with their guest across parts of Egdon Heath which were then one blaze of purple with rhododendrons in full bloom.

On June 16th a poem by Hardy entitled "Compassion" appeared in the Times. It was written in answer to a request and was intended to celebrate the Centenary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Although not one of his most successful efforts, as he was never happy when writing to order, it served to demonstrate the poet's passion hatred of injustice and barbarity.

"Much has been won - more, maybe, than we know-
And on we labour hopeful. "Ailinon!"
A mighty voice calls:"But may the good prevail!"
And "Blessed are the Merciful!"
Calls yet a mightier one.

On July 1st the Balliol Players, a party of undergraduates from Oxford, visited Max Gate, during the course of a tour in the West of England, to perform on the lawn "The Oresteia" as "The Curse of the House of Atreus". This was a pleasant and informal occasion which gave delight to Hardy. Always sympathetic to youth, and a lifelong admirer of Greek tragedy he fully appreciated this mark of affection and respect.

The performance was not without an amusing side. The

day was a windy one, and cold for July, hence the players with their bare arms and legs and scanty costumes must have been none too comfortable. However they ran about the lawn and pranced into the flower beds with apparent enjoyment. Finding that the carrying of lighted torches in the sunlight was ineffective they carried instead tall spikes of a giant flowering spirae which they plucked from a border.

While having tea after the play they gathered round Hardy who talked to them with a sincerity and simplicity that few but he could have shown.

Among the names of the players that he jotted down in his note-book were those of Mr A.L.Cliffe- Clytemnestra; Mr Antony Asquith- Cassandra; Mr Walter Oakeshott- Orestes; Mr H.T.Wade-Gery -Agamemnon; Mr A.M.Farrer- Electra; and he also notes "The Balliol Players had come on bicycles, sending on their theatrical properties in a lorry that sometimes broke down".

Mr And Mrs Granville-Barker was also present as spectators on this occasion.

About this time, with reference to what is not clear, Hardy copies a quotation from Emerson:

"The foolish man wonders at the unusual, but the wise man at the usual."

On August 4th, noted by Hardy as being the day on which war was declared ten years before, he and Mrs Hardy motored to Netherton Hall in Devon to lunch with Mr and Mrs Granville-

Barker. Two days later he received a visit from Siegfried Sassoon and Colonel T.E.Lawrence. Hardy was devoted to this world -famous soldier, and their not infrequent meetings during the last few years of Hardy's life were a source of great interest to both.

On the 9th August Mr Sassoon, Colonel T.E.Lawrence, and Mr Edmund Blunden were again at Max Gate, this time with Mr H.M. Tomlinson. All the members of the party were staying in the neighbourhood.

~~About this time~~ a few days later Rutland Broughton's music version of "The Queen of Cornwall" was produced at Glastonbury, and on August 28th Hardy with his wife went to see and hear it, making the journey to Glastonbury by car.

From the 25th to the 30th Hardy was sitting to the Russian sculptor Serge Yourievitch for his bust. This was made in Hardy's study at Max Gate, and though he enjoyed conversation with the sculptor he was tired by the sittings, probably on account of his age, and definitely announced that he would not sit again for anything of the kind.

For several years some of the members of the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society had wished to perform a dramatization of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles". After much hesitation Hardy handed over his own dramatization, although, as he notes in his diary, he had come to the conclusion that to dramatize a novel was a mistake in art; moreover that the play

ruined the novel and the novel the play. However the result was that the company, self-styled "The Hardy Players", produced "Tess" with such unexpected success at Dorchester and Weymouth that it was asked for in London and the following year produced there by professional actors for over a hundred nights, Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies taking the part of "Tess".

On the 22nd of October Hardy with his wife visited for the first time since his childhood the old barn at the back of Kingston Maurward.

Here as a ~~child~~ small boy, he had listened to village girls singing old ballads. He pointed out to his wife the corner where they had sat. He looked around at the dusty rafters and the debris, considering possibly the difference that seventy years had made, and his manner as he left the barn was that of one who wished he had not endeavoured to revive a scene from a distant past. Almost certainly he was the only human being left of that once gay party.

A characteristic note ends Hardy's diary for 1924.

"Dec.31. New Year's Eve. Sat up and heard Big Ben and the London church bells by wireless ring in the New Year."

On this day also he copied a quotation from an essay by L. Pearsall Smith.

"In every representative of Nature which is a work of art there is to be found, as Professor Courthope has said, something which is not to be found in the aspect of Nature

which it represents; and what that something is has been a matter of dispute from the earliest days of criticism."

"The same writer adds", notes Hardy

"Better use the word "inspiration" than "genius" for inborn daemonic// genius as distinct from concious artistry."

(It seems to me it might be called "temperamental impulse" which of course, must be inborn)

Early in January 1925 Hardy sent to the Nineteenth Century Magazine a poem entitled "The Absolute Explains".

In the spring of this year, in connected with Hardy's dog "Wessex", an incident occured which was difficult, almost impossible, to explain. This dog, a wire-haired terrier, was of great intelligence and very friendly to many who visited Max Gate, though he had defects of temper, due perhaps to a want of thorough training. Among those to whom he showed a partiality was Mr William Watkins, the ~~genial~~ honorary secretary to the Society of Dorset Men in London.

About nine o'clock on the evening of April 18th Mr Watkins called at Max Gate to discuss with Hardy certain matters connected with his Society. The dog, as was his wont, rushed into the hall and greeted his friend with vociferous barks. Suddenly these gave way to a piteous whine , and the change was so startling that the dog's mistress went to see what had happened.

Nothing however seemed amiss, and the dog returned into the room where Hardy was sitting and where he was joined

by Mr Watkins. But ever here the dog seemed ill at ease and from time to time went to the visitor and touched his coat solicitously with his paw, which he always quickly withdrew giving a sharp cry of distress.

Mr Watkins left a little after ten o'clock apparently in very good spirits. Early the next morning there came a telephone message from his son to say that the father, Hardy's guest of the night before, had died quite suddenly about an hour after his return to the hotel from Max Gate. As a rule the dog barked furiously when he heard the telephone ring, but on this occasion he remained silent, his nose between his paws.

Four days after, on April 22nd, Hardy attended the funeral of Mr Watkins at Dorchester Cemetery where he had fifteen months before attended the burial of the ashes of Sir Frederick Treves in a grave adjoining.

On May 26th a letter and a leading article appeared in The Times on the subject of a Thomas Hardy Chain of Literature and a Wessex University. The letter was signed by many eminent writers and educationalists. At the date of writing however the Chain has not been endowed.

Later in the summer, on July 15th, a deputation from Bristol University arrived at Max Gate to confer on Hardy the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. This was the fifth degree he had received from English and Scottish Universities, the others being, in the order in which the

degrees were bestowed, Aberdeen, Cambridge, Oxford, St Andrews and Bristol.

At the end of July Hardy sent off the manuscript of his volume of poems, "Human Shows" to the publishers, and a month later he made arrangements for the performance of his dramatization of "Tess" at the Barnes Theatre. About this time he enters in his note-book,

"Truth is what will work" said William James. (Harpers.) A worse corruption of language was never perpetrated.

On August 12. his friends Mr and Mrs Eden Phillpotts, came to see him, having motored all the way from Torquay in a downpour of rain.

Few other events were of interest to him during the year. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was produced in London, but he felt he had not sufficient strength to go up to see it. After nearly two months at Barnes Theatre the play was removed to the Garrick Theatre on Nov.2nd where the hundredth performance took place.

The many pilgrimages Hardy made with his wife to Stinsford Church took place usually in the evening during the summer and in the afternoon during the winter. On October 9th however, contrary to his usual custom, he walked to Stinsford in the morning. The bright sunlight shone across the face of a worn tomb whose lettering Hardy had often endeavoured to decipher, so that he might re-carve the letters with his pen-knife. This day, owing to the sunlight they were able to read:

SACRED
to the memory of
ROBERT REASON
who departed this life
December 26th 1819
Aged 56 years.
Dear friend should you mourn for me
I am but where you soon must be.

Altnough Robert Reason had died twenty-one years before the birth of tne author of "Under the Greenwood Tree" he was faithfully described in that novel as Mr Penny, the

shoemaker, Hardy having heard so much of him from old inhabitants of Bockhampton. He used to regret that he had not used the real name, that being much better for his purpose than the one he had invented.

On December 6th the company of players from the Garrick Theatre arrived at Max Gate in the evening for the purpose of giving a performance of "Tess" in the Drawing-room.

The following description of this event is taken from a letter written by one of the company to a correspondent in America who had particularly desired her impressions of the visit.

"The chief impression I got from the atmosphere of Mr Hardy's comfortable secluded house was that of a simple, kindly and most hospitable domesticity. We might have been any cheerful band of amateurs playing on any Sunday evening for the amusement of any kindly parent. At least that is how I felt. Exactly as I felt when as a child I dressed up and took part in charades.

Mr and Mrs Hardy behaved as if it were a most usual occurence for a party of west-end actors to arrive laden with huge theatrical baskets of clothes and props. They met us in the hall and entertained us with tea, cakes and sandwiches and Mr Hardy made a point of chatting with everyone. He was very interested in the fact that my ancestors were actually inhabitants of the "Tess" country a certain

Mrs J-- C--- living only a few miles from the home of the d'Urbervilles. After tea we were conducted to a bedroom and dressed by the light of candles.

The drawing-room was rather a fortunate shape - the door facing an alcove at one end of the room and we used these to make our exits and entrances, either exiting into the hall or sitting quietly in the alcove.

Mr and Mrs Hardy, a press representative (more or less) smuggled in as a "critic") a friend of the Hardys and two maids who in cap and apron sat on the floor - made up our audience. I think I am correct in saying there was no-one else. The room was shaded - lamps and firelight throwing the necessary light on our faces.

We played the scenes of Tess's home with chairs and a tiny drawing-room table to represent farm furniture - tea-cups for drinking mugs - when the chairs and tables were removed the corner of the drawing-room became Stonehenge, and yet in some strange way those present said the play gained from the simplicity.

It had seemed as if it would be a paralysingly difficult thing to do, to get the atmosphere at all within a few feet of the author himself and without any of the usual theatrical illusion but speaking for myself - after the first few seconds it was perfectly easy, and Miss Francon-Davies

beautiful voice and exquisite playing of the Stonehenge scene in the shadows thrown by the firelight was a thing I shall never forget. It was beautiful.

We all felt it must be a tiring and exciting evening for Mr Hardy and arrangements had been made for us to leave by car as soon as the play was over. We changed and packed as quickly as possible but Mr Hardy insisted on talking to us until the last minute. He talked of Tess as if she was someone real whom he had known and liked tremendously! I think he enjoyed the evening. I may be quite wrong but I got the impression that to him it seemed quite a proper and usual way to give a play - probably as good if not better than any other - and he seemed to have very little conception of the unusualness and difficulties it might present to us.

The gossip of the village has it that his house was designed and the garden laid out with the idea of being entirely excluded from the gaze of the curious. Of course it was dark when we arrived but personally I should say he had succeeded.

I feel this is a most inadequate impression of a meeting with such a writer, but I think one often finds it the case - when one is confronted with a great artist. In the one direction that of his intense and immense imagination the outsider can only reach him through his work - in other respects he is disconcertingly normal.

I am, Yours very sincerely, --- ------

On the 20th December he heard with great regret of the death of his friend Sir Hamo Thornycroft, the sculptor whose bronze head of Hardy was presented later to the National Portrait Gallery by Lady Thornycroft.

Siegfried Sassoon, a nephew of Sir Hamo's, happened tp be paying Hardy a visit at the time, with his friend Glen Bryan Shaw. He left to go to the funeral of his uncle at Oxford, carrying with him a laurel wreath which Hardy had sent to be placed on the grave. Hardy had a warm regard for the sculptor whose fine upstanding mien spoke truly of his nobility of character. The hours Hardy had spent in Sir Hamo's London studio and at his home were pleasant ones, and they had cycled together in Dorset while Sir Hamo was staying at Max Gate.

"Dec. 23. Mary's birthday.

She came into the world .... and went out.... and the world is just the same... not a ripple on the surface left."

"Dec. 31. New Year's Eve.

F. and I sat up. Heard on the wireless various features of New Year's Eve in London: dancing at the Albert Hall. Big Ben striking twelve, Singing Auld Lang Syne, God Save the King, Marseillaise, hurrahing.

End of 1925

Chapter xxxviii.

1926 - January 11th 1928. Act 86 - 87.

P. 27.

Early in January 1926, feeling that his age compelled him to such a step, Hardy resigned the Governorship of the Dorchester Grammar School. He had always been reluctant to hold any public offices, feeling that he was by temperament unfitted to sit on committees and control or ordain the activities of others. He preferred to be "the man with the watching eye."

In April, replying to a letter from an Oxford correspondent who was one of four who had signed a letter to the Manchester Guardian upon the necessity of the reformation of the Prayer Book services, Hardy Writes:

Max Gate. Dorchester
27 April 1926.

..... I have read your letter with interest; also the enclosure that you and your friends sent to the Manchester Guardian, particularly because, when I was

young, I had a wish to enter the Church.

I am now too old to take up the questions you lay open, but I may say that it has seemed to me that a simpler plan than that of mental reservation in passages no longer literally accepted (which is puzzling to ordinary congregations) would be just to abridge the creeds and other primitive parts of the Liturgy, leaving only the essentials.

Unfortunately there appears to be a narrowing instead of a broadening tendency among the clergy of late, which if persisted in will exclude still more people from church. But if a strong body of young Reformers were to make a bold stand, in a sort of New Oxford Movement, they would have a tremendous backing from the thoughtful laity, and might overcome the retrogressive section of the clergy.

Please don't attach much importance to these casual thoughts, and believe me

Very truly yours,

T. H.

In May he received from Mr Arthur M. Hind a water-colour sketch of an attractive corner in the village of Minterne, which the artist thought might be the original of "Little Hintock" in "The Woodlanders".

In thanking Mr Hind Hardy writes:

"The drawing of the barn that you have been so

kind as to send has arrived uninjured, and I thank you much for the gift. I think it a charming picture, and a characteristic reproduction of that part of Dorset.

As to the spot being the "Little Hintock" of "The Woodlanders" - that is another question. You will be surprised and shocked at my saying that I mayself do not know where "Little Hintock" is! Several tourists have told me that they have found it, in every detail, and have offered to take me to it, but I have never gone.

However, to be more definite, it has features which were to be found fifty years ago in the hamlets of Hermitage, Middlemarsh, Lyon's Gate, Revels Inn, Holnest, Melbury Bubb, etc. - all lying more or less under the eminence called High Stoy, just beyond Minterne and Dogberry Gate, where the country descends into the Vale of Blackmore.

The topographers you mention as identifying the scene are merely guessers, and are wrong....."

On June 29 he again welcomed the Balliol Players whose chosen play this summer, the Hippollytus of Euripides, was performed on the lawn at Max Gate.

About the same time he sent a message of congratulation and friendship to Weymouth, Massachusetts by a deputation which was then leaving England to visit that town.

"July.1926. Note. It appears that the theory exhibited in "The Well-Beloved" in 1892 has been since developed by Proust still further:-

"Peu de personnes comprennent le caractere purement subjective de phenomene qu'est l'amour, et la sorte de creation que c'est d'une personne supplementaire,distincte de celle qui porte le meme nom dans le monde, et dont la plupart des elements sont tires de nous-meme." (Ombre 1.40)

"Le desir s'eleve, se satisfait, disparait - et c'est tout. Ainsi. la jeune fille qu'on epouse n'est pas celle dont on est tombe amoureux. (Ombre 11. 158-159)

In the early autumn he received from Weymouth Massachusetts the following reply to his message:

Honorable Sir:

It is with sincere gratitude that the Rotary Club of Weymouth Massachusetts accepts your very appropriate gift.

The splendid expressions of friendship coming from Weymouth England to the daughter town in America on this occasion of the celebration of our Sesquicentenial of Independence are but an indication of the ties of a common origin, language, race and idealism. Moreover we believe that this exchange of felicitations is a prophesy of the time when the world shall dwell in peace under the leadership of the great English speaking peoples.

The contributions to international good-will flowing from your pen are along the lines of the ideals of "Rotary International" that teaches world-wide service."

. . . . . .

This message was brought to Max Gate by the Mayor of Weymouth Dorset, and a deputation with whom Hardy

spent a friendly hour.

On September 8th a dramatization of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" by Mr John Drinkwater was produced at the Barnes Theatre, and on the 20th the play was brought to Weymouth where Hardy went to see it. He received a great ovation in the theatre, and also, on his return to Max Gate, from an enthusiastic crowd that collected round the Pavilion Theatre on the pier. From balconies and windows people were seen waving handkerchiefs as he drove past. In his diary he notes:

"20 September. Performance of Mayor of Casterbridge at Weymouth by London company, a "flying matinee". Motored down with F. ~~Mr Ridgeway and Drinkwater, who sailed before we started.~~ Beautiful afternoon, scene outside the theatre finer than within. Snapshotters for newspaper illustration very pestering."

Writing to a friend about a proposed dramatization of "Jude the Obscure" he observes:-

..... I may say that I am not keen on the new mode (as I suppose it is regarded, though really Elizabethan) of giving a series of episodes in the film manner instead of set scenes. Of the outlines I sent you which suggested themselves to me many years ago, I thought the one I called (I think) "4th Scheme" most feasible.

Would not Arabella be the villain of the piece? - or Jude's personal constitution? - so far as there is any villain more than blind Chance. Christminster is of course the tragic influence of Jude's drama in one sense, but innocently so, and merely as crass obstruction. By the way it is not meant to be exclusively Oxford, but any old-fashioned University about the date of the story 1860 -70, before there were such chances for poor men as there are now. I have somewhere printed that I had no feeling against Oxford in particular.

A few days later he visited Mrs Bankes at Kingston Lacy Dorset, and was greatly interested in the priceless collection of pictures shown him. Of this occasion he writes:

"End of September. With F. on a visit to Mrs Bankes at Kingston Lacy. She told me an amusing story when showing me a letter to Sir John Bankes from Charles the First, acknowledging that he had borrowed £500 from Sir John. Many years ago when she was showing the same letter to King Edward, who was much interested in it, she said "Perhaps, Sir, that's a little matter which could now be set right." He replied quickly "Statute of Limitations, Statute of Limitations."

Another note:

"1 Nov. Went with Mr Hanbury to Bockhampton and looked at fencing, trees, etc, with a view to tidying and secluding the Hardy house."

This was his last visit to the place of his birth. It was always a matter of regret to him if he saw this delightful abode in a state of neglect, or the garden uncherished.

During this month, November, his friend Colonel T.E. Lawrence called to say "good-bye", before starting for India. Hardy was much affected by this parting as T.E.Lawrence was one of his most valued friends. He went into the little porch and stood at the front door to see the departure of Lawrence on his motor-bicycle. This machine was difficult to start, and, thinking he might have to wait some time Hardy turned into the house to fetch a shawl to wrap round him. In the meantime, fearing that Hardy might take a chill, Lawrence started the motor-bicycle and hurried away. Returning a few moments after Hardy was grieved that he had not seen the actual departure and said that he had particularly wished to see him go.

During Lawrence's absence Hardy often said that he thought Lawrence would return before the time usually allotted to troops sent to India. This indeed actually happened, but not in time for another meeting.

The sight of animals being taken to market or driven to slaughter always aroused in Hardy feelings of intense pity as he well knew, as must anyone living in or near a market town, how much needless suffering is inflicted.

In his note-book at this time he writes:

"Dec. (1st week) Walking with F. by railway saw bullocks and cows going to Islington (?) for slaughter."

Under this he drew a little pencil sketch of the row of trucks as they were seen by him, with animals heads at every opening, looking out at the green countryside they were leaving for scenes of horror in a far-off city. Hardy thought of this sight for long after. It was found in his will that he had left a sum of money to each of two societies "to be applied as far as practicable to the investigation of the means by which animals are conveyed from their houses to the slaughter-houses with a view to the lessening of their sufferings in such transit."

The year drew quietly to an end. On the twenty-third of December a band of carol-singers from St Peter's, Dorchester came to Max Gate and sang to Hardy "While Shepherds Watched" to the tune which used to be played by his father and grandfather, a copy of which he had given to the Rector.

A sadness fell upon the household, for Hardy's dog Wessex, now thirteen years old, was ill and obviously near his end.

Two days after Christmas day Hardy makes this entry:

"27 December. Our famous dog "Wessex" died at ½ past 6 in the evening, thirteen years of age."

"28. Wessex buried.

" Night. Wessex sleeps outside the house the first time for thirteen years."

The dog lies in a small turfed grave in the shrubbery on the west side of Max Gate where also were buried several pet cats and one other dog,Moss. On the headstone is this inscription drawn up by Hardy.

THE

FAMOUS DOG

WESSEX.

August 1913 - 27 Dec.1926

Faithful. Unflinching.

There were those among Hardy's friends who thought that his life was definitely saddened by the loss of Wessex. This dog had been the companion of Hardy and his wife during twelve years of their married life. Upon summer evenings or winter afternoons he would walk with them up the grassy slope in the field in front of their house, to the stile that led into Came Plantation. While Hardy rested on the stile the dog would sit on the ground and survey the view as his master was doing, or on Frome Hill when the Hardys sat on the grass bank by the roadside, or on the barrow that crowns the hill, he would lie in the grass at their feet and gaze at the landscape "as if"

to quote Hardy's oft' repeated comment on this,"it were the right thing to do."

These were happy innocent hours. A poem after the dog's death "Dead Wessex, the dog to the household" well illustrates Hardy's sense of loss.

"Do you look for me at times,
Wistful ones?
Do you look for me at times,
Strained and still?
Do you look for me at times,
When the hour of walking chimes,
On that grassy path that climbs
Up the hill?"

"You may hear a jump or trot,
Wistful ones,
You may hear a jump or trot-
Mine as 'twere-
You may hear a jump or trot
On the stair or path or plot;
But I shall cause it not
Be not there.

On the 29 December Hardy wrote to his friends Mr and Mrs Granville-Barker:

Max Gate,

Dorchester.

Dear H.G.B and Helen,

This is intended to be a New Year's letter, but I don't know if I have made a good shot at it. How kind of you to think of sending me Raymond Guyot's Napoleon. I have only glanced at it, at the text that is, as yet, but what

an interesting collection of records bearing on the life of the man who finished the Revolution with "a whiff of grapeshot," and so crushed not only its final horrors but all the worthy aspirations of its earlier time, made them as if they had never been, and threw back human altruism scores, perhaps hundreds of years.

We have had a sad aftering to our Christmas. Our devoted (and masterful) dog Wessex died on the 27th, and last night had his bed outside the house under the trees for the first time for 13 years. We miss him greatly, but he was in such misery with swelling and paralysis that it was a relief when a kind breath of chloroform administered in his sleep by 2 good-natured Doctors (not vets) made his sleep and endless one - A dog of such strong character required human doctors!

Best wishes for the coming year that the scheme, or no scheme, of the universe will permit from both and with many thanks believe me

Very sincerely yours

Thomas Hardy.

P.S. Sight bad: accounting for this scrawl of a letter. T.H.

"31 Dec. New Year's Eve. Did not sit up.

End of 1926.

In January 1927 "A Philosophical Fantasy" appeared in the Fortnightly Review. Hardy liked the year to open with a poem of this type from him in some leading review or newspaper. The quotation at the heading "Milton.... made God argue," gives the keynote, and the philosophy is much as he had set forth before, but still a ray of hope is shown for the future of mankind.

"Aye, to human tribes nor kindliness,
Nor love I've given, but mindliness,
Which state though far from ending,
May nevertheless be mending."

Weeks passed through a cold spring and Hardy's eighty-seventh birthday was reached. This year, instead of remaining at Max Gate, he motored with his wife, to Netherton Hall in Devonshire, to spend a part of the day with his friends, Helen and Harley Granville-Barker.

At the end of the day he seemed in a sad mood and his wife sought to amuse him by a forecast of little festivities she had planned for his ninetieth birthday, which she assured him would be a great occasion. With a flash of gaiety he replied that he intended to spend that day in bed.

Once again the Balliol Players appeared at Max Gate, this year on July 6th. As before their visit gave Hardy considerable pleasure, and after their performance on the lawn, of "Iphigenia in Aulis" he talked with them freely appreciating their boyish ardour and their modesty.

The leader, Mr Philip Mason, spent the night at Max Gate, and in the morning he was joined by one or two of the other players and after another talk with Hardy in the garden they said "goodbye" and went off to give "Iphigenia" at Corfe Castle. One of these, writing seven months later, said that he would never forget the sight of their host waving vigorously and boyishly from the gate as they departed.

The three visits of the Balliol Players to Max Gate were pleasant episodes in Hardy's quiet life.

A few days later he received visits from his friends Siegfried Sassoon, and Mr and Mrs John Masefield, and on the 21st July he laid the foundation stone of the new building of the Dorchester Grammar School,which was to be seen clearly from the front gate of his house, looking towards the Hardy Monument, a noticeable object on the sky-line, to the

south-west. It was Hardy's custom nearly every fine morning after breakfast in the summer to walk down to the gate to see what the weather was likely to be by observing this tower in the distance.

The day chosen for the stone-laying was cold and windy, by no means a suitable day for a man of Hardy's advanced years to stand in the open air bare-headed. Nevertheless he performed his task with great vigour and gave an address in a clear resonant voice that could be heard on the outskirts of the crowd that collected to hear him. This speech, given in an appendix, dealt mainly with the founder of the school, Thomas Hardy, and Elizabethan philanthropist. After the ceremony, having spoken to a few friends, Hardy went away without waiting for the social gathering that followed. He was very tired, and when he reached home he said that he had made his last public appearance.

There seemed no ill after-effects however, and on August 9 Hardy drove with Gustav Holst to "Egdon Heath" just then purple with heather. Then they went on to Puddletown and entered the fine old church, and both climbed up into the gallery where probably some of Hardy's ancestors had sat in the choir more than a century earlier.

On the 8th of August he wrote to Mr J.B.Priestly

Max Gate,
Dorchester.

...

I send my sincere thanks for your kind gift of the "George Meredith" book, and should have done so before if I had not fallen into the sere, and weak eye-sight did not trouble me. I have read your essay, or rather have had it read to me, and have been much interested in the bright writing of one in whom I had already fancied I discerned a coming force in letters.

I am not at all a good critic, especially <u>of</u> a critic, and when the author he reviews is a man who was, off and on, a friend of mine fro 40 years; but it seems to me that you hold the scales very fairly. Meredith was, as you recognise, and might have insisted on even more strongly, and I always felt, in the direct succession of Congreve and the artificial comedians of the Restoration, and in getting his brilliancy we must put up with the fact that he would not, or could not - at any rate did not - when aiming to represent the "Comic Spirit", let himself discover the tragedy that always underlies Comedy if you only scratch it deeply enough."

During the same month Hardy and his wife motored to Bath and back. On the way they had lunch sitting on a grassy bank as they had done in former years to Hardy's pleasure. But now a curious sadness brooded over them; lunching

in the open air had lost its charm and they did not attempt another picnic of this kind.

In Bath Hardy walked about and looked long and silently at various places that seemed to have an interest for him. ~~No doubt they brought back memories of a much earlier visit when he stayed there at the same time as his first wife, before their marriage.~~ He seemed like a ghost revisiting scenes of a long-dead past. After a considerable rest in the Pump Room they returned home. Hardy did not seem tired by this drive.

Some weeks later they motored to Ilminster, a little country town that Hardy had long wished to visit. He was interested in the church, and also in the tomb of the founder of Wadham College therein. By his wish, on their return, they drove past the quarries where Ham Hill stone was cut.

Stopping at Yeovil they had tea in a restaurant where a band of some three musicians were playing. One of Hardy's most attractive characteristics was his ability to be interested in simple things, and before leaving he stood and listened appreciatively to the music, saying afterwards what a delightful episode that had been.

On September 6th, an exceedingly wet day, Mr and Mrs John Galsworthy called on their way to London. During the visit Hardy told them the story of a murder that had

happened eighty years before. Mr Galsworthy seemed struck by these memories of Hardy's early childhood, and asked whether he had always remembered these days so vividly, or only lately. Hardy replied that he had always remembered clearly. He could recall what his mother had said about the Rush murder when he was about the age of four. "The governess hanged him." He was puzzled, and wondered how a governess could hang a man. Mr and Mrs Galsworthy thought that Hardy seemed better than when they saw him last, better in fact than they had ever seen him. ~~During this visit another friend of the Hardy's, Miss Winifred Ashton (Clemence Dane) called, having motored from Axminster in the pouring rain.~~

September 7th being a gloriously fine day Hardy with his wife walked across the fields opposite Max Gate to see the building of the new Grammar School, then in progress.

During September Hardy was revising and re-arranging the selected poems in the Golden Treasury series in readiness for a new edition. The last entry but one in his note-book refers to the sending of the copy to the publishers, and finally on the 19th September he notes that Mr Weld of Lulworth Castle called with some friends. After this no more is written, but a few notes were made by his wife for the remaining weeks of 1927.

About the twenty-first of September they drove

to Lulworth Castle to lunch with Mr and Mrs Weld and a house-party and Hardy was much interested in all that he was shown in the castle and in the adjoining church. A few weeks later he and his wife lunched at Charborough Park, the scene of "Two on a Tower".

Notes by F.E.H.

"October 24. A glorious day. T.and I walked across the field in front of Max Gate towards Came. We both stood on a little flat stone sunk in the path that we call our wishing stone, and I wished. T. might have done so, but he did not say.

On the way he gathered up some waste paper that was blowing about the lane at the side of our house and buried it in the hedge with his stick, and going up the path to Came he stopped for quite a long time to pull off the branches of a tree a heap of dead weeds that had been thrown there by some untidy labourer who had been cleaning the field. He says that a man has no public spirit who passes by any untidiness out of doors, litter of paper or similar rubbish."

"October 27. During the evening he spoke of an experience he had a few years ago. There were four or five people to tea at Max Gate and he noticed a stranger standing by me most of the time. Afterwards he asked who that dark man was who stood by me. I told him that there was no stranger present and I gave him the names of the three men who were there, all personal friends. He said that it was not one of these, and seemed to

think that another person had actually been there. This afternoon he said: "I can see his (i.e.the stranger's) face now."

Later in the evening, during a terrific gale, I said that I did not wonder that some people disliked going along the dark road outside our house at night.

T. replied that for twelve years he walked backwards and forwards from Bockhampton to Dorchester often in the dark, and he was only frightened twice. Once was when he was going up Stinsford Hill, no habitation of any sort being in sight, and he came upon two men sitting on chairs, one on either side of the road. By the moonlight he saw that they were strangers to him; terrified he took to his heels he never heard who they were or anything to explain the incident.

The other time was when, as a small boy walking home from school, reading "Pilgrim's Progress" he was so alarmed by the description of Apollyon that he hastily closed his book and went on his way trembling, thinking that Apollyon was going to spring out of a tree whose dark branches overhung the road. He remembered his terror, he said, that evening, seventy-five years afterwards.

"October 30. J.Middleton Murry to lunch. T.H. talked to him about Severn, speaking with great admiration of his friendship towards Keats. He said that it must have been

quite disinterested as Keats was then comparitively obscure".

"October 31. Henry Williamson the author of "Tarka the Otter" called, and afterwards Lady Ilchester brought Captain Cazalet to tea. Speaking of Kipling, (Captain Cazalet being a friend of Kipling's) T.H. said that Kipling had given to party what was meant for mankind. Captain Cazalet did not know this quotation from Dryden and asked T.H. to repeat it. He seemed impressed."

"Nov.3. While he was having tea today T.H. said that whenever he heard any music from Il Trovatore it carried him back to the first year when he was in London and when he was strong and vigorous and enjoyed his life immensely. He thought that "Il Trovatore" was good music.

"Nov. 4. We drove in the afternoon to Stinsford,to put flowers on the family graves. The tombs are very green, being covered with moss because they are under a yew-tree. T.H. scraped off most of the moss with a little wooden implement like a toy spade, six inches in length, which he made with his own hands and which he carries in his pocket when he goes to Stinsford. He remarked that Walter de la Mare had told him that he preferred to see the graves green.

Then we drove to Talbothays (his brother's house) As we turned up Dark Hill T.H. pointed out the place where, as a small boy, he had left an umbrella in the hedge, having

put it down while he cut a stick. He did not remember it until he reached home and his mother asked him where was his umbrella. As he went to school next morning he looked in the hedge and found it where he had left it.

After having been with H.H. and K.H. (the brother and sister) for half an hour we returned home."

Thus ended a series of visits paid regularly to his family extending over forty years. While his parents were alive Hardy visited them at Bockhampton nearly every Sunday afternoon when he was in Dorchester, walking at first, then cycling. After his mother's death he visited his two sisters and his brother at Bockhampton, and later at Talbothays to which house they moved in 1912. These visits continued until the last year or two of his life when he was unable to go very often. He cycled there in fine weather until he was over eighty, and then he walked, until the distance seemed beyond his powers. Stinsford he visited regularly after the death of his first wife until the last few months of his life, the walk there from Max Gate, across the water-meadows, being a particularly beautiful one.

"Nov.4.(continued.) At tea T.H. said that he had been pleased to read that day an article by the composer Miss Ethel Smythe, saying that Il Trovatore was good music. He reminded me of what he said yesterday.

A beautiful autumnal day but rather too warm for the time of year."

"November 11. Armstice Day. T. came downstairs from his study and listened to the broadcasting of a service at Canterbury Cathedral. We stood there for the two minutes silence. He said afterwards that he had been thinking of Frank George, his cousin, who was killed at Gallipoli.

In the afternoon we took one of our usual little walks, around "the triangle" as we call it, that is down the lane by the side of our house and along the cinder-path beside the railway line. We stood and watched a goods train carrying away huge blocks of Portland stone as we have done so many times. He seems never tired of watching these stone-laden trucks. He said he thought that the shape of Portland would be changed in the course of time by the continual cutting away of its surface.

As we sat by the fire after tea he told me about various families of poachers he had known as a boy, and how, when a thatched house at Bockhampton was pulled down a pair of swingels was found under the thatch. This was an instrument of defence used by poachers and capable of killing a man.

He said that if he had his life over again he would prefer to be a small architect in a country-town, like Mr Hicks at Dorchester, to whom he was articled.

"November 17. Today T.H. was speaking, and evidently thinking

a great deal, about a friend, a year or two older than himself, who was a fellow-pupil at Mr Hicks's office. I felt, as he talked, that he would like to meet this man again more than anyone in the world. He is in Australia mow, if alive, and must be nearly ninety. His name is Henry Robert Bastow; he was a Baptist and evidently a very religious youth, and T.H. was always devoted to him. I suggested that we might find out something about him by sending an advertisement to Australian newspapers, but T.H. thought that would not be wise."

"November 27. The fifteenth anniversary of the death of Emma ~~Lairnia~~ Lavinia Hardy, Thursday was the anniversary of the death of Mary his elder sister. For two or three days he has been wearing a black hat as a token of mourning and carries a black walking-stick that belonged to his first wife, all strangely moving.

T.H. has been writing almost all the day, revising poems. When he came down to tea he brought one to show me, about a desolate spring morning, and a shepherd counting his sheep and not noticing the weather. A fine poem but it had such a gloom. However I did not care to tell him that.

Since writing the above I have been up to T.H's study and read the poem again and told him how much I liked it. The title is "An Unkindly May 1877."

"Nov.28. Speaking about ambition T. said today that he had

... up the questions

done all that he meant to do, but he did not know whether it had been worth doing.

His only ambition, so far as he could remember, was to have some poem or poems in a good anthology like the Golden Treasury.

The model he had set before him was "Drink to me only" by Ben Jonson.

The earliest recollection of his childhood (as he had told me before) was that when he was four years old, his father gave him a small toy concertina and wrote on it "Thomas Hardy 1844." By this inscription he knew, in after years, his age when that happened.

Also he remembered, perhaps a little later than this, being in the garden at Bockhampton with his father on a bitterly cold winter day. A field-fare, half-frozen, was in the garden, and the father idly took up a stone and threw it at the bird, possibly not meaning to hit it. The field-fare fell dead, and the child Thomas picked it up and it was as light as a feather, all skin and bone, practically starved. He said he had never forgotten how the body of the field-fare felt in his hand: the memory had always haunted him.

On November 29 he was told of the serious illness of a friend and of sad circumstances connected with that illness. The look of tender compassion in his eyes as he

listened and the effort he immediately made to help the sufferer was very noticeable.

An illness, which at first did not seem to be serious, began on December 11th. On the morning of that day he sat at the writing-table in his study, and felt totally unable to work. This was the first time he said that such a thing had happened.

From that day his strength waned daily. He was anxious that a poem he had written, "Christmas in the Elgin Room" should be copied and sent to the Times. This was done, and he asked his wife anxiously whether she had posted it with her own hands. When she assured him that she had done so he seemed content and said he was glad that he had cleared everything up.

Two days later he received a personal letter of thanks, with a warm appreciation of his work, from the editor of the Times. This gave him pleasure and he asked that a reply should be sent.

He continued to come downstairs to sit for a few hours daily, until Christmas-day. After that he came downstairs no more.

On December 26th he said that he had been thinking of the Nativity and of the Massacre of the Innocents, and his wife read to him the gospel accounts, and also the articles in the Encyclopaedia Biblica. He remarked that there was not a grain of evidence that the gospel story was true in any detail.

As the year ended a window in the dressing-room

adjoining his bedroom was opened that he might hear the bells, as that had always pleased him. But now he said that he could not hear them and did not seem interested.

His strength still failed. The weather was bitterly cold, and snow had fallen heavily, being twelve inches deep in parts of the garden. In the road outside there were snowdrifts that would reach a man's waist in places.

By desire of the local practitioner additional advice was called in, and Hardy's friend Sir Henry Head, who was living in the neighbourhood, made invaluable suggestions and kept a watchful eye on the case. But the weakness increased daily, ~~and there was slight bladder trouble, from which Hardy had suffered more or less ever since his serious illness in 1880.~~

He could no longer listen to the reading of prose, but a short poem now and again interested him. In the middle of one night he asked his wife to read aloud to him "The Listeners" by Walter de la Mare.

On the 10th January he made a strong rally, and though he was implored not to do so he insisted upon writing a cheque for his subscription to the Society of Authors. For the first time in his life he made a feeble signature, unlike his usual handwriting, and then he laid down his pen.

In the evening he asked that Robert Browning's poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra" should be read aloud to him. While

reading it his wife glanced at his face to see whether he were tired, the poem being a long one of thirty-two stanzas, and she was struck by the look of wistful intentness with which Hardy was listening. He indicated that he wished to hear the poem to the end.

He had a better night and in the morning of January 11th, seemed so much stronger that one at least of those who watched beside him had confident hopes of his recovery, so much that an atmosphere of joy seemed to prevail in the sick-room. An immense bunch of grapes arrived from London, sent by a friend, and this aroused in Hardy great interest. As a rule he disliked receiving gifts, but on this occasion he showed an almost childlike pleasure, and insisted upon the grapes being held up for the inspection of the doctor, and whoever came into the room. He ate some, and said quite gaily, "I'm going on with these." Everything he had that day in the way of food or drink he seemed to appreciate keenly, though naturally he took but little. As it grew dusk, after a long musing silence, he asked his wife to repeat to him a verse from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, beginning

"Oh, Thou who Man of baser Earth --"

She took his copy of this work from his bedside and read to him:

"Oh, Thou,who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd - Man's forgiveness give - and take! "

He indicated that he wished no more to be read.

In the evening he had a sharp heart-attack of a kind he had never had before. The doctor was summoned and was swiftly at his bedside and his wife was with him. He remained conscious until a few minutes before the end, ~~when a few broken sentences, one of these heartrending in its poignancy, showed that his mind had reverted to a sorrow of the past.~~

Shortly after nine he died.

. . . . . .

An hour from his death, one, going to his bedside yet again, saw on the death face an expression such as she had never seen before on any being, or indeed on any presentment of the human countenance. It wa a look of radiant triumph such as imagination could never have conceived. Later the first radiance passed away but dignity and peace remained as long as eyes could see the face of Thomas Hardy.

The dawn of the following day, beheld from the garden of Max Gate, was awe-inspiring. Flaming and magnificent the sky stretched its banners over the dark pines that stood sentinel around.

Chapter xxxviii.

1926 - January 11th 1928. Act 86 - 87.

Early in January 1926, feeling that his age compelled him to such a step, Hardy resigned the Governorship of the Dorchester Grammar School. He had always been reluctant to hold any public offices, feeling that he was by temperament unfitted to sit on committees and control or ordain the activities of others. He preferred to be "the man with the watching eye".

In April, replying to a letter from an Oxford correspondent who was one of four who had signed a letter to the Manchester Guardian upon the necessity of the reformation of the Prayer Book services, Hardy writes:

Max Gate. Dorchester
27 April 1926.

.....

I have read your letter with interest: also the enclosure that you and your friends sent to the Manchester Guardian, particularly because, when I was young, I had a wish to enter the Church.

I am now too old to take up the questions

you lay open, but I may say that it has seemed to me that a simpler plan than that of mental reservation in passages no longer literally accepted (which is puzzling to ordinary congregations) would be just to abridge the creeds and other primitive parts of the Liturgy, leaving only the essentials. Unfortunately there appears to be a narrowing instead of a broadening tendency among the clergy of late, which if persisted in will exclude still more people from Church. But if a strong body of young Reformers were to make a bold stand, in a sort of New Oxford Movement, they would have a tremendous backing from the thoughtful laity, and might overcome the retrogressive section of the clergy.

Please don't attach much importance to these casual thoughts, and believe me

Very truly yours,

T.H.

In May he received from Mr Arthur M.Hind a water-colour sketch of an attractive corner in the village of Mintern, which the artist thought might be the original of "Little Hintock" in the "Woodlanders". In thanking Mr Hind, Hardy writes:

"The drawing of the barn that you have been so kind as to send me has arrived uninjured, and I thank you much for the gift. I think it a charming picture,

and a characteristic reproduction of that part of Dorset.

As to the spot being the "Little Hintock" of the "Woodlanders" - that is another question. You will be surprised and shocked at my saying that I myself do not know where "Little Hintock" is! Several tourists have told me that they have found it, in every detail, and have offered to take me to it, but I have never gone.

However, to be more definite, it has features which were to be found fifty years ago in the hamlets of Hermitage, Middlemarsh, Lyons-Gate, Revels Inn, Holnest, Melbury Bubb, etc - all lying more or less under the eminence called High Stoy, just beyond Winterne and Dogberry Gate, where the country descends into the Vale of Blackmore.

The topographers you mention as identifying the scene are merely guessers and are wrong...."

On June 29 he again welcomed the Balliol Players whose chosen play this summer, the Hippolytus of Euripides, was performed on the lawn of Max Gate. About the same time he sent a message of congratulation and friendship to Weymouth, Massachusetts, by a deputation which was then leaving England to visit that town.

"July 1926. Note. - It appears that the theory exhibited in "The Well-Beloved" in 1892 has been since developed by Proust still further :-

"Peu de personnes comprennent le caractere purement subjective de phenomene qu'est l'amour, et la sort de creation que c'est d'une personne supplementaire, distincte de celle qui porte le meme nom dans le monde, et dont la plupart des elements sont tires de nous-meme."(Ombre i.40)

"Le desir s'eleve, se satisfait, disparait - et c'est tout. Ainsi, la jeune fille qu'on epouse n'est pas celle dont on est tombe amoureux." (Ombre ii. 158.159)

In the early autumn he received from Weymouth, Massachusetts, the following reply to his message:

Honorable Sir:

It is with sincere gratitude that the Rotary Club of Weymouth Massachusetts accepts your very appropriate gift.

The splendid expressions of friendship coming from Weymouth England to the daughter town in America on this occasion of the celebration of our Sesquicentenial of Independance are but an indication of the ties of a common origin, language, race and idealism. Moreover we believe that this exchange of felicitations is a prophesy of the time when the world shall dwell in peace under the leadership of the great English speaking peoples.

The contributions to international good-will flowing from your pen are along the lines of the ideals

of "Rotary International" that teaches world wide service"

.....

This message was brought to Max Gate by the Mayor of Weymouth, Dorset, and a deputation with whom Hardy spent a friendly hour.

On September 8th a dramatization of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" by Mr John Drinkwater was produced at the Barnes Theatre, and on the 20th the play was brought to Weymouth where Hardy went to see it. He received a great ovation in the theatre, and also, on his return to Max Gate, from an enthusiastic crowd that collected round the Pavilion Theatre on the pier. From balconies and windows people were seen waving hankerchiefs as he drove past. In his diary he notes:

"20th September. Performance of Mayor of Casterbridge at Weymouth by London Company, a "flying matinee". Motored down with F. Mr Ridgeway and Drinkwater, who called before we started. Beautiful afternoon, scene outside the theatre finer than within, snapshotters for newspaper illustration very pestering".

Writing to a friend about a proposed dramatization of "Jude the Obscure" he observes:-

I may say that I am not keen on the new mode (as I suppose it is regarded, though really Elizabethan) of giving a series of episodes in the film manner instead of

set scenes. Of the outlines I sent you which suggested themselves to me many years ago, I thought the one I called (I think) "4th Scheme" most feasible.

Would not Arabella be the villain of the piece?- or Jude's personal constitution? - so far as there is any villain more than blind Chance. Christminster is of course the tragic influence of Jude's drama in one sense, but innocently so, and merely as crass obstruction. By the way it is not meant to be exclusively Oxford, but any old-fashioned University about the date of the story 1860-70, before there were such chances for poor men as there are now. I have somewhere printed that I had no feeling against Oxford in particular."

A few days later he visited Mrs Bankes at Kingston Lacy in Dorset, and was greatly interested in the priceless collection of pictures shown him. Of this occasion he writes:

"End of September. With F. on a visit to Mrs Bankes at Kingston Lacy. She told me an amusing story when showing me a letter to Sir John Bankes from Charles the First, acknowledging that he had borrowed £500 from Sir John. Many years ago when she was showing the same letter to King Edward, who was much interested in it, she said "Perhaps, Sir, that's a little matter which could not be set right." He replied quickly "Statute of Limitations, Statute of Limitations."

Another note:

"1 Nov. Went with Mr Hanbury to Bockhampton and looked at fencing, trees, etc, with a view to tidying and secluding the Hardy house".

This was his last visit to the place of his birth. It was always a matter of regret to him if he saw this delightful abode in a state of neglect, or the garden uncherished.

During this month, November, his friend Colonel T.E.Lawrence called to say "good-bye", before starting for India. Hardy was much affected by this parting as T.E.Lawrence was one of his most valued friends. He went into the little porch and stood at the front door to see the departure of Lawrence on his motor bicycle. This machine was difficult to start, and, thinking he might have to wait some time Hardy turned into the house to fetch a shawl to wrap round him. In the meantime, fearing that Hardy might take a chill, Lawrence started the motor-bicycle and hurried away. Returning a few moments after, Hardy was grieved that he had not seen the actual departure and said that he had particularly wished to see him go.

During Lawrence's absence Hardy often said that he thought Lawrence would return before the time usually allotted to troops sent to India. This indeed actually happened, but not in time for another meeting.

The sight of animals being taken to market or driven to slaughter always aroused in Hardy feelings of intense pity as he well knew, as must anyone living in or

near a market town, how much needless suffering is inflicted. In his note-book at this time he writes:

"Dec. (1st Week). Walking with F. by railway saw bullocks and cows going to Islington (?) for slaughter". Under this he drew a little pencil sketch of the rows of trucks as they were seen by him, with animals' heads at every opening, looking out at the green countryside they were leaving for scenes of horror in a far-off city. Hardy thought of this sight for long after. It was found in his will that he had left a sum of money to each of two societies "to be applied so far as practicable to the investigation of the means by which animals are conveyed from their houses to the slaughter-houses with a view to the lessening of their sufferings in such transit."

The year drew quietly to an end. On the twenty-third of December a band of carol-singers from St Peter's, Dorchester, came to Max Gate and sang to Hardy "While Shepherds Watched" to the tune which used to be played by his father and grandfather, a copy of which he had given to the Rector.

A sadness fell upon the household, for Hardy's dog Wessex, now thirteen years old, was ill and obviously near his end.

Two days after Christmas day Hardy makes this entry:

"27th December. Our famous dog "Wessex" died at ½ past 6 in the evening, thirteen years of age"

"28. Wessex buried.

" Night. Wessex sleeps outside the house the first time for thirteen years".

The dog lies in a small turfed grave in the shrubbery on the west side of Max Gate where also were buried several pet cats and one other dog, Moss. On the headstone is this inscription drawn up by Hardy, & carved from his design and carved from his design.

THE

FAMOUS DOG

WESSEX.

August 1913 - 27 Dec.1926.

Faithful Unflinching.

There were those among Hardy's friends who thought that his life was definitely saddened by the loss of Wessex. This dog had been the companion of Hardy and his wife during twelve years of their married life. Upon summer evenings or winter afternoons he would walk with them up the grassy slope in the field in front of their house, to the stile that led into Came Plantation. While Hardy rested on the stile the dog would sit on the ground and survey the view as his master was was doing, or on Frome Hill when the Hardys sat on the grass bank by the roadside, or on the barrow that crowns the hill, he would lie in the grass at their feet and gaze at the landscape "as if" to quote Hardy's oft repeated comment on this "it were the right thing to do."

These were happy innocent hours. A poem written

after the dog's death "Dead Wessex, the dog to the household" well illustrates Hardy's sense of loss.

"Do you look for me at times,
Wistful ones?
Do you look for me at times,
Strained and still?
Do you look for me at times,
When the hour of walking chimes,
On that grassy path that climbs
Up the hill?

You may hear a jump or trot,
Wistful ones,
You may hear a jump or trot-
Mine, as 'twere-
You may hear a jump or trot
On the stair or path or plot;
Be not there.

On the 29 December Hardy wrote to his friends Mr and Mrs Granville-Barker:

Max Gate

Dorchester.

Dear H.G.B and Helen,

This is intended to be a New Year's letter, but I don't know if I have made a good shot at it. How kind of you to think of sending me Raymond Guyot's Napoleon. I have only glanced at it, at the text that is, as yet, but what an interesting collection of records bearing on the life of the man who finished the Revolution with " a whiff of grapeshot," and so crushed not only its final horrors but all the worthy aspirations of its earlier time, made them as if they had never been, and threw back human altruism scores,

perhaps hundreds of years.

We have had a sad aftering to our Christmas. Our devoted (and masterful) dog Wessex died on the 27th, and last night had his bed outside the house under the trees for the first time for 13 years. We miss him greatly, but he was in such misery with swelling and paralysis that it was a relief when a kind breath of chloroform administered in his sleep by 2 good-natured Doctors (notvets) made his sleep an endless one - A dog of such strong character required human doctors!

Best wishes for the coming year that the scheme, or no scheme, of the universe will permit from both and with many thanks believe me

Very sincerely yours

Thomas Hardy.

P.S. Sight bad: accounting for this scrawl of a letter. T.H.

31.Dec. New Year's Eve. Did not sit up.

End of 1926.

In January 1927. "A Philosophical Fantasy" appeared in the Fortnightly Review. Hardy liked the year to open with a poem of this type from him in some leading review or newspaper. The quotation at the heading "Milton.....made God argue," gives the keynote, and the philosophy is much as he had set forth before, but still a ray of hope is shown for the future of mankind.

"Aye,to human tribes nor kindliness,
Nor love I've given,but mindliness,
Which state though far from ending,
May nevertheless be mending."

Weeks passed through a cold spring and Hardy's eighty-seventh birthday was reached. This year, instead of remaining at Max Gate, he motored, with his wife, to Netherton Hall in Devonshire, to spend a part of the day with friends, Helen and Harley Granville-Barker.

At the end of the day he seemed in a sad mood and his wife sought to amuse him by a forecast of little festivities she had planned for his ninetieth birthday, which she assured him would be a great occasion. With a flash of gaiety he replied that he intended to spend that day in bed.

Once again the Balliol Players appeared at Max Gate, this year on July 6th. As before, their visit gave Hardy considerable pleasure, and after their performance on the lawn of "Iphigenia in Aulis" he talked with them freely appreciating their boyish ardour and their modesty.

The leader, Mr Philip Mason, spent the night at Max Gate, and in the morning he was joined by one or two of the other players and after another talk with Hardy in the garden they said "good-bye" and went off to give "Iphigenia" at Corfe Castle. One of these, writing seven months later, said that he would never forget the sight of their host waving vigorously and boyishly from the gate as they departed.

~~The three visits of the Balliol Players to Max Gate were pleasant episodes in Hardy's quiet life.~~

A few days later he received visits from his friends Siegfried Sassoon, and Mr and Mrs John Masefield, and on the 21st July he laid the foundation stone of the new building of the Dorchester Grammar School, which was to be seen clearly from the front gate of his house, looking to-

wards the Hardy Monument, a noticeable object on the skyline, to the south-west. It was Hardy's custom nearly every fine morning after breakfast in the summer to walk down to the gate to see what the weather was likely to be by observing this tower in the distance.

The day chosen for the stone-laying was cold and windy, by no means a suitable day for a man of Hardy's advanced years to stand in the open air bare-headed. Nevertheless he performed his task with great vigour and gave an address in a clear resonant voice that could be heard on the outskirts of the crowd that collected to hear him. This speech (given in an appendix) dealt mainly with the founder of the school, Thomas Hardy, an Elizabethan philanthropist.

After the ceremony, having spoken to a few friends, Hardy went away without waiting for the social gathering that followed. He was very tired, and when he reached home he said that he had made his last public appearance.

There seemed no ill after-effects however, and on August 9th Hardy drove with Gustav Holst to "Egdon Heath," just then purple with heather. They then went on to Puddletown and entered the fine old church, and both climbed up into the gallery where probably some of Hardy's ancestors had sat in the choir more than a century earlier.

On the 8th August he wrote to: Mr J.B.Priestly:

I send my sincere thanks for your kind gift of the "George Meredith" book, and should have done so

before if I had not fallen into the sere, and weak eyesight did not trouble me. I have read your essay, or rather have had it read to me, and have been much interested in the bright writing of one in whom I had already fancied I discerned a coming force in letters.

I am not at all a critic, especially of a critic, and when the author he reviews is a man who was, off and on, a friend of mine for forty years; but it seems to me that you hold the scales very fairly. Meredith was, as you recognize, and might have insisted on even more strongly, and I always felt, in the direct succession of Congreve and the artificial comedians of the Restoration, and in getting his brilliancy we must put up with the fact that we would not, or could not - at any rate did not - when aiming to represent the "Comic Spirit", let himself discover the tragedy that always underlies Comedy if you only scratch it deeply enough."

During the same month Hardy and his wife motored to Bath and back. On the way they had lunch sitting on a grassy bank as they had done in former years to Hardy's pleasure. But now a curious sadness brooded over them; lunching in the open air had lost its charm and they did not attempt another picnic of this kind.

In Bath Hardy walked about and looked long and silently at various places that seemed to have an interest for him. No doubt they brought back memories of a much earlier visit when he stayed there at the same time as his

first wife, before their marriage. He seemed like a ghost revisiting scenes of a long-dead past. After a considerable rest in the Pump Room they returned home. Hardy did not seem tired by this drive.

Some weeks later they motored to Ilminster, a little country town that Hardy had long wished to visit. He was interested in the Church, and also in the tomb of the founder of Wadham College therein. By his wish, on their return, they drove past the quarries where Ham Hill stone was cut.

Stopping at Yeovil they had tea in a restaurant where a band of some three musicans were playing. One of Hardy's most attractive characteristics was his ability to be interested in simple things, and before leaving he stood and listened appreciatively to the music, saying afterwards what a delightful episode that had been.

On September 6th, an exceedingly wet day, Mr and Mrs John Galsworthy called on their way to London. During the visit Hardy told them the story of a murder that had happened eighty years before. Mr Galsworthy seemed struck by these memories of Hardy's early childhood and asked whether he had always remembered those days so vividly, or only lately. Hardy replied that he had always remembered clearly. He could recall what his mother had said about the Rush murder when he was about the age of four: "The governess hanged him." He was puzzled, and wondered how a governess could hang a man. Mr and Mrs Galsworthy thought that Hardy

seemed better than when they saw him last, better in fact than they had ever seen him. During this visit another friend of the Hardys, Miss Winifred Ashton (Clemence Dane) called, having motored from Axminster in the pouring rain.

September 7th being a gloriously fine day Hardy with his wife walked across the fields opposite Max Gate to see the building of the new Grammar School, then in progress.

During September Hardy was revising and re-arranging the selected poems in the Golden Treasury series in readiness for a new editiom. The last entry but one in his note-book refers to the sending of the copy to the publishers, and finally on the 19th of September he notes that Mr Weld of Lulworth Castle called with some friends. After this no more is written, but a few notes were made by his wife for the remaining weeks of 1927.

About the twenty-first of September they drove to Lulworth Castle to lunch with Mr and Mrs Weld and a house-party and Hardy was much interested in all that he was shown in the Castle and in the adjoining church. A few weeks later he and his wife lunched at Charborough Park, the scene of "Two on a Tower."

Notes by F.E.H.

"October 24. A glorious day. T. and I walked across the field in front of Max Gate towards Came. We both stood on a little flat stone sunk in the path that we call our wishing stone, and I wished. T. might have done so, but he did not say.

On the way he gathered up some waste paper that was blowing about the lane at the side of our house and buried it in the hedge with his stick , and going up the path to Came he stopped for quite a long time to pull off the branches of a tree a heap of dead weeds that had been thrown there by some untidy labourer who had been cleaning the field. He says that a man has no public spirit who passes by any untidiness out of doors, litter of paper or similar rubbish."

"October 27. During the evening he spoke of an experience he had a few years ago. There were four or five people to tea at Max Gate and he noticed a stranger standing by me most of the time. Afterwards he asked who that dark man was who stood by me. I told him that there was no stranger present and I gave him the names of the three men who were there, all personal friends. He said that it was not one of these, and seemed to think that another person had actually been there. This afternoon he said: "I can see his (i.e the stranger's) face now."

Later in the evening, during a terrific gale, I said that I did not wonder that some people disliked going along the dark road outside our house at night.

T. replied that for twelve years he walked backwards and forwards from Bockhampton to Dorchester often in the dark, and he was only frightened twice. Once was when he was going up Stinsford Hill, no habitation of any sort being in sight, and he came upon two men sitting on chairs, one on

either side of the road. By the moon-light he saw that they were strangers to him; terrified he took to his heels he never heard who they were or anything to explain the incident.

The other time was when, as a small boy walking hom from school, reading "Pilgrim's Progress" he was so alarmed by the description of Apollyon that he hastily closed his book and went on his way trembling, thinking that Apollyon was going to spring out of a tree whose dark branches overhung the road. He remembered his terror, he said, that evening, seventy-five years afterwards.

"October 30. J.Middleton Murry to lunch. T.H. talked to him about Severn, speaking with great admiration of his friendship towards Keats. He said that it must have been quite disinterested as Keats was then comparitively obscure.

October 31. Henry Williamson the author of "Tarka the Otter" called, and afterwards Lady Ilchester brought Captain Cazalet to tea. Speaking of Kipling, (Captain Cazalet being a friend of Kipling's) T.H. said that Kipling had given to party what was meant for mankind. Captain Cazalet did not know this quotation from Dryden and asked T.H. to repeat it. He seemed impressed.

"Nov. 3. While he was having tea today T.H.said that whenever he heard any music from Il Trovatore it carried him back to the first year when he was in London and when he was strong and vigorous and enjoyed his life immensely. He thought that

"Il Trovatore" was good music.

"Nov.4. We drove in the afternoon to Stinsford, to put flowers on the family graves. The tombs are very green, being covered with moss because they are under a yew-tree. T.H. scraped off most of the moss with a little wooden implement like a toy spade, six inches in length, which he made with his own hands and which he carries in his pocket when he goes to Stinsford. He remarked that Walter de la Mare had told him that he preferred to see the graves green.

Then we drove to Talbothays (his brother's house). As we turned up Dark Hill T.H. pointed out the place where, as a small boy, he had left an umbrella in the hedge, having put it down while he cut a stick. He did not remember it until he reached home and his mother asked him where was his umbrella. As he went to school next morning he looked in the hedge and found it where he had left it.

After having been with H.H. and K.H. (the brother and sister) for half an hour we returned home."

Thus ended a series of visits paid regularly to his family extending over forty years. While his parents were alive Hardy visited them at Bockhampton nearly every Sunday afternoon when he was in Dorchester, walking at first, then cycling. After his mother's death he visited his two sisters and his brother at Bockhampton, and later at Talbothays to which house they moved in 1912. These visits continued until the last year or two of his life when he was unable to go very often. He cycled there in fine weather until he was

over eighty, and then he walked, until the distance seemed beyond his powers. Stinsford he visited regularly after the death of his first wife until the last few months of his life, the walk there from Max Gate, across the water-meadows, being a particularly beautiful one.

"Nov.4. continued. At tea T.H. said that he had been pleased to read that day an article by the composer, Miss Ethel Smythe, saying that Il Trovatore was good music. He reminded me of what he said yesterday.

A beautiful autumnal day but rather too warm for the time of year.

"November 11. Armstice Day. T. came downstairs from his study and listened to the broadcasting of a service at Canterbury Cathedral. We stood there for the two minutes silence. He said afterwards that he had been thinking of Frank George, his cousin, who was killed at Gallipoli.

In the afternoon we took one of our usual little walks, around "the triangle" as we call it, that is down the lane by the side of our house, and along the cinder-path beside the railway line. We stood and watched a goods train carrying away huge blocks of Portland stone as we have done so many times. He seems never tired of watching these stone-laden trucks. He said he thought that the shape of Portland would be changed in the course of time by the continual cutting away of its surface.

As we sat by the fire after tea he told me about various families of poachers he had known as a boy, and how,

when a thatched house at Bockhampton was pulled down a pair of swingels* was found under the thatch. This was an instrument of defence used by poachers and capable of killing a man.

He said that if he had his life over again he would prefer to be a small architect in a country-town, like Mr Hicks at Dorchester, to whom he was articled.

"November 17. Today T.H. was speaking and evidently thinking a great deal, about a friend, a year or two older than himself, who was a fellow-pupil at Mr hicks's office. I felt, as he talked, that he would like to meet this man again more than anyone in the world. He is in Australia now, if alive, and must be nearly ninety. His name is Henry Robert Bastow; he was a Baptist and evidently a very religious youth, and T.H. was always devoted to him. I suggested that we might find out something about him by sending an advertisement to Australian newspapers, but T.H. thought that would not be wise."

? Unfound. "Sunday

"November 27. The fifteenth anniversary of the death of Emma Lavinia Hardy, VI Thursday was the anniversary of the death of Mary his elder sister. For two or three days he has been wearing a black hat as a token of mourning and carries a black walking-stick that belonged to his first wife, all strangely moving.

T.H. has been writing almost all the day, revising poems. When he came down to tea he brought one to show me, about a desolate spring morning, and a shepherd counting his

*

sheep and not noticing the weather. A fine poem but it had such a gloom. However I did not care to tell him that.

Since writing the above I have been up to T.H.'s study and read the poem again and told him how much I liked it. The title is "An Unkindly May 1877."

"Nov.28. Speaking about ambition T. said today that he had done all that he meant to do, but he did not know whether it had been worth doing.

His only ambition, so far as he could remember, was to have some poem or poems in a good anthology like the Golden Treasury.

The model he had set before him was "Drink to me only" by Ben Jonson.

The earliest recollection of his childhood (as he had told me before) was that when he was four years old his father gave him a small toy concertina and wrote on it "Thomas Hardy 1844". By this inscription he knew, in after years, his age when that happened.

Also he remembered, perhaps a little later than this, being in the garden at Bockhampton with his father on a bitterly cold winter day. A field-fare, half-frozen, was in the garden, and the father idly took up a stone and threw it at the bird, possibly not meaning to hit it. The field-fare fell dead, and the child Thomas picked it up and it was as light as a feather, all skin and bone, practically starved.

He said he had never forgotten how the body of the field-

fare felt in his hand: the memory had always haunted him.

On November 29 he was told of the serious illness of a friend and of sad circumstances connected with that illness. The look of tender compassion in his eyes as he listened and the effort he immediately made to help the sufferer was very noticeable.

An illness, which at first did not seem to be serious, began on December 11th. On the morning of that day he sat at the writing-table in his study, and felt totally unable to work. This was the first time, he said, that such a thing had happened.

From that day his strength waned daily. He was anxious that a poem he had written, "Christmas in the Elgin Room" should be copied and sent to the Times. This was done, and he asked his wife anxiously whether she had posted it with her own hands. When she assured him that she had done so he seemed content and said he was glad that he had cleared everything up. Two days later he received a personal letter of thanks, with a warm appreciation of his work, from the editor of the Times. This gave him pleasure and he asked that a reply should be sent.

He continued to come downstairs to sit for a few hours daily, until Christmas-day. After that he came downstairs no more.

On December 26th he said that he had been thinking of the Nativity and of the Massacre of the Innocents,

and his wife read to him the gospel accounts, and also articles in the Encyclopaedia Biblica. He remarked that there was not a grain of evidence that the gospel story was true in any detail.

As the year ended a window in the dressing-room adjoining his bedroom was opened that he might hear the bells, as that had always pleased him. But now he said that he could not hear them and did not seem interested.

His strength still failed. The weather was bitterly cold, and snow had fallen heavily, being twelve inches deep in parts of the garden. In the road outside there were snowdrifts that would reach a man's waist in places.

By desire of the local practitioner, additional advice was called in, and Hardy's friend Sir Henry Head, who was living in the neighbourhood, made invaluable suggestions and kept a watchful eye upon the case. But the weakness increased daily, and there was slight bladder trouble, from which Hardy had suffered more or less ever since his serious illness in 1880.

He could no longer listen to the reading of prose, but a short poem now and again interested him. In the middle of one night he asked his wife to read aloud to him "The Listeners", by Walter de la Mare.

On the 10th January he made a strong rally, and though he was implored not to do so he insisted upon writing a cheque for his subscription to the Society of

Authors. For the first time in his life he made a feeble signature, unlike his usual beautiful firm handwriting, and then he laid down his pen.

In the evening he asked that Robert Browning's poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra" should be read aloud to him. While reading it his wife glanced at his face to see whether he were tired, the poem being a long one of thirty-two stanzas, and she was struck by the look of wistful intentness with which Hardy was listening. He indicated that he wished to hear the poem to the end.

He had a better night and in the morning of January 11th, seemed so much stronger that one at least of those who watched beside him had confident hopes of his recovery, so much so that an atmosphere of joy seemed to prevail in the sick-room. An immense bunch of grapes arrived from London, sent by a friend, and this aroused in Hardy great interest. As a rule he disliked receiving gifts, but on this occasion he showed an almost childlike pleasure, and insisted upon the grapes being held up for the inspection of the doctor, and whoever came in the room. He eat some, and said quite gaily, " I'm going on with these." Everything he had that day in the way of food or drink he seemed to appreciate keenly, though naturally he took but little.

As it grew dusk, after a long musing silence, he asked his wife to repeat to him a verse from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, beginning

"Oh, Thou who Man of baser Earth -

She took his copy of this work from his bedside and read to him:

"Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd - Man's forgiveness give - and take!"

He indicated that he wished no more to be read.

In the evening he had a sharp heart-attack of a kind he had never had before. The doctor was summoned and was swiftly at his bedside ~~and his wife was with him~~. He remained conscious until a few minutes before the end, ~~when a few broken sentences, one of them heartrending in its poignancy, showed that his mind had reverted to a sorrow of the past.~~

Shortly after nine he died.

.....

An hour from his death, one, going to his bedside yet again, saw on the death face an expression such as she had never seen before on any being, or indeed on any presentment of the human countenance. It was a look of radiant triumph such as imagination could never have conceived. Later the first radiance passed away but dignity and peace remained as long as eyes could see the face of Thomas Hardy.

The dawn of the following day, beheld from the garden of Max Gate, was awe-inspiring. Flaming and magnificent the

sky stretched its banners over the dark pines that stood sentinel around.

T.S.

"LIFE"

Fragmentary T.S. covering
both volumes. 1886-1917.
Numerous calligraphic alterations.

in the preparation of which memorials he had to revive a species of work that he had been unaccustomed to since the years of his architectural pupilage.

In June he left for Cambridge to receive the Hon. Degree of Litt.D., and lunched with the Master of Magdalene (also Vice-Chancellor) Dr Donaldson, and Lady Albinia Donaldson, meeting - some for the first and last time - the Master of Trinity and Mrs Butler, John Sargent, Arthur Benson, Henry Jackson, Vice-Master of Trinity and the Regius Professor of Greek, Sir James Murray, and many others. The visit was full of interest for Hardy as being the sequel to his long indirect connection with the University in several ways, partly through the many graduates who were his friends, his frequent visits to the place, and his intention in the eighteen-sixties to go up himself for a pass-degree, which was abandoned mainly owing to his discovery that he could not conscientiously carry out his idea of entering the church. A few weeks later he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene, as will be seen.

In July he was in London once or twice, meeting Dr Page the American Ambassador, Mr and Mrs Asquith, and others here and there. A German translation of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" under the title of "Der Bürgermeister" was begun as a serial in Germany at this time, and in the same month the gift of the MS. of his poem on Swinburne's death was acknowledged by the Newnes Librarian at Putney, an offer which had orginated with Mr Sydney Cockerell. In responce to a request from the Secretary of the General Blind Association he gave his permission to put some of

his books in prose and verse into Braille type for the use of the blind, adding,

"I cannot very well suggest which, as I do not know the length you require....If a full-length novel, I would suggest "The Trumpet-Major". If verse, The Battle of Trafalgar Scenes, or the Battle of Waterloo scenes, from "The Dynasts", or a selection from the Poems ... I am assuming that you require scenes of action rather than those of reflection or analysis."

In August he was at Blandford with Mr John Lane searching about for facts and scenes that might illustrate the life of Alfred Stevens, the sculptor whose best known work is the Wellington monument in St. Pauls, and who was born and grew up in this town. Hardy had suggested that it ought to be written before it was too late, and Mr Lane had taken up the idea. The house of his birth was discovered, but not much material seems to have been gained. It was not till a year or two later that Hardy discovered that Stevens's father painted the Ten Commandments in the church of Blandford St Mary, his name being in the corner:- "G. Stevens, Blandford, 1825."

"Sept.'15. Thoughts on the recent school of novel-writers. They forget in their insistence on life, and nothing but life, in a plain slice, that a story must be worth the telling, that a good deal of life is not worth any such thing, and that they must not occupy a reader's time with what he can get at first hand anywhere around him."

The autumn glided on with its trifling incidents. (In the muddle of Hardy's unmistressed housekeeping) Animal pets of ~~the~~ his late ~~Mrs Hardy~~ wife died, strayed, or were killed, much to

Hardy's regret; short visits were paid by friends, including Mr Frederic Harrison: and in November while staying with the Master of his College Hardy was admitted in chapel as Honorary Fellow. "The Ceremony, which consists of a Latin formula of admission before the Altar, and the handing-in of the new Fellow into his stall, was not unimpressive," said the Cambridge Review. Hardy had read the lessons in Church in his young-manhood, besides having had much to do with churches in other ways, and the experience may have recalled the old ecclesiastical ~~days~~ times. In the evening he dined in Hall, where "the Master proposed the health of him who was no longer a guest, but one of the Society, and the day's proceedings terminated happily," continued the Cambridge Review. It was an agreeable evening for Hardy, Mr A.E. Housman and Sir Clifford Allbutt being present as guests among other of his friends.

A good sketch-painting of him was made this autumn by Mr Fuller Maitland for his friend Arthur Benson, to be hung with the other portraits in the hall of Magdalene College; and in the middle of November the Dorchester amateurs' version of "The Woodlanders" adapted by themselves, was performed on the Dorchester stage, but Hardy was not present on the occasion.

In the December of this year M. Anatole France was entertain-ed at a dinner in London by a committee of men-of-letters and of affairs. Hardy was much disappointed at being unable to

attend; and he wrote to express his regret, adding

"In these days when the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art, and to be assuming a structureless and conglomerate character, it is a privilege that we should have come into our midst a writer who is faithful to the principles that make for permanence, who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force of reserve, and the emphasis of understatement, even in his lighter works."

In February of the year following (1914) the subject of this memoir married the present writer, ~~who had been for several years the friend of the first Mrs Hardy, and had accompanied her on the little excursions she had liked to make, when her husband could not go.~~ drop line As ~~previously stated there had been a marriage between the Hardy and Dugdale families in 17--, and very possibly earlier, seeing that for centuries they had lived within a few miles of each other in Dorset.~~

~~The wedding was of the quietest kind, at Enfield, the then residence of this branch of the Dugdales, taking place at eight o'clock in the old parish church; and though the morning was exceptionally bright and sunny for February, and the church-door stood wide open to the street, not a soul among the passers-by entered the building.~~

In April died at Stoke, Plymouth, his late wife's cousin Florence Yolland, daughter of Lieutenant Yolland, R.N.

Hardy was at the ~~s~~ dinner of the Royal Academy this spring - the last given before the war; and at sundry hospitalities he and his wife saw several friends in London, including Sir Frederic and Lady Macmillan, Mr

In the spring of the same year Hardy was at the dinner of the Royal Academy, and he and his wife saw several friends in London, afterwards proceeding ~~to~~ 516 ~~469~~

and Mrs Edmund Gosse, Mr and Mrs G. and M. Macmillan, and Lady St. Helier. ~~They went on~~ to Cambridge, where they spent a pleasant week in visiting and meeting Mr Arthur C. Benson, Professor and Mrs Bury, Mr and Mrs Cockerell, Professor Quiller Couch, the Master of Jesus, Dr James, Provost of King's, Dr and Mrs Mc Taggart, and the oldest friend of Hardy's in Cambridge, or for that matter anywhere, Mr Charles Moule, President and formerly Tutor of Corpus, who had known him as a boy. A dinner at St. John's - the "Porte-Latin Feast" - with the mellow radiance of the dark mahogany tables, curling tobacco-smoke, and old red wine, charmed Hardy, in spite of his drinking very little, and not smoking at all. A visit to Girton and tea with Miss Jones and members of her staff ended the Cambridge week for them.

Although Hardy had no sort of anticipation of the restrictions that the war was so soon to bring on motoring, he went about in a car this early summer almost as if he foresaw what was coming, taking his wife to Exeter, Plymouth, and back across Dartmoor, - all of them old scenes familiar to him, and interesting to her, as having been so often mentioned to her by her late friend, and himself.

After serving ~~On his ensuing birthday he served~~ as a Grand-Juror at the Assizes ~~and later in the month dined~~ he dined during June with the Royal Institute of British Architects, - a body ~~with~~ of which he had never lost sight ~~kept in touch~~ on account of his early associations with the profession, though nearly all the members he had known - except his old acquaintance the Vice-President, John Slater, and the Blomfields - had passed away.

~~His wife and he put up in London away. Dinners at Lady St Helier's and Lady Macmillan's and were often at and elsewhere.~~

~~friendships renewed with Mr and Mrs Humphry Ward, Mr and Mrs Winston Churchill, Mr and Mrs Stuart-Wortley, Lady Lewis, and others brought to his [illegible] before the war cloud burst and brought pleasure to an end.~~

A communication from men of letters and art in Germany who thought of honouring the memory of Friedrich Nietzsche on the seventieth anniversary of his birth, was the occasion of Hardy's writing at this date:

"It is a question whether Nietzsche's philosophy is sufficiently coherent to be of great ultimate value, and whether those views of his which seem so novel and striking appear thus ~~in~~ only because they have been rejected for so many centuries as inadmissible under humane rule.

"A continuity of consciousness through the human race would be the only justification of his proposed measures.

"He assumes throughout the great worth intrinsically of human masterfulness. The universe is to him a perfect machine which only requires thorough handling to work wonders. He forgets that the universe is an imperfect machine, and that to do good with an ill-working instrument requires endless adjustments and compromises."

There was nothing to tell of the convulsion of nations that was now imminent, and in Dorset they visited ~~their~~ various friends ~~the Lord Lieutenant and Mrs Mount Batten,~~ and stayed a week-end with Sir Henry and Lady Hoare at Stourhead (where they met as their fellow guests Mr and Mrs Charles Whibley, the latter of whom Hardy had long known, though they had not met for years). To

Hardy as to ordinary civilians the murder at Serajevo was a lurid & striking tragedy, but carried no indication that it would much affect English life. On July 28th. they were at a quiet little garden-party near Dorchester, and still there was no sign of the coming storm: the next day they lunched about five miles off with ~~their~~ friends ~~the Brymers~~ at Ilsington, and paid a call or two - this being the day on which war was declared by Austria ~~to~~ on Serbia. Hardy made a few entries just after this date:

E.F. 34 K.D.

"August 4, 11 p.m. - War declared with Germany."

On this day they were lunching with Mr de Lafontaine at Athelhampton Hall 6 miles off, where a telegram came announcing the rumour to be fact. A discussion arose about food, and there was almost a panic at the table, nobody having any stock, ~~and the fact~~ But the full dimensions of what the English declaration meant were not ~~being~~ quite realized ~~in its entirety~~ at once. Their host disappeared to inquire into his stock of flour. The whole news and what it ~~meant~~ involved burst upon Hardys mind next morning, for though most people were saying the war would be over by Christmas he felt it might be a matter of years and untold disaster.

"August 9 - 15. English Expeditionary Force crosses the Channel to assist France and Belgium.

"August onwards. War excitement. " 'Quicquid delirant reges, plectunur Achivi!" It was the quotation Hardy had made at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war forty-four years earlier, when he was quite a young man.

He had been completely at fault, as he often owned, on the coming so soon of such a convulsion as the war, though only three

or four months before it broke out he had printed a prophetic poem in the Fortnightly entitled "Channel Firing", whereof the theme,

"All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder,"

was, to say the least, a perception singularly coincident. (However, as stated, that it would really burst, he doubted.) When the noisy crew of music-hall Jingoes said exultingly, years earlier, that Germany was as anxious for war as they were themselves, he had felt convinced that they were wrong. He had thought that the play "An Englishman's Home", which he witnessed by chance when it was produced, ought to have been suppressed as provocative, since it gave Germany, even if pacific in intention beforehand, a reason, or excuse, for directing her mind on a war with England. A long study of the European wars of a century earlier had made it appear to him that common-sense had taken the place of bluster in men's minds; and he felt this so strongly that in the very year before war ~~broke out~~ burst on Europe he wrote some verses called "His Country", bearing on the decline of antagonism between peoples; and as long before as 1901 he composed a poem called "The Sick War-God", which assumed that zest for slaughter was dying out. War, he ~~thought~~ had supposed, had grown too coldly scientific to kindle again for long all the ardent romance which had characterized it down to Napoleonic times, when the most intense battles were over in a day, and the most exciting tactics and strategy led to the death of comparatively few combatants. Hence nobody was more amazed than he at the German incursion into Belgium, and the contemplation of it led him to despair of ~~human nature~~ the world's history thenceforward. He had not

It was seldom he had felt so heavy at heart as in seeing his old view of the gradual bettering of human nature, as expressed in these verses of 1901, completely shattered by the events of 1914 and onwards.

reckoned on the power still retained there by the governing ~~classes~~ castes whose interests were not the people's. It was, however, no use to despair, and since Germany had not shown the rationality he had expected of her he presently began to consider if there was anything he - an old man of 74 - could do in the critical circumstances. A slight opening seemed to offer when he received a letter from the Government asking his attendance at a private Conference in which eminent literary men and women who command/ed confidence abroad "should take steps to place the strength of the British case and the ~~x~~ principles for which the British troops and their allies are fighting before the populations of neutral countries". He went to London expressly to attend, as explained in the following memorandum:-

"September 2. To London in obedience to a summons by Mr Masterman, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, at the instance of the Cabinet, for the organization of public statements of the strength of the British ~~cause~~ case and principles in the war by well-known men of letters."

This meeting was at Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, and in view of what the ~~war~~ country was entering on has a historic significance. There was a medley of writers present, including, in addition to the Chairman Mr Masterman, ~~among~~ among Hardy's friends and acquaintance Sir James Barrie, ~~Sir A. Conan Doyle~~, Sir Henry Newbolt, J.W. Mackail, Arthur and Monsignor Benson, John Galsworthy, ~~Maurice Hewlett~~, Sir Owen Seaman, G.M.Trevelyan, H.G.Wells, Arnold Bennett, Masefield, Robert Bridges, Anthony Hawkins, Gilbert Murray, and many others. Whatever the effect of the discussion

the scene was impressive to more than one of them there. In recalling it Hardy said that the yellow September sun shone in from the dusty street with a tragic cast upon them as they sat round the ~~table~~ large blue table, full of misgivings, yet unforseeing in all their completeness the tremendous events that were to follow. The same evening Hardy left London - "the streets hot and sad, and bustling with soldiers and recruits" - to set about some contribution to the various forms of manifesto that had been discussed.

In Dorset the Hardys kept up between whiles their motoring through September, visiting Broadwindsor, Axminster, the summit called "Cross-in-hand", from which both the Bristol and English Channels are visible, and on which many years earlier Hardy had written a traditional poem, "The Lost Pyx"; also Bridport, Abbots-bury, Portisham, including the old residence of Admiral Hardy's father, still intact with its dial in the garden, dated 1767.

In the same month he published in The Times the soldiers' war-song called "Men who March Away", which won an enormous popularity; and in October wrote "England to Germany", a sonnet "On the Belgian Expatriation" for "King Albert's Book", and in the papers a letter on the destruction of Reims Cathedral. This month too, he brought out another volume of verses entitled "Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries" - the book being made up of the "Satires in Fifteen Glimpses", published in a periodical in 1911, and other poems of a very different kind (with which the satires ill-harmonized — the latter) filling but 15 pages in a volume of 230 pages. ~~But the reviewers, perhaps because the satires were named first in the title, went for them~~ These were caustically humorous productions which had been issued with a light heart before the war. So much

shadow domestic and public had passed over his head since he had written the satires that he was in no mood now to publish humour or irony, and hence he would readily have suppressed them if they had not already gained such currency from magazine publication that he could not do it. So by their being put into the book, and by their receiving almost exclusive notice, they were made to give a false tone to the volume, and stifled the "Lyrics and Reveries" which filled its far greater part and contained some of the tenderest and least satirical verse that ever came from his pen.

† [continue on opposite page]

almost entirely, and with a few exceptions passed over the bulk of the book. Through a lack of apprehension or wilful guile in these judges, the pieces (though they had been imitated all the world over were) solemnly pronounced to be "mistakes" - just as they had been when they were printed in The Fortnightly years earlier, the critics apparently not perceiving that they were caustically humorous productions, and issued with a light heart before the war. Nevertheless, even though only of this character - or perhaps in consequence of being so - they had somewhat embarrassed their author, though not for the reasons on which the critical head-shakes were founded. So much shadow, domestic and public, had passed over his head since he had written the ~~pieces~~ Satires that he was in no mood now to publish humour or irony, and hence he would readily have suppressed them if they had not already ~~gan~~ gained such currency from magazine publication that he could not do it. So, by their being put into the book, and by their receiving almost exclusive notice, they were made to give a false tone to the whole volume, and stifled the "Lyrics and Reveries" which filled its far greater part, and contained some of the tenderest and least satirical verse that ever came from his pen. The effect of this misrepresentation upon the poems he most cared for grieved him much; but ~~he~~ it could not be helped. It was another instance of the inability of so many critics to catch any but ~~the~~ shrill notes, remaining oblivious to ~~the~~ deeper tones.

In November ~~also~~ he and his wife went to London to a rehearsal of ~~Scenes from~~ a portion of "The Dynasts", which the enterprise of Mr Granville-Barker was preparing for the stage at the Kingsway Theatre, and which ~~were~~ was produced there on the 25th. November,,

though the author had never dreamt of a single scene of it being staged. Owing to a cold Hardy was unable to be present on the first representation, but he went up two or three weeks later.

K.D. 35 F.R.H.

Hardy's idea had been that the performance should be called what it really was, namely, "Scenes from the Dynasts" - as being less liable to misconception than the book-title unmodified, since people might suppose the whole epic-drama was to be presented, which was quite an impossibility. However, as the scheme of putting any part of it on the boards had originated entirely with Mr Granville-Barker, who himself selected all the scenes, Hardy did not interfere, either with this or any other detail. The one feature he could particularly have wished altered was that of retaining indoor architecture for outdoor scenes, it being difficult for the spectator to realize _ say in the Battle of Waterloo - that an open field was represented when pillars and architraves hemmed it in. He thought that for the open scenes a perfectly plain green floor-cloth and blue back-cloth would have suited better.

However the production was artistically successful. The critics, as is always the case when art takes a step onward, were bewildered, and, as Hardy said, looked at the performance much as a bull looks at a land surveyor's flag in the middle of a meadow, not knowing whether to toss the strange object or walk respectfully round it. One trembles to think what would have occured had the whole philosophy of the play been put in; but Mr Granville-Barker, remembering what happened to Ibsen in this country, was too wise to represent the thought of the age in an English theatre at the beginning of the twentieth century, and during a war.

More verses on the war were written by Hardy in December, including "An Appeal to America", ~~and "A Jingle on the Times"~~. A sad vigil during which no bells were ~~rung~~ heard at Max Gate brought in the first New Year of this unprecedented "breaking of nations."

It may be added here that so mad and ~~mad~~ brutal a war destroyed all Hardy's belief in the gradual ennoblement of man, a belief he had held for many years, as is shown by poems like "The Sick War-God," and others. He said he would probably not have ended "The Dynasts" as he did end it if he could have foreseen what was going to happen within a few years.

Moreover the war gave the coup de grace to any conception he may have nourished on a fundamental ultimate Wisdom at the back of things. With his views on necessitation, or at most a very limited free-will, events seemed to show him that a fancy he had often held and expressed, that the never-ending push of the Universe was an unpurposive and irresponsible groping in the direction of the least resistance, might possibly be the real truth. "Whether or no," he would say,

"Desine fata Deûm flecti sperare precando."

S.P.

CHAPTER ~~XVIII.~~ XIV.

War efforts, Deaths of Relatives, & "Moments of Vision".

1915 - 1917. Aet 74 - 77.

He seems to have been studying the "Principia Ethica" of Dr G.E.Moore early this year; and also the philosophy of Bergson. Writing on the latter in answer to a letter from Dr C.W.Saleeby on the subject he states:

"I suppose I may think that you are more or less a disciple of his, or fellow-philosopher with him, Therefore you may be rather shocked at some views I hold about his teaching - or did hold, anyhow. His theories are much pleasanter ones than those they contest, and I for one would gladly believe them; but I cannot help feeling all the time that his is rather an imaginative

and poetical mind than a reasoner's, and that for his charming and attractive assertions he does not adduce any proofs whatever. His use of the word 'creation' seems to me loose and vague. Then as to conduct: I fail to see how, if it is not mechanism, it can be other than caprice, though he denies it. Yet I quite agree with him in regarding finalism as an erroneous doctrine. He says however that Mechanism and Finalism are only external views of our conduct - 'Our conduct extends between them, and slips much further.' Well it may, but he nowhere shows that it does.

"Then again: 'A mechanic conception....treats the living as the inert.....Let us, on the contrary, trace a line of demarcation between the inert and the living.' Well, let us, to our great pleasure, if we can see why we should introduce an inconsistent rupture of Order into a uniform and consistent Law of the same.

"You will see how much I want to have the pleasure of being a Bergsonian. But I fear his theory is, in the bulk, only our old friend Dualism in a new suit of clothes, - an ingenious fancy without real foundation, and more complicated than the fancies he endeavours to overthrow.

"You must not think me a hard-headed rationalist for all this. Half my time - particularly when writing verse - I 'believe' (in the modern sense of the word) not only in the things Bergson believes in, but in spectres, mysterious voices, intuitions, omens, dreams, haunted places, etc, etc. But I do not believe in them in the old sense of the word any more for that....

"By the way, how do you explain the following from the Cambridge Magazine, by a writer who I imagine to be of a school of thinkers akin to your own, concerning Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable:

" 'We doubt if there is a single philosopher alive today who would subscribe to it. Even men of science are gradually discarding it in favour of Realism and Pragmatism?'

"I am utterly bewildered to understand how the doctrine that, beyond the knowable, there must always be an unknown, can be displaced."

In April a distant cousin, of promising abilily — a Lieut. ~~Frank Kerridge~~ in the 5th. Batt. Dorset Regt. came to see him before going abroad, never to be seen by him again; and in the following month he sat to Mr [Sir Hamo] Thornycroft for a model of a head which the sculptor wished to make. At home he heard that two single-page songs in manuscript ~~that~~ which he had sent to the Red Cross Sale at Christie's had fetched £48 - "Men who March away", and "The Night of Trafalgar."

(85)

"May 14. Have been reading a review of Henry James. It is remarkable that a writer who has no grain of poetry, or humour, or spontaneity in his productions, can yet be a good novelist. Meredith has some poetry, and yet I can read James when I cannot look at Meredith.

"May 27. 'Georgian Poets'. - It is a pity that these promising young writers adopted such a title. The use of it lacks the modesty of true genius, as it confuses the poetic chronology, and implies that the hitherto recognized original

Georgians - Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, etc., are negligible; or at any rate says that they do not care whether it implies such or no."

"June 10. Motored with F. to Bridport, Lyme, Exeter, and Torquay, Called on Mr and Mrs Eden Phillpotts. Saw their garden and beautiful flowers. Then back to Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Exeter, putting up at the "Clarence" opposite the Cathedral.

"June 11. To Cathedral. - ~~then home~~ viâ Honiton, Chard, Crewkerne."

In July they were in London on a visit to Lady St. Helier, and paid a long promised call on Sir Frederick and Lady Treves in Richmond Park. Later on in the month he was at the funeral at Stinsford of a suddenly lost friend, Mr Douglas Thornton the banker, and received visits from Sir Henry Hoare, who motored over from Stourhead, and Professor Flinders Petrie, whom he had known but not seen for many years.

In August he learnt of the loss of his second cousin's son Lieutenant George, who had been killed that month in Gallipoli during a brave advance. Hardy makes this note of him:

"Frank George, though so remotely related, is the first one of my family to be killed in battle for the last hundred years, so far as I know. He might say 'Militavi non sine gloria', - short as his career has been.".

F.M.H. 36 E.F.

In the autumn Hardy sometimes, and his wife continually, assisted in the evenings at the soldiers' tea-room established in the Dorchester Corn-Exchange; they visited the Australian Camp near Weymouth, and spent

~~Their neighbour Mrs Brinsley Sheridan's son~~ Wilfrid was killed a little later.

two or three days at Melbury House. On returning he learnt that his elder sister was again seriously ill. She died the same week, at his brother's house at Talbothays. The two poems "Logs on the Hearth" and "In the Garden", in "Moments of Vision", evidently refer to her, as also the Fourth person in "Looking Across", in the same volume.

The hobby of her life had been portrait-painting, and she had shown great aptitude in catching a likeness, particularly of her relations, her picture of her mother in oils bearing a striking ~~likeness~~ resemblance to the striking original. But she had been doomed to school- teaching, and organ-playing in this or that village church during all her active years, and hence was unable to devote sufficient time to pictorial art till leisure was too late to be effective. Her character was a somewhat unusual one, being remarkably unassertive, even when she was in the right, and could easily have proved it; so that the point of the following remark about her is manifest:

"Nov. (ember) 29. Buried her under the yew-tree where the rest of us lie. As Mr Cowley read the words of the psalm 'Dixi Custodiam' they reminded me strongly of her nature, particularly when she was young: 'I held my tongue and spake nothing: I kept silence, yea, even from good words.' That was my poor Mary exactly. She never defended herself, and that not from timidity, but indifference to opinion."

The funeral day had been cold and wet, and Hardy was laid up till the end of the year with a violent bronchitis and racking

cough. Nevertheless, during December in response to a request from Winchester House for a contribution to a "Pro-Ally Film" of paragraphs in facsimile from author's writings, which was "to be exhibited throughout the world and make its appeal particularly to the neutral nations," he was able to send the following passages from ~~a~~ Pitt's actual speech in the House of Commons a hundred years earlier, as closely paraphrased in "The Dynasts":

England at Bay.) cafs

"The strange fatality that haunts the times
Wherein our lot is cast, has no example;
Times are they fraught with peril, trouble, gloom;
We have to mark their lourings and to face them."

S.P.

England Resolute.) cafs.

"Unprecedented and magnificent
As were our strivings in the previous wars,
Our efforts in the present shall transcend them,
As men will learn."

In January of the next year (1916) a war-ballad ~~ed~~ of some weirdness, called "The Dead and the Living One", which had been written several months before, was published in The Sphere and the New York World, and later reprinted in "Moments of Vision".

In February he was again confined to his room with a cold, the previous one never having quite gone off. But he managed to send to the Red Cross Sale for this year, not any work of his own, ~~by~~ but ~~a sheaf~~ "A Sheaf of Victorian Letters" written to T.H

by many other writers, nearly all deceased, and of a very interesting kind. Mrs Hardy also sent to the same sale three short MSS. of his - 'The Oxen', 'The Breaking of Nations', and a fragment of a story - the whole fetching £72-10-0.

A "Book of Homage" to Shakespeare was printed in April, for which Hardy had written a piece entitled "Shakespeare after 300 years." - afterwards included in the volume called "Moments of Vision".

In June he served again as Grand Juror at the Assizes, and was at a rehearsal in Dorchester of "Wessex Scenes from the Dynasts". This, made by "The Hardy Players," was quite a different selection from that of Mr Granville-Barker, embracing scenes of a local character only, from which could be gathered in echoes of drum and trumpet, and alarming rumours, the great events going on elsewhere. Though more limited in scope than the former it was picturesque and effective as performed by the local actors at the Weymouth Pavilion a fortnight later, and was well appreciated by the London press.

In the same month of June he paid a visit with his wife and remaining sister to a house he had never entered for forty years. This was Riverside Villa, Sturminster Newton - the ~~fist~~ first he had furnished after his first marriage, and in which he had written "The Return of the Native". He found it much as it had been in the former years; and it was possibly this visit which suggested the poems about Sturminster that were published in "Moments of Vision". Motorings to Melbury again, to Swanage, and again to Bridport, passed the midsummer days.

"July 27. Times Literary Supplement on 'What is Militarism?' The article suggests a term to express the cause of the present war,- 'hypochondria' (in the Prussians). I should rather have said 'apprehensiveness.' The term would fit some of the facts like a glove."

In September they set out by train for Cornwall, breaking the journey at Launceston, [illegible] Thence they went on to Camelford, Boscastle, and St. Juliot, to see if Hardy's design and inscription for the tablet to her memory in the church had been Properly carried out and erected. At Tintagel they met quite by accident Hardy's friends the Stuart-Wortleys, which made their sojourn at that romantic spot a very pleasant one.

"September 10th. Sunday. To Tintagel Church. We sat down in a seat bordering the passage to the transept, but the vicar appalled us by coming to us in his surplice and saying we were in the way of the choir who would have to pass there. He banished us to the back of the transept. However, when he began his sermon we walked out. He thought it was done to be even with him, and looked his indignation; but it was really because we could not see the nave lengthwise, which my wife Emma had sketched in watercolours when she was a young woman before it was 'restored', so that I was interested in noting the changes, as also was F., who was familiar with the sketch. It was saddening enough, though doubtless only a chance, that we were inhospitably received in a church so much visited and appreciated by one we both had known so well. The matter was somewhat mended, however, by their singing the

beautiful 34th. Psalm to Smart's fine tune 'Wiltshire'. By the by, that the most poetical verse of that psalm is omitted from it in Hymns Ancient and Modern shows the usual ineptness of hymn-selectors. We always sang it at Stinsford. But then, we sang there in the good old High-&-Dry Church way - straight from the New Version."

Multifarious matters filled up the autumn - among others a visit to the large camp of some 5,000 German prisoners in Dorchester; and also visits to the English wounded in hospital, which conjunction led him to say:

"At the German prisoners' camp, including the hospital, (were many sufferers. One Prussian, in much ~~suff~~ pain, died whilst I was with him - to my great relief, and his own,) operating-room, etc., -- Men lie helpless here from wounds: in the hospital a hundred yards off other men, English, lie helpless from wounds - each scene of suffering caused by the other!

"These German prisoners seem to think that we are fighting to exterminate Germany, and though it has been said that, so far from it, we are fighting to save what is best in Germany, Cabinet ministers do not in my opinion speak this out clearly enough."

E.F. 3 9 c 9n

In October the "Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy" were published in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series, a little book that received some very good ~~commendations~~ reviews;

and in December the "Wessex Scenes from the Dynasts", which had been produced earlier at Weymouth, ~~was~~ were performed at Dorchester. Some of Hardy's friends, including Sir James Barrie and Mr Sydney Cockerell, came to see ~~it~~ the piece, but Hardy could not accompany them, being kept in bed by another cold. The performances were for Red Cross Societies, and he had suggested introducing speeches to that effect, which were delivered by Mrs Cecil Hanbury and Lady Mary Fox-Strangways.

"January 1. 1917. Am scarcely conscious of New Year's day."

January 6. I find I wrote in 1888 that ~~Imaginative~~ 'Art is concerned with seemings only', which is true."

To the Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature.

"February 8, 1917.

"Dear Sir:

"I regret that as I live in a remote part of ~~England~~ the country I cannot attend the meeting of the Entente Committee.

"In respect of the Memorandum proposing certain basic principles of International education for promoting ethical ideals that shall conduce to a League of Peace, I am in hearty agreement with the proposition.

"I would say in considering a <u>modus operandi;</u>

"That nothing effectual will be accomplished in the cause

of Peace till the sentiment of Patriotism be freed from the narrow meaning attaching to it in the past (still upheld by Junkers and Jingoists) and be extended to the whole globe.

"On the other hand that the sentiment of Foreigness - if the sense of a contrast be really rhetorically necessary - attach only to other planets and their inhabitants, if any.

"I may add that I have been writing in advocacy of those views for the last twenty years."

To Dr L.Litwinski

"March 7: 1917.

"Dear Sir:

"I feel much honoured by your request that I should be a member of the Committee for commemorating two such writers of distinction as Verhaeren and Sienkiewich. But for reasons of increasing years and my living so far from London I have latterly been compelled to give up membership with several associations; and I am therefore sorry to say that I must refrain from joining any new committee in which I should be unable ~~to~~ actively to support the cause, even when so worthy as the present one".

In this March also a sonnet ~~was~~ by him named "A Call to National Service" was printed in the newspapers. An article in the April Fortnightly by Dr Courtney the editor ~~the editor~~ on Hardy's writings, especially "The Dynasts", interested him not only by its appreciativeness, but by the aspect some features of the drama assumed in the reviewer's mind:

"Like so many critics Mr Courtney treats my works of art as if they were a scientific system of philosophy, although I have repeatedly stated in prefaces and elsewhere that the views in them are seemings, provisional impressions only, used for artistic purposes because they represent approximately the impressions of the age, and are plausible, till somebody produces better theories of the universe.

"As to his winding up about a God of Mercy, etc., - if I wished to make a smart retort, which I really should hate doing, I might say that the Good-God theory having, after some thousands of years of trial, produced the present infamous and disgraceful state of Europe - that most Christian Continent! - a theory of a Goodless-and-Badless God (as in 'The Dynasts') might perhaps be given a trial with advantage.

"Much confusion has arisen and much nonsense has been talked latterly in connection with the word 'atheist'. ~~One writer's almost whole stock in trade consists of that word and 'blasphemer'. I believe I have been called one by a journalist who has never read a line of my writings.~~ I have never understood how any body can be one except in the sense of disbelieving in a tribal god, ~~a Bible king-god Jehovah type~~, man-shaped, fiery-faced and tyrannous, who flies into a rage on the slightest provocation; or as (according to Horace Walpole) Sir Francis Dashwood defined the Providence believed in by the Lord ~~Shaftesbury~~ Shrewsbury of that date to be - a figure like an old angry man in a blue cloak.....Fifty meanings attach to the word 'God' nowadays, the only reasonable meaning being the Cause of Things, whatever that cause may be.※ Thus no modern thinker can be an atheist in the modern sense, while all

※ [footnote] In another place he says "Cause" means really but the "invariable antecedent."

modern
thinkers are atheists in the ancient and exploded sense."

In this connection he said once - perhaps oftener - that although invidious critics had cast slurs upon him as Nonconformist, Agnostic, Atheist, Infidel, Immoralist, Heretic, Pessimist, or something else equally opprobious in their eyes, they had never thought of calling him what they might have called him much more plausibly - churchy; not in an intellectual sense, but in so far as instincts and emotions ruled. (As a child to be a parson had been his dream; — moreover ~~since~~ he had had several clerical relatives who held livings; while his grandfather, father, uncle, brother, wife, cousin, and two sisters had been musicians in various churches over a period covering altogether more than a hundred years. He himself had frequently read the church-lessons, and had at one time as a young man begun reading for Cambridge with a view to taking orders.

His vision had often been that of so many people brought up under Church-of-England influences, a giving of liturgical form to modern ideas, and expressing them in the same old buildings that had already seen previous reforms successfully carried out. He would say to ~~his wife's uncle Archdeacon Clifford, his brother-in-law the Revd. C.Weldon,~~ his friends the Warden of Keble, Arthur Benson, and others, that if the bishops only had a little courage, and would modify the liturgy by dropping ~~the~~ preternatural assumptions out of it, few ~~of the~~ churchgoers would object to the change for long, and congregations would be trebled in a brief time. The idea was clearly expressed in the "Apology" prefixed to "Late Lyrics and earlier."

White line

"June 9. It is now the time of long days, when the sun seems reluctant to take leave of the trees at evening - the shine

climbing up the trunks, reappearing higher, and still fondly grasping the tree-tops till long after."

C.Am 38 K.D

In July his poem "Then and Now" was printed in The Times, and in the latter half of the month he and his wife paid a visit of two days to ~~Sir James~~ J.M. Barrie at Adelphi Terrace - a spot with which Hardy had had years of familiarity when their entertainer was still a child, and which was attractive to him on that account. Here they had some interesting meetings with other writers.* He came back to pack up in August his MS. of "Moments of Vision" and send to the Messrs Macmillan.

*(Continue on back.)

In October he went with Mrs Hardy to Plymouth, calling for a day or two upon Mr and Mrs Eden Phillpotts at Torquay on their way. But the weather being wet at Plymouth they abandoned their stay there and came home.

~~Most rook in October - That rooks are undressing [illegible] down their habiliments to bed and lace on the grass, road, roofs and window-sills in [illegible] waltzes down across the panes every second almost - [illegible] and dangles in the breeze [illegible]~~

"I hold that the mission of poetry is to record impressions, not convictions. Wordsworth in his later writings fell into the error of recording the latter. So also did Tennyson, and so do many other poets when they grow old. Absit omen!"

※ Upon one memorable evening they sat in a large empty room, which was afterwards to be Sir James's study but was then being altered and decorated. From the windows they had a fine view over the Thames, and searchlights wheeled across the sky. The only illumination within the room was from candles placed on the floor to avoid breaking war-regulations which forbade too bright lighting.

On that occasion beside the host there were present Mr Arnold Bennett, Mr G. B. Shaw, Mr & Mrs H. G. Wells and the Hardys.

"I fear I have always been considered the Dark Horse of contemporary English literature.

"I was quick to bloom; late to ripen.

"I believe it would be said by people who knew me well that I have a faculty (possibly not uncommon) for burying an emotion in my heart or brain for forty years, and exhuming it at the end of that time as fresh as when interred. For instance, the poem entitled 'The Breaking of Nations' contains a feeling that moved me in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, when I chanced to be looking at such an agricultural incident in Cornwall. But I did not write the verses till during the war with Germany of 1914, and onwards. Query: where was that sentiment hiding itself during more than 40 years?"

Hardy's mind seems to have been running on himself at this time to a degree quite unusual with him, who often said - and his actions showed it - that he took no interest in himself as a personage.

"November 13. I was a child till I was 16; a youth till I was 25; a young man till I was 40 or 50."

The above note on his being considered a Dark Horse was apt enough, when it is known that none of the society-men who met ~~hi~~ him suspected from his simple manner the potentialities of observation that were in him. This unassertive air, unconsciously worn, served him as an invisible coat almost to uncanniness. At houses and clubs where he encountered other writers and critics and world-practiced readers of character, whose bearing towards him was often

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of that time as fresh as when interred. For instance, the poem
entitled 'The Frocking of Nations' contains a feeling that moved
me in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, when I chanced to be
looking at some agricultural implements in Cornwall. But I did
not write the verses till during the War with Germany of 1914,
and onwards. Query: whether was that sentiment idling itself
during more than 40 years?

"Hardy's mind seems to have been running on himself at this
time to a degree quite unusual with him, who often said - and
his actions showed it - that he took no interest in himself as a
personage.

"November 15. I was a child till I was 19; a youth till I
was 30; a young man till I was 40 or so."

The above note on his being considered a Dark Horse was apt enough. When it is rather that more of the society-man who met him suspected from his simple manner the potentialities of observation that were in him. This unassertive air, by which he served him as an invisible coat almost to uncomfortness. At houses and clubs where he encountered other writers and critics and world-prominent figures of character, whose bearing towards him was often

as towards one who did not reach their altitudes, he was seeing through them as though they were glass. He set down some cutting and satirical notes on their qualities and compass, but destroyed all of them, not wishing to leave behind him anything which could be deemed a gratuitous belittling of others.

This month "Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses" was published, and it may have been his occupation with the proofs that had set him thinking of himself; and also caused him to make the following entry: He subjoined the Dedication of "Sordello", where the author remarks: "My own faults of expression are many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either?"

It was in this mood that he read such reviews of the book as were sent him.

~~January~~ "December 31. New Year's Eve. Went to bed ~~1111~~ at eleven. East wind. No bells heard. Slept in the New Year, as did also those 'out there'."

This refers to the poem called "Looking Across" published in the new volume, Stinsford Churchyard lying across the mead from Max Gate.

"I do not expect much notice will be taken of these poems: they mortify the human sense of self-importance by showing, or suggesting, that human beings are of no matter or appreciable value in this nonchalant universe."

[END OF 1917]

by 1866 to send his productions to magazines. That these were rejected by editors, and that he paid such respect to their judgment as scarcely ever to send out a MS. twice, was in one feature fortunate for him, since in years long after he was able to examine those poems of which he kept copies, and by the mere change of a few words or the rewriting of a line or two, to make them quite worthy of publication. Such of them as are dated in these years were all written in his lodgings at 16 Westbourne Park Villas. He also began turning the Book of Ecclesiastes into Spenserian stanzas, but finding the original unmatchable abandoned the task.

As another outcome of the same drift of mind he used to deliver short addresses or talks ~~to~~ on poets and poetry to Blomfield's pupils & assistants on afternoons when there was not much to be done, or at all events when not much was done. There is no tradition of what Blomfield thought of this method of passing office-hours instead of making architectural plans.

The only thing ~~that~~ he got published at the time was, so far as is known, a humorous trifle in Chambers's Journal in 1865, entitled "How I built myself a house" - written to amuse the pupils of Blomfield. It may have been the acceptance of this jeu d'esprit that turned his mind in the direction of prose; yet he made such notes as the following:-

"April, 1865. - The form on the canvas which immortalizes the painter is but the last of a series of tentative & abandoned sketches each of which probably contained some particular feature nearer perfection than any part of the finished product."

"Public opinion is of the nature of a woman."

"There is not that regular gradation among womankind that there is among men. You may meet with 999 exactly alike, and then the thousandth - not a little better, but far above them. Practically therefore it is useless for a man to seek after this thousandth to make her his."

"May. – How often we see a vital truth flung about carelessly wrapt in a commonplace subject, without the slightest conception on the speaker's part that his words contain an unsmelted treasure."

"In architecture, men who are clever in details are bunglers in generalities. So it is in everything whatsoever."

"More conducive to success in life than the desire for much knowledge is the being satisfied with ignorance on irrelevant subjects."

"The world does not despise us; it only neglects us."

white line

Whether or no, he did not seriously take up prose till two or three years later, when he was practically compelled to try his hand on it by finding himself perilously near coming to the ground between the two stools of architecture and literature.

Here is another note of his relating to this time:–

"July 2 (1865). Worked at ~~Newman's~~ J.H.Newman's Apologia, which we have all been talking about lately. A great desire to be convinced by him, because H.M.M. likes him so much. Style charming, and his logic really human, being based ~~on~~ not on syllogisms but on converging probabilities. Only – and here comes the fatal catastrophe – there is no first link to his excellent chain of reasoning, and down you come headlong. Poor Newman! (His gentle childish faith in revelation and tradition must have made him a very charming character.) ..... Read some Horace; also Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh till ½ past 12."

However, as yet he did not by any means abandon verse, which he wrote constantly, but kept private, through the years 1866 and most of 1867 – resolving to send no more to magazines whose editors probably did not know good poetry from bad, and forming meanwhile the Quixotic opinion ~~on~~ that, as in verse was concentrated the essence of all imaginative and emotional literature, to read verse and nothing else was the shortest way to the

Subsequent historic events brought back to his mind that this year he went with Blomfield to New Windsor, to the laying of the Memorial-stone of a church there by the Crown Princess of Germany (the English Princess Royal). She was accompanied by her husband the Crown Prince, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. "Blomfield handed her the trowel, and during the ceremony she got her glove daubed with the mortar. In her distress she handed the trowel back to him with an impatient whisper of 'Take it, take it!'"

fountain-head of such, for one who had not a great deal of spare time. And in fact for nearly or quite two years he did not read a word of prose except such as came under his eye in the daily newspapers and weekly reviews. Thus his reading ~~showed~~ naturally covered a fairly large tract of English poetry, and it may be mentioned, as showing that he had some views of his own, that he preferred Scott the poet to Scott the novelist, and never ceased to regret that the author of "the most Homeric poem in the English language - 'Marmion'" - should later have declined on prose fiction.

It is somewhat unusual that he was not so keenly anxious (*in this indifference, as in some qualities of his verse, curiously resembling Donne,*) to get into print as most young men are found to be. The Horatian exhortation, that he had come across in his reading - to keep his own compositions back till the ninth year - had made a deep impression on him. Nescit vox missa reverti; and by retaining his poems, and destroying those he thought irremediably bad - though he afterwards fancied he had destroyed too many - he may have been saved from the annoyance of seeing his early crude effusions crop up in later life.

At the same time there can be no doubt that some closer association with living poets and the poetry of the moment would have afforded Hardy considerable stimulus and help. But his unfortunate shyness - or rather, aloofness, for he was not shy in the ordinary sense - served him badly at this period of his life. During part of his residence at Westbourne Park Villas he was

living within half a mile of Swinburne, and hardly more than a stone's throw from Browning, to whom introductions would not have been difficult through literary friends of Blomfield's. He might have obtained at least encouragement from these, and, if he had cared, possibly have floated off some of his poems in a small volume. But such a proceeding as trying to know these contemporaries seems never to have crossed his mind. ¶ ⁂ [see on back]

¶ About this time Hardy nourished a scheme of a highly visionary character. He perceived from the impossibility of getting his verses accepted by magazines ~~y~~ that he could not live by poetry, and (rather strangely) thought that architecture and poetry - ~~a~~ particularly architecture in London - would not work well together. So he formed the idea of combining poetry and the Church - towards which he had long had a leaning - and wrote to a friend in Cambridge for particulars as to Matriculation at that University - which with his late Classical reading would have been easy for him, and knowing that what money he could not muster himself for keeping terms his father would lend him for a few years, his ~~view~~ idea being that of a curate in a country village. This fell through less because of its difficulty than from a conscientious feeling, after some theological study, that he could hardly take the step with honour while holding the views ~~that~~ which on examination he found himself to hold. And so he allowed the ~~whole~~ curious scheme to drift out of sight,

Among other incidents of his life in London during these years was also one that he used to recall with interest when writing "The Dynasts," - his hearing Palmerston speak in the House of Commons a short time before his death, Palmerston having been War Secretary during the decisive ~~his~~ hostilities with Napoleon

⁂ though not till after he had begun to practise orthodoxy. For example: ¶ "July 5. Sunday. To Westminster Abbey morning service. Stayed to the Sacrament. A very odd experience, amid a crowd of strangers."

※ During his residence in London he had entered himself at King's College for ~~the~~ the French classes, where he studied the tongue through a term or two under Professor Stievenard, never having taken it up seriously since in his boyhood he had worked at exercises under a governess. He used to say that Stievenard was the most charming Frenchman he ever met, as well as being a fine teacher. Hardy's mind had, however, become at this date so deeply immersed in the practice and study of English poetry that he gave but a perfunctory attention to his French readings.

"March 11... The woman at a first interview will know as much of the man as he will know of her on the wedding morning; whilst she will know as little of him then as he knew of her when they first shook hands. Her knowledge will have come upon her like a flood, and have as gradually soaked away."

"June 2. — My 25th birthday. Not very cheerful. Feel as if I had lived a long time and done very little.

"Walked about by moonlight in the evening. Wondered what woman, if any, I should be thinking about in five years' time."

"July 9. — The greatest and most majestic being on the face of the earth will accept pleasure from the most insignificant."

"July 19. — Patience is the union of moral courage with physical cowardice."

"End of July. — The dull period in the life of an event is when it ceases to be news and has not begun to be history."

"August. — The anguish of a defeat is most severely felt when we look upon weak ones who have believed us invincible and have made preparations for our victory."

"Aug. 23. The poetry of a scene varies with the minds of the perceivers. Indeed, it does not lie in the scene at all."

deceived
~~taken in~~ by its seeming actuality; to Hardy's surprise, when he thought the matter over in later years, that his inexperienced imagination should have created figments that could win credence from such experienced heads.

The satire was obviously pushed too far - as sometimes in Swift and Defoe (for themselves) - and portions of the book, apparently taken in earnest by Mr Morley and Mr Macmillan, had no foundation either in ~~his~~ Hardy's beliefs or his experience. One instance he could remember was a chapter in which, with every circumstantial detail, he described in the first person his introduction to the kept mistress of an architect who "took in washing" (as it was called in the profession) - that is, worked at his own office for other architects - the said mistress adding to her lover's income by designing for him the pulpits, altars, reredoses, texts, holy vessels, crucifixes, and other ecclesiastical ~~details~~ furniture which were handed on to him by the nominal architects who employed ~~him~~ her ~~keeper~~ protector - the lady herself being a dancer at a music-hall when not engaged in designing Christian emblems - all told so plausibly as to seem actual proof of the degeneracy of the age. There is no doubt that this scene, if printed, would have brought down upon his head the cudgels of all the orthodox reviews.

~~But~~, whatever might have been the case with the other two, Meredith was not taken in by ~~this~~ the affected simplicity of the narrative, and that ~~is why~~ was obviously why he warned his young acquaintance that the press would be about his ears like hornets if he ~~printed it.~~ published his manuscript. For though the novel might have been accepted calmly enough by the reviewers and public in these days, in genteel mid-Victorian 1869 it would no doubt have incurred, as Meredith judged, severe strictures which might have handicapped a young writer for a

consequences for him. The restoration of this church was, moreover, the work which brought to a close Hardy's labours in Gothic architecture, though he did not know it at the time.

J. H. 16 9 21

Though the distance was not great the way was tedious, there being few railways in Cornwall at this ~~time~~ date. Rising at four in the morning, and starting by starlight from his country retreat armed with sketch-book, measuring-tape and rule, he did not reach Launceston till four in the afternoon, where he hired a conveyance for the additional sixteen or seventeen miles distance by the Boscastle road towards the north coast, and the spot with the charming name - the dilapidated church, parish, and residence of the Reverend Cadell Holder, M.A. Oxon.

It was a cloudy evening at the end of a fine day, with a dry breeze blowing; and leaving the Boscastle highway by a bye-road to the left he reached St. Juliot Rectory, by which time it was quite dark. His arrival and entry can best be described in the words of the lady whom he met that night for the first time, and who later on became his wife. Long afterwards she wrote down her "Recollections", which are given in the following pages in full so far as they relate to her husband, these making up the whole of the second half ~~the remainder being~~ of her manuscript, the first half being entirely concerned with other members of her family and herself before she knew him.

She was born at 10 York Street, Plymouth, and baptized at St. Andrew's Church, being the younger daughter of Mr J. Attersoll Gifford, a solicitor. She had grown up in a house close to the Hoe, which she used to call "the playground of her childhood". She would relate how, to her terror at first, she was

1870 | Aet 29-30

CHAPTER V.

A Journal, a Supplement, and Literary Vicissitudes.

1870: Aet. 29 - 30.

The latter part of Mrs(Emma Lavinia) Hardy's MS., found after her death, and entitled "Some Recollections". The words in square brackets are added to make the allusions intelligible.

"My only sister married the Revd.Caddell Holder, son of a Judge of Barbadoes, where he was born: he often spoke of his beautiful home there, with oranges growing by his bedroom window. At Trinity College Oxford he was a 'gentleman-commoner' (this is now abolished), where so far as he could discover his only privilege [from the distinction] was being allowed to walk upon the grass and wear a gold-tasselled cap, he used to say. He was rector of St.Juliot, North Cornwall, where I [first] knew him; and it was there that my husband made my acquaintance, which afterwards proved a romance in full for us.....

" [He was] a man older than herself by many years, and somewhat delicate because of his West Indian birth; he was, however, energetic, and a very Boanerges in his preaching, which style was greatly relished by the simple folk of his scattered parish. In those days clergymen were [often] very lax in their duties, but he was quite exact and faithful, and [after I went

[White line]

This transcript from the first Mrs Hardy's "Recollections" (of the existence of which he was unaware till after her death) has carried us onward four years further than the date of Thomas Hardy's arrival in Cornwall on that evening of March 1870. He himself entered in a memorandum-book a few rough notes of his visit, and from these we are able to glean vaguely his impressions of the experience.

It is apparent that he was soon, if not immediately, struck by the nature and appearance of the lady who received him. She was so living, he used to say. Though her features were not regular her complexion at this date was perfect in hue, her figure ~~graceful~~ and movement graceful, and her corn-coloured hair abundant in its coils. [illegible]

It may be mentioned here that the story "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (which Hardy himself classes among his Romances and Fantasies - as if to suggest its visionary nature) has been considered to show a picture of his own personality as the architect on this visit. But, in addition to Hardy's own testimony there is proof that this is not the case, ~~Hardy~~ he having ever been shy of putting his personal characteristics into his novels. The Adonis depicted was known to be both in appearance and temperament an idealization of a pupil whom Hardy found temporarily at Mr John Hicks's on his return there.

Many of his verses with which readers have since grown familiar in "Wessex Poems" had already been written. Stephen Smith's father was a mason in Hardy's father's employ, combined with one near Boscastle, whole Smith's ingenious mode of being tutored in Latin was based on a story Hardy had from Hof- as of a ma he had kno. Its practicability is however doubtful.

from London; ~~believed to be~~ a nephew of that Architect, and exactly of the age attributed to Stephen Smith. He is represented as altogether more youthful and sanguine in nature than Hardy, a thoughtful man of twenty-nine, with years of London buffetting, and architectural and literary experience, was at this time. Henry Knight the reviewer, Elfride's second lover, was really much more like Thomas Hardy as described in his future wife's diary just given; while the event of the young man arriving as a town-stranger at a village with which he was quite familiar, and the catastrophe that ensued when his familiarity with it was discovered, was an experience of ~~his~~ an uncle of his, of which the dramatic possibilities had long arrested him. His own wooing [See X on back]

But the whole story, except as to the lonely drive across the hills towards the coast, the architectural detail, and a few other external scenes and incidents, is so at variance with any possible facts as to be quite misleading, Hardy's wilful purpose in his early novels until "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared, if not later, having been to mystify the reader as to their locality, origin, and authorship by various interchanges and inventions, probably owing at first to his extreme doubt if he would pursue the craft, and his sense of the shadow that would fall on an architect who had failed as a novelist. He even modified the landscape, and called the rectory a vicarage, showing in early editions a church with the sea visible from it, which was not true of St. Juliot. The character and appearance of Elfride have points in common with those of Mrs Hardy in quite a few years before Hardy met her, young womanhood, (though her eyes would have been described as deep grey, ~~rather than~~ not as blue;) moreover, like Elfride, the moment she was on a horse she was

X own wooing in the "Delectable Duchy" ran, in fact, without a hitch from beginning to end, and with encouragement from all parties concerned.

conjectured) of their disapproval of the incidents. By this time it seemed to have dawned upon him that the Macmillan ~~house~~- publishing-house was not in the way of issuing novels of a sensational ~~character~~ kind: and accordingly he packed up the MS. again and posted it to the Messrs Tinsley, a firm to which he was a stranger, but which did publish such novels. Why he did not send it to Messrs Chapman and Hall, with whom he had now a slight link, and whose reader, Mr Meredith, had recommended him to write what Hardy understood to be a story of this kind, is inexplicable. Possibly it was from an adventurous feeling that he would like the story to be judged on its own merits by a house which had no knowledge of how it came into existence; possibly from inexperience. Anyhow it was a mistake from which he suffered, for there is no doubt that Meredith would have taken an interest in a book he had, or was supposed to have, instigated; and would have offered some suggestions on how to make a better use of the good material at the back of the book. However, to Tinsleys it had gone, and on May 6th. Tinsley wrote, stating the terms on which he would publish it, if Hardy would complete the remaining three or four chapters of which a précis only had been sent.

About the second week in May, and possibly as a result of the correspondence, Hardy left Mr Crickmay (whose church-designing he ~~see~~ appears to have airily used as something of a stop-gap when his own literary enterprises hung fire) and on the following Monday, the 16th, he started again for London - sadly, as he said, for he had left his heart in Cornwall.

"May 18. Royal Academy. No. 118. 'Death of Ney', by Gerôme. The presence of Death makes the picture great.
"No. 985. 'Jerusalem', by the same. The shadows only of the three crucified ones are seen. A fine conception."

Slip 49

In his leisure he seems to have written the "Ditty" in "Wessex Poems," inscribed with Miss Gifford's initials. In May he was reading Comte. Crossing Hyde Park one morning in June he saw the announcement of Dickens's death.

He seems to have passed the days in town desultorily and dreamily - mostly visiting museums and picture-galleries, and it is not clear what he was waiting for there. He was welcomed by Mr Blomfield, to whom he lent help in finishing some drawings. Being acquainted with another well-known Gothic architect, Mr Raphael Brandon, Hardy assisted him also for a few weeks, though not continuously.

Brandon was a man who interested him much. In collaboration with his brother David he had published, several years before, the "Analysis of Gothic Architecture" in two quarto volumes, and an extra volume on the "Open Timber Roofs of the Middle Ages". Both these works were familiar to Hardy, having been quite text-books for architects' pupils till latterly, when the absorbing interest given to French Gothic had caused them to be superseded by the works of Norman Shaw, Nesfield, and Viollet-le-Duc. Brandon, however, was convinced that the development of modern English architecture should be based on English Gothic and not on French, as was shown in his well-known design for the Catholic-apostolic Church in Gordon Square; and that his opinion was the true one was proved in the sequel, notwithstanding that the more fashionable architects, including Arthur Blomfield, were heart and soul of the other opinion at this date. It may have been partly on this account, partly because he was a "literary architect" - a person always suspect in the profession in those days, Hardy used to say - that Brandon's practice had latterly declined, and he had drifted into a backwater, spending much time in strange projects and hopes, one of these being a scheme for unifying railway-fares on the principle of letter-postage. Hardy

brief line to Hardy bidding him not to mind the slating. After its first impact which was staggering with good reason, it does not seem to have worried Hardy much, or at any rate for long, (though one of the personalities insinuated by the reviewer, in clumsy humour, that the novel must have been "a desperate remedy for an emaciated purse," may well have been galling enough). And indeed about this time he noted down: "Strictly, we should resent wrongs, be placid at justice, and grateful for favours. But I know one who is placid at a wrong, and would be grateful for simple justice; while a favour, if he ever gained one, would turn his brain."* [See on back]

But that humorous observation was not seriously disturbed in him is shown by what he entered immediately after:

"End of April. At the dairy. The dog looks as if he were glad that he is a dog. The cows look at him with a melancholy expression, as though they were sorry they are cows, and have to be milked, and to show too much dignity to roll in the mulch as he does .... The dairymaid flings her feet about the dairy floor in walking, as if they were mops."

Anyhow, in May he enjoyed another visit to Cornwall. But in returning therefrom the day after his birthday in June he received a fresh buffet from circumstance in seeing at Exeter Station "Desperate Remedies" in Messrs Smith and Sons surplus catalogue for sale at 2s. 6d. the three volumes, and thought <u>The Spectator</u> had snuffed out the book, as it probably had done.

Although this was a serious matter for a beginner who had

X He remembered, for long years after, reading this review as he sat on a stile that led to the ewe-leaze he had to cross on his way home to Bockhampton. The bitterness of that moment remained with him, and at the time he wished that he were dead.

who had ventured on the novel £75 out of the £123 he possessed, one reason for the mitigation of his trouble may well have been that the powerfully not to say wildly melodramatic situations had been concocted in a style which was quite against his natural grain, through too crude an interpretation of Mr Meredith's advice, It was a sort of thing he had never contemplated writing, till, finding himself in a corner, it seemed necessary to attract public attention at all hazards. What Mr Meredith would have thought of the result of his teaching was not ascertained. Yet there was nothing in the book - admittedly an extremely clever novel - to call for such castigation, which, oddly enough, rather stultified itself by certain concessions on the nameless author's ability. Moreover he was surprised some time later by a letter from the reviewer, a stranger - whether dictated by pricks of conscience, an uneasy suspicion that he had mistaken his man, or otherwise, is unknown - showing some regret for his violence. Hardy replied to the letter - tardily and curtly enough at first it is true —but as it dawned upon him that the harm had been done him not through malice but honest wrongheadedness he ceased to harbour resentment, and became acquainted with his critic, The Spectator reviewing him later with much generosity.

During June and July he marked time, as it were, by doing some more Gothic drawings for Crickmay, though in no very grand spirits, if we may judge from a marginal mark with the date "July 1871" in his Shakespeare, opposite the passage in Macbeth,

on "The Poor Man and the Lady", that the country scenes in the latter were the best in the book, the "Tranter" of "The Poor Man and the Lady" being reintroduced.

The pages of this idyll - at first intended to be called but altered to "Under the Greenwood Tree" because titles from poetry were in fashion just then "The Mellstock Quire" - were dispatched to the Messrs Macmillan some time the same autumn, and in due course Hardy received from them a letter which, events having rendered him sensitive, he read to mean that the firm did not wish to have anything to do with his "Rural Painting of the Dutch School", although they said that "they felt strongly inclined to avail themselves of his offer of it."; hence he wrote to them to return the MS. This was an unfortunate misunderstanding. It was not till its acceptance and issue by another publishing-house the year after that he discovered they had never declined it, and indeed would have been quite willing to print it a little later on.

They had taken the trouble to enclose when writing about the tale the opinion of the "accomplished critic" to whom they had submitted it, the chief points of which may be quoted here:-

"The work in this story is extremely careful, natural, and delicate, and the writer deserves more than common credit for the pains which he has taken with his style, and with the harmony of his construction and treatment. It is a simple and uneventful sketch of a rural courtship, with a climax of real delicacy of idea....I don't ~~knew~~ prophecy a large market for it, because the work is so delicate as not to hit every taste by any ~~men~~ means. But it is good work, and would please people whose taste was not ruined by novels of exaggerated action or

On a visit to London e in the winter Hardy had made the personal acquaintance of Mr Stephen, the man whose philosophy was to influence his own for many years, indeed, more than that of any other contemporary, and received a welcome in his household, which was renewed from time to time, whereby he became acquainted with Mrs Stephen and her sister Miss Thackeray. He also made acquaintance with Mr G. Murray Smith the publisher and his family in April. At dinner there in May he met his skilful illustrator Miss Helen Patterson, and gave her a few points; Mr Frederick Greenwood; and Mrs Procter, wife and soon after widow of "Barry Cornwall" the poet. [See on back] The enormous acquaintance of ~~this lady~~ Mrs Procter with past celebrities was astonishing, and her humour in relating anecdotes of them charmed Hardy. She used to tell him that sometimes after avowing to Americans her ~~a~~ acquaintance with a long list of famous bygone people, she had been compelled to deny knowledge of certain others she had equally well-known, to re-establish her listener's wavering faith in her veracity.

Back again in Dorsetshire he continued his application to the story, and by July had written it all, the last few chapters having been done at a gallop, for a reason to be told directly. ~~In two minutes~~ In the middle of the month he resumed residence in London, where he hurriedly corrected the concluding pages and posted the end of the MS. to the editor early in August.

The next month Thomas Hardy and Miss Emma Lavinia Gifford were married (at St Peter's, Elgin Avenue, Paddington) by her Uncle Dr. E. Hamilton Gifford, (Canon of Worcester, and) afterwards Archdeacon of London, ~~a relation for whom the bride had a great affection~~; [see back] In the November following "Far from the Madding Crowd" was published in two volumes, with the illustrations by Miss Helen Patterson,

* She was an interesting and well-known woman, daughter of Basil Montagu, and grand-daughter of the fourth Earl of Sandwich by Miss Martha Ray, who was shot by a jealous lover in 1779.

† Dr Gifford himself had ~~the grandson~~ married as his second wife a sister of Sir Francis Jeune, afterwards Lord St Helier, & the family connection thus formed was a source of much social intercourse to the Hardys in after years.

who by an odd coincidence had also thought fit to marry during the progress of the story. It may be said in passing that the development of the chapters month by month had brought these lines from Mrs Procter:-

"You would be gratified to know what a shock the Marriage of Bathsheba was. I resembled Mr Boldwood - and to deceive such an old novel-reader as myself is a triumph. We are always looking out for traps, and scent a long way off a surprise.....

"I hear that you are coming to live in stony-hearted London. Our great fault is that we are all alike.... We press so closely against each other that any small shoots are cut off at once, and the young tree grows in shape like the old one."

When the book appeared complete the author and his wife, after a short visit to the Continent, - their first Continental days having been spent at Rouen - had temporarily gone to live at Surbiton, and remained there for a considerable time without nearly realizing the full extent of the interest that had been excited among the reading public by the novel, which unsophistication was only partially removed by their seeing with unusual frequency, during their journeys to and from London, ladies carrying about copies of it with Mudie's label on the covers. Its author's unawareness of the extent of its popularity may have been partly owing to the reviews which, in spite of a general approval, were for the most part leavened with minor belittlements in the manner beloved of so many Victorian critics, and possibly later ones, though there were a few generous exceptions.

¶Meanwhile Mr George Smith, head of the firm of Smith and Elder – a man of wide experience, who had brought Charlotte Brontë before the reading public, and who became a disinterested friend of Hardy's – suggested to him that he should if possible get back the copyright of "Under the Greenwood Tree" – which he had sold to Tinsley Brothers for £30. Tinsley at first replied that he would not return it for any sum: then that he would sell it for £300. Hardy offered half, which offer Tinsley did not respond to, and there the matter dropped.

Among the curious consequences of the popularity of "Far from the Madding Crowd" was a letter from the lady he had so admired as a child, when she was the grand dame of the parish in which he was born. He had seen her only once since – at her ~~house~~ town-house in Bruton Street as aforesaid. But it should be stated in justice to her that her writing was not merely a rekindled interest on account of ~~that~~ his book's popularity, for she had written to him in his obscurity, before he had published a line, asking him to come and see her, and addressing him as her dear Tommy, as when he was a ~~child~~ small boy, apologizing for doing so on the ground that she could not help it. She was now quite an elderly lady, but by signing her letter "Julia Augusta" she revived throbs of tender feeling in him, and brought back to his memory the thrilling "frou-frou" of her four grey silk flounces when she had used to bend over him, and when they brushed against the font as she entered church on Sundays. He replied, but, as it appears, did not go to see her. Thus though their eyes never met again after his call on her in London, nor their lips from the time when she had held him in her

arms, who can say that both occurrences might not have been in the order of things, if he had developed their reacquaintance, now that she was in her widowhood, with nothing to hinder her mind from rolling back upon her past.

Meanwhile the more tangible result of the demand for "Far from the Madding Crowd" was an immediate request from the editor and publishers of The Cornhill for another story, which should begin as early as possible in 1875.

This was the means of urging Hardy into the unfortunate course of hurrying forward a further production before he was aware of what there had been of value in his previous one: before learning, that is, not only what had attracted the public, but what was of true and genuine substance on which to build a career as a writer with a real literary message. For mere popularity he cared little, as he did for large payments; but having now to live by the pen—or, as he would quote, "to keep base life afoot"—he had to consider popularity. This request for more of his writing not only from The Cornhill but from other quarters, coincided with quizzing personal gossip, among other paragraphs being one that novelwriting was coming to a pretty pass, the author of "Lorna Doone" having avowed himself a market-gardener, and the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" having been discovered to be a house-decorator (!); also with cuckoo-cries on his limitations, which were really the irritation of dullards at his freshness. So, forgetting the wise counsel of Mr Macmillan's reader, to take no notice of "the fooleries of critics", the latter cry influenced him to put aside a woodland story he had thought of (which later took shape in "The Woodlanders"),

1876-78 | Aet. 36-37

They visited Rotterdam – "looking over-clean and new, with not enough shadow, and with houses nearly all out of the perpendicular"; then

CHAPTER VIII.

Holland, The Rhine, & Sturminster Newton.

1876-1878. Aet. 36-37.

From their lodgings in Yeovil they set out at the end of May for Holland and the Rhine – the first thing that struck them being that "the Dutch seemed like police perpetually keeping back an unruly crowd composed of waves." ~~them~~, the Hague, Scheveningen, Emmerich, and Cologne, where Hardy was disappointed by the machine-made Gothic of the Cathedral, and whence in a few days they went on "between the banks that bear the vine," to Bonn, Coblentz, Ehrenbreitstein, and Mainz, where they were impressed by a huge confirmation in the cathedral, which, by the way, was accompanied by ~~the same~~ a tune ~~as~~ like that of Keble's Evening Hymn. Heidelburg they loved, and looking one evening from the west from the top of the tower on the Königsstuhl, Hardy remarks on a singular optical effect that was almost tragic. Owing to mist the wide landscape itself was not visible, but "the Rhine glared like a riband of blood, as if it serpentined through the atmosphere above the earth's surface." Thence they went to Carlsruhe, where they attended a fair, and searched for a German lady Hardy had known in England, but were unable to find her. Baden and the Black Forest followed, and next they proceeded to Strasburg, where Mrs Hardy was laid up, (probably by excessive walking). A thick brown mysterious fluid which her husband obtained at an Italian apothecary's and could never

1876-78 | Aet. 36-37

~~afterwards identify, set her right in a day or two,~~ and then they turned back, ~~proceeding~~ travelling by way of ~~Brussel~~ Metz to Brussels. Here Hardy - maybe with his mind on "The Dynasts" - explored the field of Waterloo, and a day or two later spent some time in investigating the problem of the actual scene of the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, with no result that satisfied him, writing a letter while here to some London paper to that effect - a letter which has not been traced.

A short stay in Brussels was followed by their homeward course through Antwerp, where they halted awhile, and Harwich, having a miserable passage on a windy night in a small steamer with cattle on board.

In London they were much astonished and amused to see in large letters on the newspaper-posters that there had been riots at Antwerp; and they recalled that they had noticed a brass band parading the streets with about a dozen workmen walking quietly behind.

June (1876). Arriving at Yeovil again after another Waterloo-day visit to Chelsea, by Hardy, (where, in the private parlour of "The Turk's Head" over glasses of grog, the battle was ~~again~~ fought ~~over~~ yet again by the dwindling number of pensioners who had taken part in it) ~~Hardy's~~ his first consideration was the resumed question of a cottage, having ere this received hints from relatives that he and his wife "appeared to be wandering about like two tramps"; and also growing incommoded by an accumulation of luggage in packing cases, mostly books, for of other furniture they had as yet not a stick; till they went out one day to an auction

1876-78 | Aet. 36-37

and bought a door-scraper and a book-case, with which two articles they laid the foundation of household goods and effects.
⁂ [See on back]

A pretty cottage overlooking the Dorset Stour - called "Riverside Villa" - offered itself at Sturminster Newton, and this they took at Midsummer, hastily furnished it in part by going to Bristol and buying £100 worth of mid-Victorian furniture in two hours; entering on July 3. It was their first house and, though small, probably that in which they spent their happiest days. Several poems commemorate their term there of nearly two years. A memorandum dated just after their entry runs as follows:

"Rowed on the Stour in the evening, the sun setting up the river. Just afterwards a faint exhalation visible on surface of water as we stirred it with the oars. A fishy smell from the numerous eels and other fish beneath. Mowers salute us. Rowed among the water-lilies to gather them. Their long ropy stems.

"Passing the island drove out a flock of swallows from the bushes and sedge, which had gone there to roost. Gathered meadow-sweet. Rowed with difficulty through the weeds, the rushes on the border standing like palisades against the bright sky.... A Cloud in the sky like a huge quill-pen."

Another entry at this time:

"A story has been told me of a doctor at Maiden Newton, who attended a woman who could not pay him. He said he would take the dead baby in payment. He had it, and it was kept on his mantelpiece in a large glass jar in spirits, which stained the

※ June 25. The irritating necessity of conforming to rules which in themselves have no virtue.

"....26. If it be possible to compress into a sentence all that a man learns between 20 & 40, it is that all things merge in one another – good into evil, generosity into justice, religion into politics, the year into the ages, the world into the universe. With this in view the evolution of species seems but a minute process in the same movement."

(and obvious)

ever so much more. Gives cottagers a new set of tea-cups with handles for old ones without handles - an exchange which they are delighted to make"

"Country life at Sturminster. Vegetables pass from growing to boiling, fruit from the bushes to the pudding, without a moment's halt, and the gooseberries that were ripening on the twigs at noon are in the tart an hour later."

"July 13. The sudden disappointment of a hope leaves a scar which the ultimate fulfilment of that hope never entirely removes."

"July 27. James Bushrod of Broadmayne saw the two German soldiers [of the York Hussars] shot [for desertion] on Bincombe Down in 1801. It was in the path across the down, or near it. James Selby of the same village thinks there is a mark." [The tragedy was used in "The Melancholy Hussar", the real names of the deserters being given.]

"Sept. 25. Went to Shroton Fair. In a twopenny show saw a woman beheaded. In another a man whose hair grew on one side of his face. Coming back across Hambledon Hill (where the Club-Men assembled, temp. Cromwell) a fog came on. I nearly got lost in the dark inside the earthworks, the old hump-backed man I had parted from on the other side of the hill, who was going somewhere else before coming across the earth-works in my direction, being at the bottom as soon as I. A man might go round and round all night in such a place."

"Aug. 13. We hear that Jane, our late servant, is soon to have a baby. Yet never a sign ~~is there~~ of one is there for us."

"September 28.....An object or mark raised or made by man on a scene is worth ten times any such formed by unconscious Nature. Hence clouds, mists, and mountains are unimportant beside the wear on a threshold, or the print of a hand."

"Sep October 31. To Bath. Took lodgings for my father near the baths and Abbey. Met him at G.W.Station. Took him to the lodgings. To theatre in the evening. Stayed in Bath. Next day went with father to the baths, to begin the cure."

had the sadness of hearing of the death of Raphael Brandon, the literary architect whom he had been thrown with seven years earlier, at a critical stage in his own career. He also at this time

During this year 1877 Hardy entered into an interesting correspondence with Mrs Chatteris, daughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, upon some facts in the life of the latter. But his main occupation at Riverside Villa (or 'Rivercliff' as they sometimes called it) was writing "The Return of the Native" The only note he makes of its progress is that, on Nov. 8., parts 3, 4, and 5 of the story were posted to Messrs Chatto and Windus for publication in (of all places) "Belgravia" - a monthly magazine then running. Strangely enough, the rich alluvial district of Sturminster Newton in which the author was now living was not used by him at this time as a setting for the story he was constructing there, but the heath country twenty miles off. It may be mentioned here that the name "Eustacia" which he gave to his heroine was that of the wife of the owner of the manor of Ower Moigne in the reign of Henry IV, which parish includes part of the "Egdon" Heath of the story (vide Hutchins Dorset); and

On the same day he jots down:-

"Nov. 8. Mr and Mrs Dashwood came to tea. [a local solicitor & landowner] Mr Dashwood says that 'Clement', the name of the hero, was suggested by its being borne by one of his supposed ancestors, Clement le Hardy, of Jersey, whose family migrated from that isle to the west of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century

that poachers elevate a pan of brimstone on a stick under pheasants at roost, and so stupefy them that they fall.

"Sometimes the keepers make dummy pheasants and fix them in places where pheasants are known to roost: then watch by them. The poachers come; shoot and shoot again, when the keepers rush out.

"At a battue the other day lots of the birds ran into the keepers house for protection.

"Mr D. says that a poacher he defended at Quarter Sessions asked for time to pay the fine imposed, and they gave him till the next Justice-meeting. He said to Mr D., "I shall be able to get it out of 'em before then",- and in fact he had in a week poached enough birds from the Justices' preserves to pay the five pounds.

"Nov. 12. A flooded river after the incessant rains of yesterday. Lumps of froth float down like swans in front of our house. At the arches of the large stone bridge the froth has accumulated and lies like hillocks of salt against the bridge; then the arch chokes, and after a silence coughs out the air and froth, and gurgles on.

"End of November. This evening the west is like some vast foundry where new worlds are being cast.

"December 22. In the evening I went with Dr Leach the coroner to an inquest which was to be held at Stourton Caundell on the body of a boy. Arrived at the Trooper Inn after a lonely drive through dark and muddy lanes. Met at the door by the Superintendent of Police and a policeman in plain clothes. Also by Mr

Long, who had begun the post-mortem. We then went to the ~~cottage~~ cottage; a woman or two, and children, were sitting by the fire, who looked at us with a cowed expression. Upstairs the body of the boy lay on a box covered with a sheet. It was uncovered, and Mr Long went on with his autopsy I holding a candle, and the policeman another. ~~The body had been opened by a vertical and horizontal cut.~~ Found a clot in the heart, but no irritant poison in the stomach, as had been suspected. The inquest was then held at the inn.

"Dec. 26. In literature young men usually begin their careers by being judges, and as wisdom and old experience arrive they reach the dignity of standing as culprits at the bar before ~~the~~ new young bloods who have in their turn sprung up in the judgment-seat."

A correspondence with Baron Tauchnitz in reference to Continental editions of his books was one of the businesses of the year-end.

Despite the pleasure of this life at Sturminster Newton Hardy had decided that the practical side of his vocation of novelist demanded that he should have his head-quarters in or near London. The wisdom of his decision, considering the nature of his writing, he afterwards questioned. So in the first week of February he and Mrs Hardy went up to look for a house, and about the middle of the month he signed an agreement for a three-years lease of one at Upper Tooting, close to Wandsworth Common.

"February 4. To Weymouth and Portland. As to the ruined walls in the low part of Chesil, a woman says the house was washed down in the November gale of 1824. The owner never rebuilt it, but emigrated with his family. She says that in her house one person was drowned (they were all in bed except the fishermen) and next door two people. It was about four in the morning that the wave came."

"February 7. Father says that when there was a hanging at Dorchester in his boyhood it was carried out at one o'clock, it being the custom to wait till the mail-coach came in from London in case of a reprieve.

"He says that at Puddletown Church, at the time of the old west-gallery violin, oboe, and clarionet players, Tom Sherren (one of them) used to copy tunes during the sermon. So did my grandfather at Stinsford Church. Old Squibb the parish-clerk used also to stay up late at night helping my grandfather in his 'prick-noting', (as he called it.)

"He says that William, son ~~to~~ of Mr S---the Rector of ~~Woodsford and Tincleton~~ W———, became a miller at ~~Owre Moigne~~ O——— Mill, and married a German woman whom he met at Puddletown Fair playing her tambourine. When her husband ~~had~~ was gone to market she used to call in John Porter, who could play the fiddle, and lived near, and give him some gin, when she would beat the tambourine to his playing. She was a good-natured woman with blue eyes, brown hair, and a round face; rather slovenly. Her husband was a hot, hasty fellow, though you could hear by his speech that he was a

And Creed, and the cock crows and flaps his wings against the Ten Commandments. It reminded me that I had seen these same Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer,

better educated man than ordinary millers.

¶ "G.R.---(who is a humorist) showed me his fowl-house, which was built of old church-materials bought at Wellspring the builder's sale. R's chickens roost under the gilt-lettered Lord's Prayer, and Creed, before, forming the sides of the stone-mason's shed in that same builder's yard, and that he had remarked ~~that~~ casually that they did not prevent the workmen 'cussing ~~cursing~~ and damning' ~~swearing~~ the same as ever. It also reminded me of seeing the old font of —— Church, Dorchester, in a garden, used as a flower-vase, the initials of ancient godparents and Churchwardens still legible upon it. A comic business - church restoration.

"A villager says of the parson, who has been asked to pray for a sick person: 'His prayers wouldn't save a mouse.'

"February 12. Sketched the English Channel from Mayne Down.

* [See back.]

"February 15. Returned to London.

"April 5. Mary writes to tell me that 'there is a very queer quire at Steepleton Church. It consists only of a shoemaker who plays the bass-viol, and his mother who sings the air'

"June 9. To the International Literary Congress at the rooms of the Society of Arts. Met M. de Lesseps. A few days afterwards to the Soiree Musicale at the Hanover Square Club, to meet members of the Literary Congress and the Comédie Française: A large gathering. The whole thing a free-and-easy mix-up. I was a total stranger, and wondered why I was there: many others were total strangers to everybody else; sometimes two or three of these total strangers would fraternize from very despair. A little old Frenchman, however, who bustled about in a skull cap and frilled shirt, seemed to know everybody."

"June 21. With E. to Bosworth Smith's, Harrow, (for the week-end)

* "I am told that when Jack Ketch had done whipping by the Town Pump [Dorchester] the prisoners' coats were thrown over their bleeding backs, and, guarded by the town constables with their long staves, they were conducted back to prison. Close at their heels came J.K., the cats held erect – there was one cat to each man – the lashes were of knotted whipcord.

"Also that in a village near Yeovil about 100 years ago, there lived a dumb woman, well known to my informant's mother. One day the woman suddenly spoke and said:–

'A cold winter, a forward spring,
A bloody summer, a dead King;'

She then dropped dead. The French Revolution followed immediately after."

like hawks....It creeps into the house, the window-plants being covered as if out-of-doors. Our passage (downstairs) is sole-deep, Em says, and feet leave tracks on it".

(Same month.) "Style - Consider the Wordsworthian dictum (the more perfectly the natural object is reproduced, the more truly poetic the picture). This reproduction is achieved by seeing into the heart of a thing (as rain, wind, for instance,) and is realism, in fact, though through being pursued by means of the imagination it is confounded with invention, which is pursued by the same means. It is, in short, reached by what M. Arnold calls "the imaginative reason." (I can by this time see all round his knowledge of my illness.

"January 30. Sunday. Dr S. called as usual. He showed a lost manner on entering, as if among his many cases he had forgotten all about my case and me, which has to be revived in his mind by looking hard at me, when it all comes back.

"He told us of having been called in to an accident which, do the ± best he possibly could, would only end in discredit to him. A lady had fallen down, and so badly broken her wrist that it must always be deformed even after the most careful treatment. But, seeing the result, she would give him a bad name for want of skill in setting it. These cases often occur in a surgeon's practice, he says.

"Jan. 31. Incidents of lying in bed for months. Skin gets fair: corns take their leave: feet and toes grow shapely as those of a Greek statue. Keys get rusty; watch dim, boots mildewed; hat and clothes old-fashioned; umbrella eaten out with rust; children seen through the window are grown taller." ⊗ [see on back]

¶ "Feb. 7. Carlyle died last Saturday. Both he & George Eliot have vanished into nescience while I have been lying here."

Thus ended 1881 - with a much brighter atmosphere for the author and his wife then the opening had shown.

"January 26. Coleridge says, aim at illusion in audience or readers - i.e., the mental state when dreaming, intermediate between complete delusion (which the French mistakenly aim at) and a clear perception of folsity."

CHAPTER XII.

Wimborne and the Astronomical Romance.

1882-1883. Aet. 41 - 43.

"February 4th. and 11th. Shakespeare readings at ------'s, 'The Tempest' being the play chosen. The host was omnivorous of parts - absorbing other people's beside his own, and was greedily vexed when I read a line of his part by mistake. When I praised his reading he tells me meditatively, 'Oh, yes; I've given it a deal of study - thrown myself into the life of the character, you know; thought of what my supposed parents were, and my early life.' The firelight shone out as the day diminished, the young girl N.P. crouching on a footstool, the wealthy Mrs B. impassive and grand in her unintelligence, like a Carthaginian statue.....The General reads with gingerly caution, telling me privately that he blurted out one of Shakespeare's improprieties last time before he was aware, and is in fear and

trembling lest he may do it again."

In this month's entries occurs another note which appears to be related to the philosophic scheme afterwards adopted as a framework for "The Dynasts":-

"February 16. Write a history of human automatism, or impulsion - viz., an account of human action in spite of human knowledge, showing how very far conduct lags behind the knowledge that should really guide it."

A dramatization of "Far from the Madding Crowd", prepared by Mr J. Comyns Carr some months earlier, was produced during March at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and Hardy and his wife took the trouble to make a trip to Liverpool to be present. The play, with Miss Marion Terry as the heroine, was not sufficiently near the novel to be to Hardy's liking, but it was well received, and was staged in London at the Globe Theatre in April, where it ran for many nights, but brought Hardy no profit, nor the adapter, as he was informed. During his stay in London he attended, on April 26, the funeral of Darwin in Westminster Abbey. As a young man he had been among the earliest acclaimers of "The Origin of Species."

"June 3rd....As, in looking at a carpet, by following one colour a certain pattern is suggested, by following another colour, another; so in life the seer should watch that pattern among general things which his idiosyncrasy moves him to observe, and describe that alone. This is, quite accurately, a going to Nature; yet the result is no mere photograph, but purely the product of the writer's own mind."

"June 18th..M.F., son of Parson F. was well-known by sight to my mother in her childhood. He had taken his degree and had

"May 13. The slow meditative lives of people who live in habitual solitude.... Solitude renders every trivial act of a solitary full of interest, as showing thoughts that cannot be expressed for want of an interlocutor.

"Houghton, seeing Browning about to introduce me to Rhoda Broughton, hastened forward before Browning, and emphatically introduced us with the manner of a man who means to see things properly done in his own house; then walked round, pleased with himself as the company dropped in; like one who, having set a machinery in motion, has now only to wait and observe how it goes."

"June 24th. Sunday. Went in the afternoon to see Mrs Procter at Albert Hall Mansions. Found Browning present. He told me that Mrs ----, whom he and I had met at Lord Houghton's, had made £200,000 by publishing pirated works of authors who had made comparatively nothing. Presently Lady Duff-Gordon and another lady arrived - the former emphatically in the family way. Presently Mrs Sutherland Orr and Mrs Frank Hill (Daily News) came in. Also two Jewesses - the Misses Lazarus - from America. Browning tried the elder with Hebrew, and she appeared to understand so well that he said he perceived she knew the tongue better than he. When these had gone George Smith [the publisher] called. He and Mrs Procter declared that there was something tender between Mrs Orr and Browning. 'Why don't they settle it!' said Mrs P.

"In the evening went to the Irving dinner. Sir Frederick Pollock, who took the chair, and made a speech, said that the departure of Irving for America would be a loss that would eclipse the gaiety of nations (!) Irving in his reply said that in the 27 years he had been on the stage he had enacted 650 different characters.

"June 25th. Dined at the Savile with Gosse. Met W.D. Howells

Slit 127

success, He felt it could meet with none, and yet went on with his search. At dinner at the Grand Hôtel de Milan that evening, where the Hardys had put up, they became friendly with a young Scotch officer of Foot returning from India, and Hardy told him about Lodi, and how he could not get the old tune.

Add. 5.8 J.H.

"The Bridge of Lodi?" said the Scotchman (apparently a sort of Farfrae). "Ay, but I've never heard of it!"

"But you've heard of the battle, anyhow?", says the astonished Hardy.

"Nay, and I never have whatever!" says the young soldier.

Hardy then proceeded to describe the conflict, and by degrees his companion rose to an enthusiasm for Lodi greater than Hardy's own. When the latter said he would like to go and see the spot his friend cried "And I'll go too!".

The next morning they started, ~~leaving Mrs Hardy at the hotel~~, and passing through levels of fat meads and blooming fruit-trees reached the little town of their quest, and more especially the historic bridge itself - much changed, but at any rate sufficiently well denoting the scene of Napoleon's exploit in the earlier and better days of his career. Over the quiet flowing of the Adda the two re-enacted the fight, and the "Little Corporal's" dramatic victory over the Austrians.

The pleasant jingle in "Wessex Poems" named after the bridge, and written some time after the excursion to the scene, fully enough describes the visit, but the young Scotch lieutenant from India is not mentioned, though his zest by this time had grown more than equal to Hardy's, - the latter's becoming somewhat damped at finding that the most persevering inquiries at Lodi

great eyes in a corner of the rooms, as if washed up by the surging crowd. (The most beautiful woman present.) ... But these women! If put into rough wrappers in a turnip-field, where would their beauty be?

"At lunch at Mary Jeune's next day I found she had a cough and feverish flush, though she was as bright as ever. She told me that at the end of her reception it seemed as if she had a red-hot ball in her throat."

He observes later in respect of such scenes as these: "Society, collectively, has neither seen what any ordinary person can see, read what every ordinary person has read, nor thought what every ordinary person has thought."

"March - April:-

"Altruism, or The Golden Rule, or whatever 'Love your Neighbour as Yourself' may be called, will ultimately be brought about I think by the pain we see in others reacting on ourselves, as if we and they were a part of one body. Mankind, in fact, may be (and possibly will be) viewed as members of one corporeal frame.

"Tories will often do by way of ~~impulsive~~ exception to their ~~supposed~~ principles more extreme acts of democratism or broad-mindedness than Radicals ~~will~~ do by ~~way of~~ rule - such as help on promising plebeians, tolerate wild beliefs, etc.

"Art consists in so depicting the common events of life as to bring out the features which illustrate the author's idiosyncratic mode of regard; making old incidents and things seem as new.

"Easter. Sir George Douglas came. Went to Barnes's grave with him; next day to Portland. Lunched at the Mermaid. Next day Mrs Algernon Sheridan, the Misses Fotherstonhaugh, Mr R.D.Thornton, &c., came to lunch. Douglas left.

"In an article on Ibsen in the Fortnightly the writer says that his manner is wrong. That the drama, like the novel, should not be for edification. In this I think the writer errs. It should be so, but the edified should not perceive the edification. Ibsen's edifying is too obvious."

"April 26. - View the Prime Cause or Invariable Antecedent as 'It' and recount Its doings." [This was done in "The Dynasts"]

In May the Hardys were again resident in London, and went their customary round of picture-viewing, luncheons, calls, dinners, and receptions. At the Academy he reminds himself of old Academy exhibitions, e.g., the years in which there was a rail round Frith's pictures, and of the curious ~~crowd~~- effect upon an observer of the fashionable crowd - seeming like people moving about under enchantment, or as somnambulists. At an evening service at St. George's Hanover Square, "everything looks the Modern World: the electric light and old theology seem strange companions; and the sermon was as if addressed to native tribes of primitive simplicity, and not to the Nineteenth-Century English." Coming out of church he went into the Criterion for supper, where, first going to the second floor, he stumbled into a room whence proceeded "low laughter and murmurs, the light of lamps with pink shades; where the men were all in

evening clothes, ringed and studded, and the women much uncovered in the neck and heavily jewelled, their glazed and lamp-blacked eyes wandering." He descended and had his supper in the grill-room.

"May 9. MS. of 'A Group of Noble Dames' sent to The Graphic as promised."

"In the streets I see patient hundreds, labouring on, and boxes on wheels packed with men and women. There are charcoal trees in the squares. A man says: 'When one is half-drunk London seems a wonderfully enjoyable place, with its lamps and cabs moving like fire-flies.' Yes, man has done more with his materials than God has done with his."

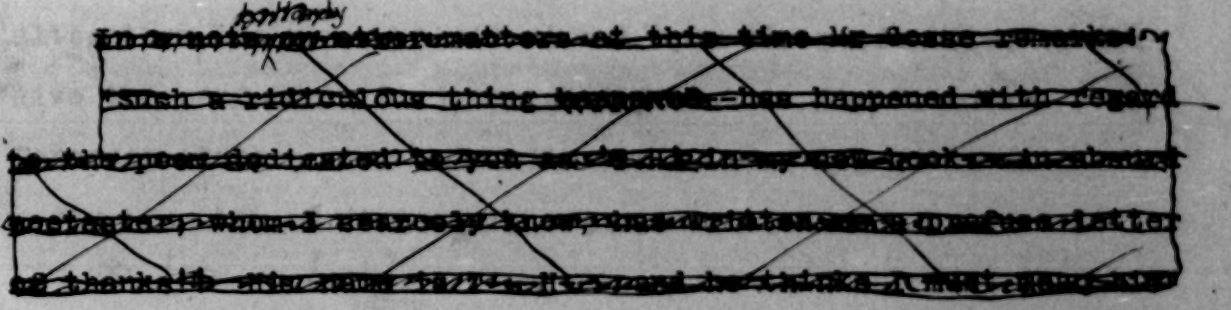
"A physician cannot cure a disease, but he can change its mode of expression."

"May 15. Coming home from seeing Irving in "The Bells". Between 11 & 12. The At Mr Gosse's this month they met Miss Balestier - an attractive and thoughtful young woman on her first visit to England from America, who remarked to him that it was so reposeful over here; "In America you feel at night, 'I must be quick and sleep; there is not much time to give to it'. She afterwards became Mrs Rudyard Kipling. About the same date Hardy also met - it is probable for the first time - Mr Kipling himself. "He talked about the East, and he well said that the East is the world, both in numbers and in experiences. It has passed through our present bustling stages, and has become quiescent. He told curious details of Indian life."

Hardy
~~He~~ remarks that June 2. is his fiftieth birthday: and

4,000,000 suggest their existence now, when one sees the brilliancy about Piccadilly Circus at this hour, & notices the kiln-dried features around."

during the month went frequently to the Savile Club, sometimes dining there with acquaintances, among others J.H.Middleton the friend of William Morris. Hardy used to find fault with Middleton as having no sense of life as such; as one who would talk, for instance, about bishops' copes and mitres with an earnest, serious, anxious manner, as if there were no cakes and ale in the world, or laughter and tears, or human misery beyond tears. His sense of art had caused him to lose all sense of relativity, and of art's subsidiary relation to existence.



This season also Hardy seems to have had a humour for going the round of the music-halls, and pronounces upon the beauties "whose lustrous eyes and pearly countenances show that they owe their attractions to art", that they are seldom well-formed physically; notes the "round-hatted young men gaping at the stage, with receding chins and rudimentary mouths;" and comments upon the odd fact that though there were so many obvious drunkards around him, the character on the stage which always gave the most delight was that of a drunkard imitated. At Bizet's opera of "Carmen" he was struck, as he had been struck before, with the manner in which people conducted themselves on the operatic stage; that of being "possessed, maudlin,

distraught, as if they lived on a planet whose atmosphere was intoxicating." At a ballet at the ~~Empire~~ Alhambra, he noticed "the air of docile obedience on the faces of some of the dancing women, a passive resignation like that of a plodding horse, as if long accustomed to correction. Also marks of fatigue. The morality of actresses, dancers, &c., cannot be judged by the same standard as that of people who lead slower lives. Living in a throbbing atmosphere they are perforce throbbed by it in spite of themselves. We should either put down these places altogether because of their effect upon the performers, or forgive the performers as irresponsibles ..... The Premiere Danseuse strokes each calf with the sole of her other foot like a fly - on her mouth hanging a perpetual smile."

※ [see on back]

In the same month he met Mr (afterwards Sir) H.M.Stanley the explorer at a dinner given by the publishers of his travels. Hardy does not seem to have been much attracted by his personality. He observed that Stanley was shorter than himself, "with a disdainful curve on his mouth and look in his eye which would soon become resentment". He made a speech in ~~somewhat bad~~ the worst taste, in Hardy's opinion, being to the effect that everybody who had had to do with producing his book were, rightly, delighted with the honour. At the same dinner Hardy talked to du Chaillu (who had also spoken a few words). Hardy asked him: "Why ~~don't~~ didn't you claim more credit for finding those dwarfs?" The good-natured Du Chaillu said with a twinkle: "Noh, noh! It is his dinner." ⊕ [see on back]

⁂ "June 23. Called on Arthur Locker [editor] at The Graphic office in answer to his letter. He says he does not object to the stories [A Group of Noble Dames] but the Directors do. Here's a pretty job! Must smooth down these Directors somehow I suppose."

⊕ Hardy also made the acquaintance of the Bishop of Ripon at that dinner, from what he says: "He [the Bishop] has a nice face — a sort of ingenuous archness in it — as if he would be quite willing to let supernaturalism down easy, if he could."

At the police courts, just at this time where he occasionally spent half an hour, being still compelled to get novel-padding, he noticed that "the public" appeared to be mostly represented by grimy gentlemen who had had previous experience of the courts from a position in the dock: that there were people sitting round an anteroom ~~at the~~ of the courts as if waiting for the doctor; that the character of the witness usually deteriorated ± under cross-examination; and that the magistrate (in spectacles) as a rule endeavoured to ~~present~~ flash out a strictly just manner combined with as much generosity as justice would allow.

On the last day of the month he wound up his series of visits to London entertainments and law-offices with the remark, "Am getting tired of investigating life at music-halls and police-courts." About the same time he lost his friend Lord Carnarvon, who had written with prophetic insight when proposing him for the Athenaeum that it would have been better if his proposer had been a younger man. Before leaving London he met Miss Ada Rehan, for whom he had a great liking, and, in some of her parts, admiration, that of the Shrew being of course one of them. He says of her: "A kindly natured, winning woman with really a heart. Em is quite in love with her, I fear she is wearing herself out with too hard work." Two days later they were present at the Lyceum to see her as "Rosalind" in "As you like it". She was not so real ~~and massive~~ - indeed could not be - in the character as in the Shrew. Before starting Hardy wrote: "Am going with E. to see Rosalind, after not seeing her for more than twenty years. This time she is composed of Ada

X "June 23. Called on Arthur Locker [editor] at The Graphic office in answer to his letter. He says he does not object to the stories [A Group of Noble Dames] but the Directors do. Here's a pretty job! Must smooth down these Directors somehow I suppose."

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"August 5. - Reflections on Art. Art is a changing of the actual proportions and order of things, so as to bring out more forcibly than might otherwise be done that feature in them which appeals most strongly to the idiosyncrasy of the artist. The changing, or distortion, may be of two kinds: (1) The kind which increases the sense of vraisemblance: (2) That which diminishes it. (1) is high art: (2) is low art.

"High art may choose to depict evil as well as good, without losing its quality. Its choice of evil, however, must be limited by the sense of worthiness." A continuation of the same note was made a little later, and can be given here:-

"Art is a disproportioning - (i.e., distorting, throwing out of proportion) - of realities, to show more clearly the features that matter in those realities, which, if merely copied or reported inventorially, might possibly be observed, but would more probably be overlooked. Hence 'realism' is not Art.

"August 8 to 17. With E. to Weymouth and back. Alfred Parsons, [R.A]., came. Went to see some Sir Joshuas and Pinturicchios belonging to Pearce-Edgcumbe. Then drove to Weymouth over Ridgway Hill with Parsons. Lunch at the Royal". This was the Old Royal Hotel, now pulled down, where George III and his daughters had used to dance at the town assemblies, a red cord dividing the royal dancers from the townspeople. The sockets for the standards bearing the cord were still visible in the floor while the building was standing.

Later in this month of August Hardy started with his brother

for Paris by way of Southampton and Havre, leaving the former port at night, when "the Jersey boat and ours were almost overwhelmed by the enormous bulk of the 'Magdalena' (Brazil and River Plate.) - the white figure of her at the ship's head stretching into the blue-black sky above us." The journey was undertaken by Hardy solely on his brother's account, and they merely went the usual round of sight-seeing. As was the case with Hardy almost always, a strangely bizarre effect was noticed by him at the Moulin Rouge - in those days a very popular place of entertainment. As everybody knows, or knew, it was close to the cemetery of Montmartre, being, it seems, only divided therefrom by a wall and erection or two, and as he stood somewhere in the building looking down at the young women dancing the cancan, and grimacing at the men, it appears that he could see through some back windows over their heads to the last resting-place of so many of similar gay Parisians silent under the moonlight, and, as he notes, to near the grave of Heinrich Heine.

Coming back towards Havre he sees "A Cleopatra in the railway carriage. Her French husband sits opposite, and seems to study her; to keep wondering why he married her; and why she married him. She is a good-natured amative creature by her voice, and her heavy moist lips."

The Autumn was passed in the country, visiting and entertaining neighbours, and attending garden-parties. In September to their great grief their watch-dog "Moss" died - an affectionate retriever whose grave can still be seen at Max Gate.

In the latter part of this year, having finished adapting "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" for the serial issue, he seems to

have dipped into a good many books - mostly the satirists: including Horace, Martial, Lucian, "the Voltaire of Paganism," Voltaire himself, Cervantes, Le Sage, Moliere, Dryden, Fielding, Smollett, Swift, Byron, Heine, Carlyle, Thackeray, Satires and Profanities by James Thomson, and Weismann's Essays on Heredity.

In December, staying in London, Hardy chanced to find himself in political circles for a time, though he never sought them. At one house he was a fellow-guest with Mr Goschen (afterwards Lord), then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the "I forgot Goschen" story was still going about. At another house just afterwards he chanced to converse with the then Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill's mother; "She is a nice warm-feeling woman, and expressed her grief at what had happened to her son, though her hostess had told her flatly it was his own doing. She deplores that young men like —— should stand in the fore-front of the Tory party, and her son should be nowhere. She says he has learnt by bitter experience, and would take any subordinate position ~~position~~ the Government might offer him. Poor woman - I was sorry for her, as she really suffers about it. Parnell, however, was the main thing talked about, and not Randolph." ※ [see on back]

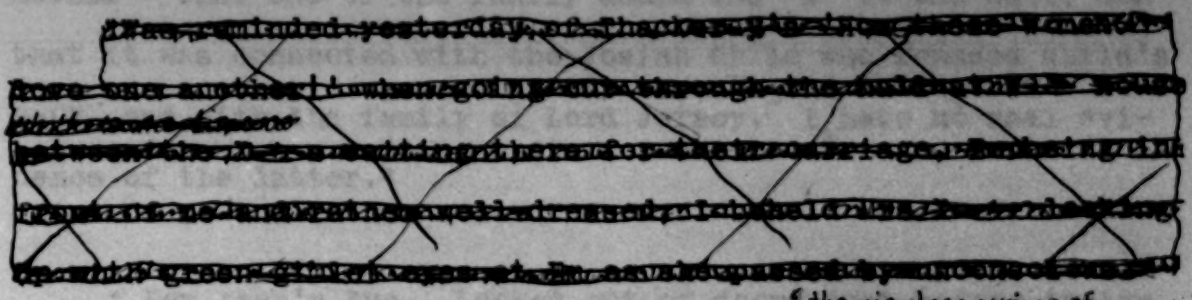
"Dec. 18. Mr E.Clodd this morning gives an excellently neat answer to my question why the superstitions of a remote Asiatic and a Dorset labourer are the same:- 'The attitude of man', he says, 'at corresponding levels of culture, before like phenomena, is pretty much the same, your Dorset peasants representing the persistence of the barbaric idea which confuses

※ ¶ "Dec. 4. I am more than ever convinced that persons are successively various persons, according as each special strand in their characters is brought uppermost by circumstances."

"Dec. 8. onwards. Lodging at the Jeunes. Lord Rowton, who is great on lodging-houses, says I am her 'dosser.'"

persons and things; and founds wide generalizations on the slenderest analogies.'

" (This 'barbaric idea which confuses persons and things' is, by the way, also common to the highest imaginative genius - that of the poet)"



"Christmas Day. --- While thinking of resuming the viewless wings of poesy' before dawn this morning, new horizons seemed to open, and worrying pettinesses to disappear.

"Heard today an old country tradition; that if a woman goes off her own premises before being churched, -e.g., crosses a road that forms the boundary of her residence - she may be made to do penance, or be excommunicated. I cannot explain this, but it reminds me of what old Mr Hibbs of Bere Regis told me lately; that a native of that place, now ninety, says he remembers a young woman doing penance in Bere Church for singing scandalous songs about 'a great lady.' The girl stood in a white sheet while she went through 'the service of penance', whatever that was." [See on back]

Next day they lunched with a remote cousin on the maternal side of Hardy's - Dr Christopher Childs, of Weymouth - to meet his brother and sister-in-law Mr and Mrs Borlase Childs on a visit from Cornwall, and heard from Borlase Childs (whose grandfather had married into the Borlase family) some traditions of his and Hardy's common

⊕ ¶ "Also heard another curious story. Mil [Amelia] [redacted] C—— had an illegitimate child by the parish doctor. She christened him all the doctor's names, which happened to be a mouthful — Frederick Washington Ingen — and always called him by the three names complete. Moreover the doctor had a squint, and to identify him still more fully as the father she hung a bobbin from the baby's cap between his eyes, and so trained him to squint likewise!"

ancestors, on which Hardy remarks : "The Christopher Childs, brother of my ~~grandfather~~ great-grandmother, who left Dorset, was a Jacobite, which accounted for the fall in their fortunes. There is also a tradition - that I had heard before from my mother - that one of the family added the "s" to the name, and that it was connected with the Josiah Child who founded Child's Bank, and with the family of Lord Jersey. I doubt the first statement, and have no real evidence of the latter."

" New Year's Eve. Looked out of doors just before twelve, and was confronted by the toneless white of the snow spread in front, against which stood the row of pines breathing out: ''Tis no better with us than with the rest of creation, you see!' I could not hear the church bells."

1891 | Aet. 50-51

CHAPTER XIX.

The novel "Tess" restored and published.

1891. Aet. 50 -51.

At the beginning of January he was at home arranging "A Group of Noble Dames" for publication in a volume. He was also in London a part of the month, where he saw "what is called sunshine up here - a red-hot bullet hanging in a livid atmosphere - reflected from window-panes in the form of bleared copper eyes, and inflaming the sheets of plate-glass with smears of gory light. A drab snow mingled itself with liquid horsedung, and in the river puddings of ice moved slowly on. The steamers were moored, with snow on their gangways. A captain, in sad solitude, smoked his pipe against the bulk-head of the cabin stairs. The lack of traffic made the water like a stream through a deserted metropolis. In the City George Peabody sat comfortably in his easy chair, with snow on the folds of his ample waistcoat, the top of his bare head, and shoulders, and knees."

After seeing Irving at the Lyceum, and admiring the staging :- "But, after all, scenic perfection such as this only banishes one plane further back the jarring point between illusion and disillusion. You must have it somewhere, (and begin calling in 'make believe' forthwith,) and it may as well be soon as late - immediate as postponed - and no elaborate scenery be attempted.

"I don't care about the fashionable first night at ~~the~~ a play: it is so insincere, meretricious; the ~~stageiness~~ stageiness behind the footlights seems to flow over upon the audience."

On the ~~21~~ Sunday following a number of people dined at the house where Hardy was staying. "~~The Marchioness of Headfort looked well in crimson red.~~ Presently Ellen Terry arrived - diaphanous - a sort of balsam or sea-anemone, without shadow. Also Irving, Sir Henry Thompson, Evelyn Ashley, Lady Dorothy [Nevill], Justin Mc Carthy, and many others. Ellen Terry was like a machine in which, if you press a spring, all the works fly open. E.Ashley's laugh is like a clap, or report; it was so loud that it woke the children asleep on the third floor. Lady Dorothy said she collected death's-heads - (what did she mean?). Ashley told me about his electioneering experiences. The spectacle of another guest - a Judge of the Supreme Court - telling ~~stories~~ broad stories with a broad laugh in a broad accent, after the ladies had gone, reminded one of Baron Nicholson of 'Judge-and-Jury' fame. 'Tom' Hughes and Miss Hughes came in after dinner. Miss Hilda Gorst said that at dinner we made such a noise at our end of the table that at her end they wondered what we had to amuse us so much. (That's how it always seems.) ...A great crush of people afterwards, till at one o'clock they dwindled away, leaving nothing but us, blank, on the wide polished floor."

At the end of the month he and his wife were at a ball at Mrs Sheridan's at Frampton Court, Dorset, where he saw a friend

of his "waltzing round with a face of ambition, not of slightest pleasure, as if he were saying to himself 'this has to be done'. We are all inveterate joy-makers: some do it more successfully than others; and the actual fabrication is hardly pleasure."

"Feb 10. [see on back] ※

On the 21st. Hardy notes that Mrs Hardy rode on horse-back for what turned out to be the last time in her life. (happily) It was to Mrs Sheridan's at Frampton, & a train crossed a bridge overhead, causing the mare to rear; but not throwing the rider. (Very few horses could.)

In March they were again in London, ~~and attended a party at Mrs Jeune's to meet the Prince and Princess Christian and their two daughters, but do not seem to have done anything beyond this.~~ A deep snow came on shortly after, but they had got home. It was in ~~drei~~ drifts:-

"Sculptured, scooped, gouged, pared, trowelled, moulded, by the wind. Em. says it is architectural.... A person aged 50 is an old man in winter and a young man in summer.....Was told by J.A. of a poor young fellow who is dying of consumption, so that he has to sit up in the night, and to get up because he cannot sleep. Yet he described to my informant that one night he had such a funny dream of pigs knocking down a thatcher's ladder that he lay awake laughing uncontrollably."

In the same month Hardy erected what he called "The Druid Stone" on the lawn at Max Gate. This was a large block they discovered about three feet underground in the garden, and the labour of getting it from the hole where it had lain for perhaps two thousand years was a heavy one even for seven men with levers and other appliances.- "It was a primitive problem in mechanics, and the scene was such a one as may have occurred in building

X: 'Newman v Carlyle.' The former's was a feminine nature, which first decides and then finds reasons for having decided. He was an enthusiast with the absurd reputation of a logician and reasoner. Carlyle was a poet with the reputation of a philosopher. Neither was truly a thinker."

[return to preceding page]

the Tower of Babel." Round the stone, which had been lying flat, they had found a quantity of ashes and half charred bones.

Though Hardy was at this time putting the finishing touches to "Tess" he was thinking of "A Birds'-Eye View of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century ... It may be called 'A Drama of the Times of the First Napoleon'. " He does not appear to have done more than think of it at this date.

In April he was at a morning performance at the old Olympic Theatre of that once popular play "The Stranger" by Kotzebue; and he "thought of the eyes and ears that had followed the acting first and last, including Thackeray's". Miss Winifred Emery was Mrs Haller on this occasion. During his time in London he notes the difference between English and French stage-dancing; ~~this French~~ "The English girls dance as if they had learned dancing; the French as if dancing had produced them." He also while in Town dined at the Lushingtons ("and looked at the portrait of Lushington's father, who had known Lady Byron's secret,") and ~~and~~ He went to hear Spurgeon preach, for the first and last time. As Spurgeon ~~as~~ died soon after he was glad he had gone, the preacher having been a great force in his day, though it had been spent for many years. He witnessed the performance of "Hedda Gabler" at the Vaudeville, on which he remarks that it seems to him that the rule for staging ~~scenery~~ nowadays should be to have no scene which would not be physically possible in the time of acting. [An idea carried out years after in "The Queen of Cornwall."]

The Hardys were now as usual looking for a place in which to spend three or four months in London. Much as they disliked handling other people's furniture, taking on their breakages, cracks, and stains, and paying for them at the end of the season

as if they had made them themselves, there was no help for it in their inability to afford a London house or flat all the year round. "The dirty house-fronts, leaning gate-piers, rusty gates, broken bells, Doré monstrosities of womankind who showed us the rooms, left Em nearly fainting, and at one place she could not stay for the drawing-room floor to be exhibited." They found a flat at last in Mandeville Place, just about the time that Hardy learnt of his being elected to the Athenaeum Club by the Committee under Rule 2.

"April 28. Talking to Kipling today at the Savile he said that he once ~~took~~ as an experiment took the ideas of some mature writer or speaker (on Indian politics, I think,) and translating them into his own language used them as his. They were pronounced to be the crude ideas of an immature boy."

The Royal Academy this year struck Hardy as containing some good colouring but no creative power, and that as visitors went by names only, the new geniuses, even if there were any, were ~~the most~~ likely to be overlooked. He recalled in respect of the fair spring and summer landscapes that "They were not pictures of <u>this</u> spring and summer, although they seem to be so. All this green grass and fresh leafage perished yesterday; after withering and falling it is gone like a dream."

In the Gallery of the English Art Club:- "If I were a painter I would paint a picture of a room as viewed by a mouse from a chink under the skirting."

Hardy's friend Dr (afterwards Sir) Joshua Fitch took him

over Whitelands Training College for schoolmistresses, where it was the custom in those days, and may be now, to choose a May Queen every year, a custom originated by Ruskin. Hardy did not, however, make any observation on this, but merely: "A community of women, especially young women, inspires not reverence but protective tenderness in the breast of one who views them. Their belief in circumstances, in convention, in the rightness of things which you know to be not only wrong but damnably wrong, makes the heart ache, even when they are waspish and hard.....You feel how entirely ~~[illegible]~~ the difference of their ideas from yours is of the nature of misunderstanding .... There is much that is pathetic about these girls, and I wouldn't have missed the visit for anything. How far nobler in its aspirations is the life here than the life of those I met at the crush two nights back!"

Piccadilly at night. - "A girl held a long-stemmed narcissus to my nose as we went by each other. At the Circus, among all the wily crew of harlots, there was a little innocent family standing waiting, I suppose for an omnibus. How pure they looked! A man on a stretcher, with a bloody bandage round his head, was wheeled past by two policemen, stragglers following. Such is Piccadilly."

He used to see Piccadilly under other aspects however, for the next day, Sunday, he attended the service at St James's - as he did off and on for many years - because it was the church his mother had been accustomed to go to when as a young woman she was living for some months in London. "The preacher said

that only five per cent of the inhabitants entered a church, according to the Bishop of London. On coming out there was a drizzle across the electric lights, and the paper-boys were shouting, not, 'Go to church!' but, 'Wee-naw of the French Oaks!' "

Next day - wet - at the British Museum: "Crowds parading and gaily traipsing round the mummies, thinking to-day is for ever, and the girls casting sly glances at young men across the swathed dust of Myecerinus [?]. They pass with flippant comments the illuminated MSS. - the labours of years - and stand under Ramesis the Great, joking. Democratic government may be justice to man, but it will probably merge in proletarian, and when these people are our masters it will lead to more of this contempt, and possibly be the utter ruin of art and literature!.....Looking, when I came out, at the Oxford Music Hall, an hour before the time of opening, there was already a queue."

"May 3. Sunday. Em & I lunch at the Jeunes to see the house X. [see back]

During this month of May he was much impressed by a visit paid with his friend Dr (later Sir) T.Clifford Allbutt, then a commissioner in Lunacy, to a large private lunatic asylum, where he had intended to stay only a quarter of an hour, but became so interested in the pathos of the cases that he remained the greater part of the day. He talked to "the gentleman who was staying there of his own will, to expose the devices of the Commissioners; to the old man who offers snuff to everybody; to the scholar of high literary aims, as sane in his conversation as any of us; to the artist whose great trouble was that he could not hear the birds sing; 'which as you will see, Mr Hardy, is hard on a man of my temperament;' and, on the women's side,

X. they have just moved into — 79 Harley St. Sun came in hot upon us through back windows, the blinds not being yet up. Frederic Harrison called afterwards. He is leaving London to live in the country."

listened to their stories of their seduction; to the Jewess who sang to us; to the young woman who, with eyes brimming with reproach, said to the doctor, 'When are you going to let me out of this?'" [Hardy appealed for a re-examination of her, which was done afterwards.] Then came the ladies who thought themselves queens - less touching cases, as they were quite happy, - one of them, who was really a Plantagenet by descent, perversely insisted on being considered a Stuart. All the women seemed prematurely dried, faded, flétries."

In June he visited Stockwell Training College. - "A pretty custom among the girls here is that of each senior student choosing a daughter from the list of junior girls who are coming. The senior is mother to the daughter for the whole year, and looks after her. Sometimes the pair get fond of each other; at other times not. I gather that they are chosen blindly before arrival, from the names only. There must be singular expectancies, confrontings, and excitements resulting therefrom."

In July he took Mrs Hardy to the balcony of the Athenaeum Club to see the German Emperor William II pass to the City; the next day he met W.E.Henley at the Savile; "He is paler, & his once brown locks are getting iron-gray"; ~~and the day after~~ they had a surprise visit at their flat from Lady Camilla Gurdon and Sir Brampton, whom they thought in the country. "She came bounding in, in her old ~~impetuous~~ spontaneous way. She is still Raffaelesque, but paler." On the 13th., lunching at Lady Wynford's, Grosvenor Square, Hardy discovered, or thought he did, that the

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other; at other times not. I gather that they are chosen pair-
ly before arrival, from the names only. There must be amusing
expectancies, contemplations, and disappointments resulting sometimes.

In July he took his family to the balcony of the Athenaeum
[illegible] to see the German Emperor visiting it [illegible] to the city;
[illegible] the next day he met [illegible] at the Savile; and the day after
they had a delicious visit at their flat from Lady Cynthia Graham
and Mr Frewston, whom they thought in the country. Then came
roaming in, in her old [illegible] way, and in quite delightful
vein, but wasted. On the 18th [illegible] at Lady Wynford's,
Grosvenor Square. Barry discovered or thought he did, that the

ceiling of the drawing-room contained oval paintings by Angelica Kauffmann, and that the house was built by the Adams; [see on back] In the same week, on a visit with his wife to G.F.Watts the painter, he was much struck with his host; "that old [illegible] small man with a grey coat and black velvet skull-cap, who, when he saw one of his picture-frames pressing against a figure on canvas, moved it away gently, as if the figure could feel."

Dining at the Milnes-Gaskells, ~~in Hereford Gardens Hardy judged that Lady Catherine had at this date "less of Raffaelle, and more of Rubens than her sister Camilla, with a dash of coquetry and pride added; also quite a 'Tess' mouth and eyes: with these two beauties she can afford to be indifferent about the remainder of her face.~~ Lady Catherine she told me that the Webbs ~~[illegible]~~ of Newstead have buried the skulls that Byron used to drink from, but that the place seems to throw 'a sort of doom on the family'. I then told her of the tragic Damers, of the last century, who owned Abbey property, and thought she rather shrank from what I said; I afterwards remembered to my dismay that her own place was an Abbey". Hardy, however, found later that ~~she~~ this was only a moment's mood, she being as free from superstitions as any woman. At Max Gate there are still growing violets sent by her years ago from Wenlock.

"19 July. Note the weight of a landau and pair, the coachman in his grey great-coat, footman ditto. All this mass of matter is moved along with brute force and clatter through a street congested and obstructed, to bear the petite figure of

※ "I was amused by Ld. Wynford, who told me he would not live in Dorset for £50,000 a year, and wanted me to smoke cigarettes made of tobacco from Lebanon – 'same as smoked by Laurence Oliphant.' Wynford's nose is two sides of a spherical triangle in profile."